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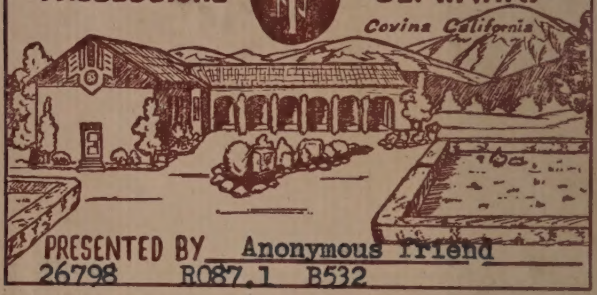
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Hugo de Groot
Grimsby
QUEBEC.
Quebec, 5th April

Hug. W Groot

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HUGO CROT

FRONTISPIECE Vol. I.

Hopkins delin. *Poet sculp.*

Go study Astronomy enlarge Geometry & lay the basis of Natural Philosophy, and for thy reward, I will place thee thyself as a new luminary in the midst of all the great men who are to follow thee.

See page 87.

Published as the Act directs Oct.r 25.th 1787. by John Stockdale, Piccadilly.

THE

FRIEND OF YOUTH.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

COMPLETE

IN TWO VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

VOL. II

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR C. DILLY, POULTRY; J. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY; T. AND J. EGERTON, CHARING-CROSS; AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

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PREFACE.

TO thoſe who are acquainted with the merit of Mr. Berquin's firſt publication for the uſe of Children, which he juſtly entitled the CHILDREN'S FRIEND, it will be unneceſſary to advance any other circumſtance in favour of the following work, than that it is the production of the ſame Gentleman by whom that elegant and moral performance was given to the world. Being calculated for the peruſal of Children of a tender age, it naturally admitted a kind of Sequel or Counterpart for the inſtruction and entertainment of young perſons who are rather paſt the period of childhood, and yet may be ſuppoſed incapable of thinking for themſelves. The following Sheets contain what has hitherto been publiſhed entire by the Author on this plan, under the title of The FRIEND OF YOUTH. It is neceſſary to be obſerved that this work in the original came out, as did the Children's Friend, in detached periodical pieces, and therefore has not yet arrived at the ultimate point to which Mr. B. propoſes to continue it. Nevertheleſs, it was thought more adviſeable to gratify the impatience of the public with what is finiſhed of it, than to wait the uncertain arrival of the little which remains to be added.

In order to make amends for this deficiency, whatever it may be, the Tranſlator has joined the Hiſtory of LITTLE GRANDISON, (from which an extract is previouſly

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viouſly given in the firſt volume) to the pieces which compoſe the Friend of Youth. It was tranſlated from the Dutch by Mr. B. who found it to poſſeſs nearly the ſame ſpirit with his own works, and therefore judged it a proper preſent for thoſe readers to whom he had dedicated his pen. This Gentleman's laudable induſtry has led him to examine the productions of ſeveral modern languages, and from them to ſelect ſuch as appeared to anſwer the purpoſe which he had in view. Amongſt the reſt, he has introduced in the following collection a piece or two from the Engliſh, of which it will be ſufficient to obſerve that they are here inſerted in the language of the ſeveral originals to which they belonged, as being obviouſly the moſt natural dreſs that they could aſſume, and beyond compariſon the moſt ſatisfactory to an Engliſh reader. No tranſlation can be ſuppoſed capable of conveying the ſpirit and freedom of the original: and this would be found particularly to be the caſe in the latter of the pieces alluded to, *The Narrative of a Shipwreck on the Iſland of Cape Breton*, which opens the ſecond volume. The ſubject of this narrative being partly nautical, it would be found to ſuffer conſiderably, and appear to much leſs advantage if delivered in any other ſtyle than the Engliſh in which it was firſt compoſed. Indeed, the abſurdity of tranſlating from a foreign language, what would be read with infinitely more ſatisfaction as an original, is ſo apparent that it does not require any further comment.

If a critical inſpection of this work ſhould diſcover ſome of the pieces, in their preſent form, to contain

now

now and then a slight improbability, it will, no doubt, be attributed to its real cause, the difference of national manners. The effect of this circumstance is so important, that a small defect of probability could not absolutely be avoided in some cases, without militating against both the intent and moral of the Author, as well as deranging the whole plot and conduct of many of his pieces. An imperfection which will always be found to subsist inherently in every performance like the following, where it is proposed to adapt, for instance, French manners and actions to English characters. A copyist in painting would, probably, often find it a difficult task to support the propriety of any particular action represented in a picture, were he obliged to alter the *costume* of the figures exhibited in the original. Thus, it may be presumed, the picture of an Augustan Triumph would not so strongly impress the spectator with an idea of grandeur, were the personages of the procession habited like Dutchmen: or, on the other hand, if a company of Roman Senators were represented as busily engaged in the fantastical chace of a Pantomime, the mummery of the action would no longer be preserved, but must unavoidably be overclouded with a cast of solemnity unnatural to it.

Imaginary actions, therefore, when adapted to one particular national character, are not easily transferable; or whenever it is attempted to make them so, either the action or the character is liable to suffer a partial disguise, and be seen, as it were, through a mist. In such a case they will neither of them affect the

the imagination of the reader with so lively a force as when they appear with the advantage of their original congruity. But this observation applies more conspicuously to Novels, where a single moral results from a series of complicated actions interspersed, perhaps, with a variety of episodes appending to the main story. I know not whether *Gil Blas*, the *Fortunate Villager*, and a few other novels, may not be adduced as instances to elucidate what has been above remarked: but in a work like the present consisting of short pieces in which we quickly arrive at the moral, and find it generally to constitute the most leading feature, it is not so difficult to accommodate the manners and actions of each personage to the general uniformity of human life, and to divest them of that *nationality* which would be more observable in narrative pieces of greater extent.

Upon the whole, it lies with the judicious reader to determine whether any considerable offences against verisimilitude occur in the following collection. The Translator hopes he has reason to console himself in the reflexion that he has used all possible diligence to avoid any such; and if, notwithstanding his endeavours, the censure of criticism should fasten on a few imperfections of this nature, *quas aut incuria fudit*,

Aut humana parum cavit Natura,

he has only to shelter himself behind the well-earned reputation of the Author whose labours, so eminently beneficial to youth in general, he has endeavoured particularly to adapt to the improvement of the rising generation in this country.

CON-

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THE

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

THE FICKLE YOUTH.

JACK WHIRLER was endowed by nature with a happy memory, a ripe underſtanding, and a lively, active, and fruitful imagination. Fortune ſeemed to enſure the accompliſhment of every hope that could be founded upon ſo promiſing qualities, by allotting him parents whoſe warmeſt wiſhes ever were to cultivate in their ſon that pregnancy of parts which he had received from the hands of nature. An extraordinary quickneſs of apprehenſion had advanced him conſiderably in his tender ſtudies at an early period, and he was already eager to unite the ornament of exterior accompliſhments, to the more ſolid acquirement of mental inſtruction.

It happened that on a viſit to one of his young companions he found him engaged in drawing a Roman head, which, from the characteriſtic greatneſs of the countenance, impreſſed him with the moſt lively ſentiments of admiration. As his friend advanced toward the finiſhing of his portrait, young Whirler felt theſe ſentiments grow in his mind with additional ardour. Some other pieces which the room afforded in the ſame ſtyle, completely inſpired him with ſuch an enthuſiaſm as Raphael experienced on firſt taking the pencil in his hand.

He returned home at full ſpeed, and meeting his father on the ſtairs, he threw his arms fondly round him, and requeſted him to go immediately and engage him a drawing maſter. His father, charmed with the earneſt-

neſs that he expreſſed, was eaſily induced to gratify this deſire. They went therefore together to the moſt celebrated maſter in town, and Jack Whirler would have been happy could he have prevailed on him to give up all his other pupils, and confine his inſtructions to him alone from morning to night. As he could not obtain this ſacrifice, he inſiſted, however, that each leſſon ſhould continue at leaſt two hours every day. He had no conception how any one could refrain from devoting every moment of his life to the cultivation of ſo divine an art.

His maſter was not to come until the next day. I will not tell you how many faces he had ſketched before night. His portfolio was already full of heads drawn in every poſſible variety of character, though you will certainly excuſe him if they did not diſcover that correctneſs which is the reſult of long practice. There was perhaps a large eye to match a ſmall one in the ſame face; the noſe was made ſometimes to riſe out from the middle of the forehead, and the ear would come to hear the mouth, or the mouth to bite the ear, acroſs the whole breadth of the cheek: but except theſe trifling faults, his performance had all the correctneſs that could be reaſonably expected.

He had himſelf prepared an enormous ſheet of paper, the largeſt that was to be had in town. This was ſoon found too ſmall to contain the number of eyes, ears, arms and legs, that he had ſketched out under the direction of his maſter. The hoſpitals of Greenwich and Chelſea would here have met with excellent patterns to replace all the loſt members of thoſe honeſt veterans who inhabit them. His natural impatience was a little fretted by the tedious ſameneſs of thoſe eſſays to which his firſt leſſons were rigidly confined in order to ſteady his hand. As ſoon therefore as he was alone, he launched out freely beyond the bounds of this ſlow proceſs, aſpiring already in idea to the execution of complete and grand pictures. The garret walls had been newly whitewaſhed; he formed the deſign of painting them with the hiſtory of Rome, which he was juſt then reading at ſchool; and in effect, at the week's end, there appeared drawn upon them in charcoal, a comely ſucceſſion of heads and buſts of tribunes and of conſuls, with

with dictators a-foot, and emperors on horseback; and I doubt not that if the names had been placed under their respective figures, in order to render them perfect resemblances, an antiquary might have found means to bring forth a number of interesting and learned remarks touching this gallery.

He was proposing to himself to represent, in the same style of execution, the progress of our history, down from the conquest, when he one day found his whole work effaced by the servants, who pretended, that these Roman heroes upon the wall only frightened the cats, but did not drive the mice away. This mishap a little abated the ardour of his passion for drawing: his disappointment at seeing himself still far behind his young friend, whom he had expected at his first attempt to overtake, alienated still more his liking for the art. He presently grew fearful of dirtying his fingers with the chalks, or of making gaps in his penknife by cutting them. His master, who at first had so much trouble to moderate his eagerness, now found it a more difficult task to re-animate it. In vain did he enumerate to him the wonderful effects of painting, and the curious anecdotes that are found in the lives of the great artists. He had introduced to him a pupil of his, just returned from Rome, on purpose to entertain him with an account of the superb paintings that he had seen and studied in Italy. This young gentleman, in expressing his admiration of those performances, made use of Italian words, either as being more ready, or more significant; the sounds were new to Jack Whirler's ears, and it struck him in a moment, that to speak so melodious a language was a much finer thing than to draw heads, which, let them be ever so expressive, could not talk. He ran immediately to communicate this reflexion to his father, who, though grieved to see him thus quit an agreeable accomplishment, of which he had before been so passionately desirous, did not however chuse to oppose this new taste of his, and the next day Jack Whirler had an Italian master, in the room of his teacher in drawing.

I must do Jack the justice thus publickly to declare, that his progress for the first two or three days kept pace with his resolution. Every grammatical difficulty

gave way to the quickneſs of his comprehenſion. He grew fond to enthuſiaſm of a language ſo full of ſweetneſs and harmony; and was inceſſantly talking it to the people of the family, without troubling his head whether they could underſtand it. He addreſſed the cookmaid with *Veſtra Signoria*, and called the gardener *Cor mio*. The Italian tranſlation of * Cato became as familiar to him as the original. In examining his father's library for authors in this language, he laid his hands by chance on a Spaniſh Don Quixote. Don Quixote! the favourite of his earlieſt ſtudies! Oh! what a pleaſure to be able to taſte the droll proverbs of his honeſt 'ſquire, when ſeaſoned with all the humour of their native language! Cato's grave ſoliloquy was not to be compared to the delectable ſallies of Sancho; nor the little ſenate of Utica, to the council-chamber of the Baratarian governor. This undertaking, however, required courage. Here he was to engage inceſſantly with ſtrange words, like the knight of the rueful viſage with windmills and flocks of ſheep. He came off, however, with at leaſt as much honour as the knight in this firſt campaign. But will you believe me? Before the hero of La Mancha had ſallied forth a ſecond time in queſt of adventures, Jack Whirler had quitted the Spaniſh to learn French, which he ſoon gave up in order to ſtudy the German. So that at the end of the year he was already a ſmatterer in four living languages, but ſo imperfect was he in each, and jumbled them together in his diſcourſe after ſuch a faſhion, that he ſhould have had an audience compoſed of deputies from theſe different nations, to interpret one to the other the unconnected ſcraps and phraſes that each might happen to underſtand in his converſation.

Dexterity in exerciſes of the body ſeems to lend both help and ornament to a well cultivated mind, and the moſt extenſive knowledge will not atone for awkwardneſs, in the eyes of the fairer part of ſociety. Jack Whirler had met with a diſagreeable proof of this, at a ball which was given by his papa on ſome particular occaſion. In the courſe of this, Jack, notwithſtanding

* The Tragedy of Cato, written by Mr. Addiſon, was tranſlated into Italian by Salvini, and acted at Florence.

his erudition, had put all the dancers out several times. He therefore resolved to instruct himself in the principles of this agreeable art; but scarcely had he begun the minuet steps, when his head ran upon the rigadoon, and nothing else. What he most earnestly wished to learn in each lesson was exactly the part of dancing that he should not be taught as yet. Always eager after what he did not know, and dissatisfied with what he had learned, he could lay up nothing in his memory with the least order. Thus he would sometimes *figure in* when he should *cross over*, and *shuffle* when he should *sink*. He found no difficulty in dancing the hays when the company set out with a cotillion, nor had he ever occasion for a change of time in the music to start off himself in a Scotch reel, while he left his partner moving a minuet.

All this, it may be supposed, produced no small confusion amongst the young people his companions of the dance; in order therefore to reinstate himself in the favour of the ladies, which he had lost by this absent and volatile disposition, he set about learning music, that he might be able to accompany either the voice or the harpsichord. But what instrument should he attempt first? To take his word for it, there was nothing easier in the world than to practise them all at once. However his father did not think proper to risk this experiment, and gave him only the liberty of chusing his instrument. While he was uncertain as to this point, the violin seemed a proper one to take in hand by way of trial, and it was not till six months after, that he fixed his choice decidedly on the flute, just as he began to attempt an open shake, and to bow with tolerable steadiness.

In the mean time his father grew somewhat uneasy on observing this unsettled and changeable disposition of his son, though a parent's fondness induced him to attribute the fault to youth alone. With a view therefore to advance the improvement of his understanding by observation and experience, he determined to send him upon a tour to the continent. Jack Whirler desired no better than to shift the scene. The narratives of travellers had always been a favourite reading with him, and his imagination had a thousand times transported

him to the countries which they describe. A young friend of his, who was just returned from France, gave him so favourable an account of the reception that he had found in that country, and drew so pleasing a picture of the improved state of arts and society there; described in so warm terms the engaging vivacity and elegance of the ladies, with the frank and open politeness of the men; offered him such flattering letters of recommendation to some of the nobility at Paris, equally eminent for exalted talents and amiable qualities; in fine, the happy effects already produced by the commercial union of the two nations, and the prospect opened to both of enriching themselves by a free and reciprocal interchange of their productions, and of preserving the repose of Europe by the envied example of their happiness, as well as by the terror of their arms; all these ideas, united in description, did so inflame his natural enthusiasm, that he could not contain his desire of visiting that polite nation; nor was it possible to moderate his joy, when the moment arrived that he was to set out, under the direction of a preceptor, equally remarkable for his good sense and attachment to the family of his pupil.

One should have viewed the extensive plains of Picardy, interspersed with the agreeable landscape of distant hamlets, or sloping hills crowned with orchards and hopyards in full bloom, to conceive the impression which this enchanting sight produced on the mind of our young traveller. Even the rapidity of *his* imagination could scarcely keep pace with the succession of striking objects which his tour afforded. A continued rapture of admiration conducted him to the gates of Paris, where it was still further heightened by a view of the superb palaces and other magnificent buildings which adorn that capital. The first few days after his arrival he spent in viewing every quarter of it. The grandeur of the public edifices, the innumerable concourse of inhabitants, the delicious gardens which abound both in the city and its environs, the splendor and elegance that shone in the dresses of the nobility, the sightly decorations of their places of public resort, and the unbounded festivity that reigns in their private and convivial circles; all these charms united might be supposed,

poſed, with the addition of novelty, to produce ſenſations proportionable to the ardour and ſuſceptibility which young Whirler's imagination poſſeſſed.

So they did at firſt; but the impreſſion, lively as it was, ſoon vaniſhed. His eager curioſity once ſatisfied, he felt this paſſion ſucceeded by languor and fatiety. His tutor perceived it, and propoſed to him to viſit ſome of the provinces. Jack Whirler, in the height of his joy, could only anſwer him by preſſing intreaties to engage a poſt-chaiſe for that purpoſe againſt the next day.

I ſhall not follow them in the whole of their excurſion, for fear of growing tireſome to my young reader; I will only ſtop with them a moment at Salency, a town celebrated for the performance of a ceremony the moſt affecting and ſingular, that perhaps the whole world can afford, in this age of degeneracy. There the younger female inhabitants are early inſpired with the love, and encouraged in the practice of truth, probity, and innocence. She who is by univerſal conſent pronounced the moſt virtuous maiden of the village, receives from the hands of its illuſtrious proprietor a crown of roſes; which honour is conferred once a year, on a day that is obſerved as a feſtival from the public celebration of the cuſtom; and this ornament, ſimple as it is, hath more powerful and univerſal effect on the morals of the riſing generation, particularly the female part of the peaſantry of Salency, than the moſt laboured or oſtentatious panegyric, the warmeſt effuſions of popular applauſe, or in fine, than any other incentive whatſoever, upon thoſe of their ſuperiors in rank and underſtanding. There virtue and merit are habitually revered, and the acquiſition of the roſe garland, the reward of unblemiſhed fame and purity of manners, is viewed with more honeſt and more juſtly founded emulation, than trophies of military proweſs, or the tinſel-decoration and titles of a ſtateſman, can excite in the boſoms of the great.

Objects attractive and intereſting ſurrounded Jack Whirler in every part of his tour; he found every where a ſufficient variety of matter both for inſtruction and amuſement; but it was the misfortune of his diſpoſition never to wiſh for any thing but what was out of his

reach, and never to think any place agreeable unless he were a hundred leagues distant from it. What most employed his thoughts during this tour in France was, (as he sometimes termed it in a rapture) his *dear* Italy. In the Louvre at Paris he looked round for the Roman Capitol, or the Temple of the Sun, and was now sighing for the shattered villages of Calabria in the midst of the vineyards of Champagne. His tutor had tried all possible means to cure him of this restlessness, but soon became apprehensive, lest his endeavours to that purpose should only serve to throw his pupil into a consumption, and therefore he seconded the request which the latter had made to his father for permission to set out for this same Italy, which he now longed to behold as much as ever the wandering Trojans did in the days of yore.

Except in crossing the channel, all Jack Whirler's travels had hitherto been upon dry land, and it was now two months since he had begun measuring the post roads of France. This was enough to put him out of humour with all travelling unless by sea. His tutor conceived hopes of bringing him to a reasonable disposition by agreeing to the experiment, and pretended to relish it as much as he did. They embarked therefore at Marseilles, on board a vessel bound to Leghorn.

Jack Whirler passed the first day entirely upon deck, where he could not help admiring the waves of the sea, which were gently impelled by the wind, and seemed to come in playful succession sporting round the ship's sides. The next day he was still so clever in his own eyes for having had the courage to undertake this expedition, that his self-complacent reflexions on the subject kept off the approaches of satiety. But the third day, both his agreeable musing on the beauties of the sea, and his satisfaction in thinking so highly of himself, quite forsook him. Nothing remained but the wearisome disgust that he felt in the sameness of his voyage. He now longed to be on shore, all the wishes of his heart were directed towards the land: but unfortunately it was too far off to gratify his caprice. Nor did old ocean seem to use any extraordinary haste in transporting him to the term of his wishes, so that he was obliged to be patient, or rather (as his temper inclined him) to be out of patience, until the ship's arrival at her port.

Happy

Happy power of imagination, which, through the ſweet illuſions of hope, ſteals from us the remembrance of our troubles! Jack Whirler forgot all his at his landing. He was now at length happily arrived in that famous country, the ſtorehouſe of all the riches both of nature and art. After repoſing himſelf two days at Leghorn, he ſet out for Florence. He knew that the famous gallery of paintings in that city made it the reſort of travellers, many of whom, even after continually viewing it for ſix months, found their curioſity ſtill unſatisfied, and remained in town in ſpite of their reſolutions of departing every day. This did not ſeem ſo ſtrange to him at his firſt caſting his eye upon that ſuperb collection of maſter-pieces. Perhaps he would even have remained in the ſame mind until he had got to the end of the gallery, if it had not been for the idea of St. Peter's at Rome, and the Vatican Library, that juſt then ſtruck him. Theſe two edifices took up his thoughts the whole day, and preſented themſelves in unbounded magnificence to his imagination. In order to form a deciſive eſtimate of their ſplendour and dimenſions, he preſſed his tutor that ſame evening to ſet off for Rome. Never tell me of thoſe tedious travellers that pry without end, and take an age to examine any remarkable object; Jack Whirler, in three days, had ſeen every thing that was curious in the antient capital of the world, and had even ſome of that time to ſpare, which he employed in putting together his baggage for a trip to Naples, whither he was already tranſported in idea. It was not however the particular beauties of this latter place which excited his curioſity ſo ſtrongly; he had lately, it is true, paſſed through many magnificent cities, but all that he had hitherto ſeen were above the ſurface of the earth, whereas Herculaneum and Pompeia were buried in its bowels. Cities under ground were all that he now thought worth his notice. The romantic fruitfulneſs of his imagination formed to him a thouſand pictures of the terrible event which had reduced them to that ſtate. He was ſurpriſed, on going down amongſt their ruins, to find that he had fallen in love with a heap of rubbiſh; for he ſaw nothing more at that time, notwithſtanding the many curious remains of antiquity that have been diſcovered amongſt them. Another

would at leaſt have found ſome conſolation in admiring, at Naples, one of the fineſt harbours in Europe, but Jack Whirler could not help contraſting it with thoſe of Amſterdam, Portſmouth, or Conſtantinople; which appeared to him much finer, becauſe they were at a diſtance. As to that burning mountain which commands the town of Naples, and makes its ſituation awful, as well as picturesque, by inceſſantly threatening to bury it in aſhes and flames; did not all travellers allow Ætna to be far before Veſuvius? Certainly; and the dreadful effects of its laſt eruption conveyed to his mind every idea of terror and admiration that a volcano can excite. Thus in that dear country which Jack Whirler had ſo earneſtly deſired to viſit, there remained but one ſingle town, the ſight of which could recompenſe the fatigues of his journey. This was Venice, ſo ſingularly different from all other cities, riſing from the middle of a huge moraſs, with her canals, her gondolas, and her five hundred bridges. To arrive there, he muſt travel, it is true, the whole length of Italy, but his imagination, as it was bold in ſmoothing every obſtacle, ſo it was clear-ſighted in ſhortening every diſtance, and he only waited to have his portmanteau packed up, that he might take the road towards Venice.

I am afraid, my young friends, that you have before now ſuſpected his tutor to have been too tamely complaiſant, as you have ſeen him give way to all his pupil's whims. I ſee that to juſtify him, I muſt here diſcover to you a family ſecret, repoſing at the ſame time the ſtricteſt confidence in your diſcretion. During the whole of his tour, Jack Whirler had written home regularly to his father, who remarked, that his letters always expreſſed a ſort of diſguſt for the place from which they were dated, while he ſeemed in raptures with that which he was next to viſit: thus it appeared that every country, though it preſented him at a diſtance with flattering proſpects, never failed to ſend him away tired and diſappointed. Theſe remarks, confirmed by thoſe of his ſon's tutor, which after what you have read you may eaſily imagine were quite to the ſame effect, gave him to underſtand, that his ſon was not of a temper or frame of mind calculated to receive much improvement from travelling. However, he did not chuſe,

by

by haſtily recalling him, to furniſh him with a pretext for complaining at a future period, that he had thereby loſt the opportunity of improvement. He barely recommended to the tutor not to oppoſe his ſon's changeable whims, which would of themſelves be ſufficient to bring him home in a ſhort time. Thus Jack Whirler, after he had ſeen Venice, Turin, Switzerland and Flanders, all at full ſpeed, did now, in a freſh fit of inconſtancy, wiſh for no more than to return to his own fire-ſide, even before the time which he himſelf had ſtipulated.

A parent never forgets that name: you may imagine, therefore, what Mr. Whirler felt at the return of his ſon. But why have I not here thoſe tranſports of joy to deſcribe to you which poſſeſs a father's heart, when a child, worthy of his warmeſt affection, is reſtored to him after abſence? Why can I not repreſent them to you, claſped in each other's arms, ſpeechleſs with joy, and mixing their tears together; the father proud of the new accompliſhments that he obſerves in his ſon, and the latter happy to ſhew them to advantage before the eyes of a parent, as the propereſt return that he could make to his fatherly affection and good wiſhes? How happy ſhould I have been to lay before you ſo touching a ſcene, even though it ſhould loſe by my deſcription! You would at leaſt, as well as your parents, have obſerved in it, with pleaſure, the artleſs expreſſion of thoſe ſentiments with which you feel yourſelves mutually affected. It was in Jack Whirler's power to have made us all thus happy, by a better improvement of the attention that had been paid to his earlier years. Nothing would have been wanting to his education, either as to learning or accompliſhments, if he could have had the reſolution to conquer the reſtleſſneſs of his diſpoſition, and confine himſelf to a more conſtant and uniform courſe of application. Inſtead of that fickle taſte which hurried him from one ſtudy to another, wading through the difficulties that render the beginning of each dry and diſagreeable, and never taking time to enjoy the ſatisfaction which a more advanced progreſs affords; inſtead of thoſe deluſions of fancy, which ſet out diſtant objects in a flattering manner only to make thoſe which were preſent appear in more unfavourable colours; inſtead of being perpetually diſguſted and out of humour

with the faint, unsatisfactory ideas which a close inspection afforded him of objects that his imagination had exaggerated while at a distance; what a fund of sincere pleasing ideas might he have laid up for himself! Not to mention the delight which a youth of spirit feels in outstripping the expectations of his family, how great would have been his satisfaction in this important respect, that the first and strongest principle of nature would have made his improvement the source of happiness to his parents, in the most exquisite degree!

You have seen Jack Whirler, from his childhood equally fond of learning and agreeable accomplishments, set out in pursuit of them with the most unbounded eagerness, and thinking to carry every thing at the first attempt, struggle gallantly with the most disheartening difficulties for a while, and then give up the contest at the very moment when he was about to get the better of them. In addition to his natural desire of knowledge, and the encouraging applause of his parents, had he been endowed with a little more command over himself, he might have acquired every thing that would add ornament as well as happiness to his future life. His reason early matured by study, and his taste for agreeable relaxations would have preserved his youth from that restlessness which torments him, and from that wearisome disgust which he conceives to every object that becomes once familiar to him. From his acquaintance with both the principles and practice of the fine arts, he would have looked upon nothing with indifference in the course of his travels. The view of those masterpieces of art which foreign countries afford, while it gratified his curiosity, would have improved his taste. His understanding would have been enlightened by the variety of objects that met his view, his judgment corrected by studying their differences and relations, his knowledge of the world enlarged by observing the manners and characters of men in different countries. Strangers, flattered with the desire which a youth of education testifies to visit their country, conceive the most advantageous prejudice in his favour, and receive him with the politest attention. Thus admitted into every distinguished circle, he might have done honour to his name and country by that manly frankness and sincerity

ſincerity of manners which I would recommend to my young countrymen as the moſt eſſential accompaniment to politeneſs, inaſmuch as it certainly beſt conciliates friendſhip, eſteem, and reſpect. He would have returned home regretted by thoſe whom he had left, welcomed by his former friends, and doubly ſo by his parents, to whom he would then have afforded the moſt reaſonable ground of hope for his future ſucceſs in life.

How far was Jack Whirler from this happy ſituation, to which his circumſtances ſeemed ſo naturally to lead him! In all the towns through which he had travelled at full ſpeed, his converſation was chiefly with the landlords of the hotels where he took a ſhort repoſe after the fatigues of riding poſt. His countrymen had little to promiſe themſelves from the feeble ſtock of information that he had collected; his father ſaw all his hopes diſappointed; and his friends—but his fickleneſs was inconſiſtent with ſuch a relation—Jack Whirler had no friends. Unhappy youth! I pity him when I think, my dear Horatio, that our friendſhip was formed at an age as tender; our friendſhip, which has never ſince wavered a ſingle moment, and which would now, as in the firſt warmth of its commencement, lead us to unite our lives and fortunes, and ſhare them for the future equally and inſeparably! Sweet moments of our youth! when the ſame ſentiments and inclinations drew our hearts together by every tie that could bind them. How ſwiftly did the days glide away between our ſtudies, and the free intercourſe of our ſentiments! Every pleaſure, every pain was felt by both in common. Always together in town, together in the country; for eight years we felt it neceſſary to our happineſs to be ſo, and what tears did our ſeparation coſt us! At this day, if we chance to wander to thoſe charming walks by the ſide of a pleaſant rivulet, or up ſome romantic hill, where formerly, with a Shakeſpeare, a Fenelon, or a Goldſmith in our hands, we ſo oft enjoyed at once the charms of friendſhip, of poetry, and of nature, how pleaſing ſtill to find our mutual ſentiments ever the ſame, and to repoſe in a firm confidence that nothing but death can extinguiſh them in us.

O you, my young readers, who are witneſſes to this effuſion of my heart, if you have a friend like mine, if you love him, and are beloved by him as I am, you will pardon

don it. Besides, have I not a right of speaking to you concerning whatever interests my feelings? Otherwise I should have assumed in vain, the title under which I offer you this work. Whatever affects either you or me, can never henceforward be indifferent to the other party. We are united by ties that can never be broken on either side, without a gross want of gratitude. If the care which I take in forming your hearts and understandings have any value in your eyes, I on my side owe you my warmest acknowledgments. Thanks to you, all nature looks gay and smiling round me; for my fancy places me in the midst of your pleasing countenances, on which innocence, chearfulness, and candour, are painted so expressively. It is from your own mouths that I catch those artless sallies which make you smile, and those sentiments of tenderness and generosity that cause your tears to flow, or impress your young breasts with an early sense of honour. Would I could present you to my country, accomplished objects of her warmest hopes!

As joys the thoughful husbandman to view
His fields array'd in Autumn's golden hue,
Or the green forest in luxuriant youth,
Rising by slow advance to ample growth;
So with glad hope the philosophic mind
Looks to the noble spring of human kind,
Sees the fair crop in thriving verdure rise,
By happy soil sustain'd and fav'ring skies.
And if the bright example of a throne,
Could like the sun improve where'er it shone,
Well might the pensive speculist presage
The rip'ning promise of a virtuous age.
From folly's mildew, and the blights impure
Of pamper'd vice and luxury secure.

We have read of wicked men in the accounts of former times, and even of the present; let us hope that the rising age will afford few instances of such. Those wicked men had no FRIEND to conduct them to virtue, by the paths of pleasure; you have one who makes this duty the whole happiness of his life. Forget him not therefore, but if you would honour him to the extent of his wish, let your remembrance of him live in your virtues.

FLAT-

FLATTERY.

Lady Downright, Matilda her Daughter.

Mat. O DEAR mama, kiſs me for the good news that I have to tell you.

Lady D. What is it my dear?

Mat. I am juſt going to introduce to you the moſt agreeable acquaintance in the world, Miſs Sachariſſa Bland, a ſweet girl: ſhe is to be here preſently.

Lady D. Here? I imagined that to viſit in this houſe, the perſon ſhould be firſt introduced to me.

Mat. Very true mama, but I was ſo ſure of your liking her company that I thought it no harm to diſpenſe with ceremony for this time.

Lady D. Do you give the name of ceremony to your duty? This ſhews you as heedleſs as uſual: but the young Lady's behaviour does not ſhew that reſerve or diſcretion that I could wiſh in the perſon whom you deſire to make your friend. I think, ſhe ſhould have waited for my invitation.

Mat. Why, ſhe was ſo impatient to pay you her reſpects—You cannot think how highly ſhe ſpeaks of you.

Lady D. How can ſhe know me? I never ſaw her but once, and then by chance at a third perſon's.

Mat. Well, that interview was enough to form her opinion of you. She has drawn ſo favourable a picture of your good qualities that I ſhall be always proud of having ſuch a mother.

Lady D. And no doubt too, her ſkilful hand has drawn a fair portrait of *your* accompliſhments.

Mat. I don't know how it is, but you cannot imagine how many happy qualities ſhe diſcovered in me,—more than I myſelf was aware of.

Lady D. But which you are now clearly convinced belong to you.

Mat. Yes, it is ſo plain! ſo ſtriking!

Lady D. I ſhall be apt to fear that ſhe did not reckon diffidence amongſt the number of your happy qualities.

Mat. Perhaps you are joking, and yet ſhe was almoſt tempted to chide me for having too much. However, ſhe agreed

agreed at the laſt, that diffidence was more neceſſary to me than another, to diſarm the envy of ſuch as do not poſſeſs equal accompliſhments.

Lady D. Really I wiſh you joy of theſe fine diſcoveries.

Mat. Why mama ſhe was ſo juſt in her panegyric upon you, that I am the more apt to give her credit with regard to myſelf! Oh! ſhe is a ſweet girl!

Lady D. I don't wonder that you are ſo much taken with her.

Mat. How can one help loving her? She is of ſo amiable a temper, you never hear a word from her lips but is perfectly obliging.

Lady D. Have you been often in her company?

Mat. Only twice, with the Miſs Delmores, at their houſe. She has a great deal of friendſhip for them, but they do not ſeem ſufficiently to return it. Do you think that the Miſs Delmores poſſeſs much penetration? I have viſited them theſe four years, and in that time they have not been able to know me as perfectly as Miſs Bland in three days.

Lady D. What makes you immagine ſo?

Mat. Becauſe they have ſometimes taken upon them to find little defects in me, which, however, I flatter myſelf do not belong to me. I ſhould ſuppoſe them to be ſomething envious.

Lady D. It happens pretty often that *I* take the ſame liberties with you. Do you imagine me alſo to be jealous of your merit?

Mat. Oh! that is quite different. You only ſpeak to me out of friendſhip, and for my good; But—

Lady D. Why cannot you ſuppoſe your friends to have the ſame motive? Without being ſo ſtrongly intereſted in your improvement as your own family, may they not wiſh it nevertheleſs very affectionately, in order that you may be more worthy a continuance of that intimacy which has ſubſiſted between you from your childhood? Beſides, I know them ſufficiently to be convinced, that in their remarks and advice to you, they have always preſerved the diſcretion of friendſhip.

Mat. But then they chid me for ſuch trifles.

Lady D. Your ſelf-love is ingenious enough to impeach their delicacy; however, I ſee for my part, ſtronger reaſon

reason from their behaviour for your valuing their attachment. I am perſuaded that nobody in the world, next to your relations, can be more worthy of a diſtinguiſhed place in your friendſhip.

Mat. Oh! I am ſure Miſs Bland has already as much friendſhip for me as they have. But I hear ſomebody coming up ſtairs. It is ſhe! It is ſhe! How happy I am! Now you will ſee her.

Miſs Bland. (*approaching Lady Downright with an aſſumed air of reſpect.*) Your ladyſhip will pardon my taking the liberty of introducing myſelf thus abruptly; but in all companies I have heard your eſtimable qualities mentioned ſo handſomely, that I could not reſiſt the deſire I felt of paying you the tribute of my reſpects. I am no longer ſurpriſed that Miſs Downright is already poſſeſt of ſuch ſplendid accompliſhments.

Mat. (*whiſpering her mother.*) There, mama!

Lady D. Miſs, your compliment is very pretty. It would have come indeed with more weight from a perſon better qualified by age or intimacy to form an opinion of us; eſpecially if ſhe had had the delicacy to expreſs it in any other manner than bluntly to our faces.

Miſs Bland. (*a little diſconcerted.*) Who can ſuppreſs the ſentiments which you inſpire even at firſt ſight? Ah! had I ſo amiable a mother!

Lady D. Do you think, miſs, that this wiſh teſtifies much reſpect to your mother?

Miſs Bland. Pardon me, madam, I cannot tell how to expreſs my admiration of your character. Look where I will, I find none that can be compared with your ladyſhip: and as to Miſs Downright, what young lady of her age can diſpute the palm with her for wit, grace, or accompliſhments! I am not apt to be blindly partial even to thoſe that I eſteem; for inſtance, I have the greateſt friendſhip for the Miſs Delmores, and wiſh to ſhut my eyes to all their faults, but how awkward, ſtiff, and inanimate they are when compared to your daughter!

Lady D. You certainly forget that they are her friends, and that this deſcription of them cannot be agreeable to us, particularly as they by no means deſerve it. Beſides, I hear that you have a thouſand times complimented them on their agreeable qualities, and that in the moſt pompous ſtyle.

Mat.

Mat. Indeed so she has mama; this change surprizes me. It is no longer ago than yesterday, that she said all manner of fine things to them.

Lady D. I see, that is no reason why the lady should treat them as favourably behind their backs.

Miss Bland. One does not like to mention disagreeable truths. For my part, I tell none their faults except my real friends.

Lady D. I do not know whether my daughter should think very highly of that distinction; but I should be much afraid, were I in her place, of becoming the subject of this same sort of confidence with some other of your *real friends*; for, I suppose, you have a good many of that description.

Miss Bland. Bless me! what an opinion your ladyship entertains of me! I have too sincere a love for Miss Downright.

Lady D. Well, ma'am, as you are so sincere, I must be also sincere with you on my side; and assure you, that as I did not, nay, could not expect this visit, I had set apart this evening for the purpose of conversing with my daughter, on several important points of education. I see every reason not to delay a moment longer what I have to say to her, concerning the danger of silly credulity, as well as the meanness of servile flattery, and I should fear that such topics might not be agreeable to you. When my daughter and I shall be so near perfection as you are pleased to suppose, we will then receive your compliments without scruple. I shall give you notice, ma'am, when that period arrives; and, in the mean time, your most obedient.

Miss Bland. (*retiring in confusion.*) Your ladyship's humble servant.

Mat. Oh! mama, what a reception you have given her!

Lady D. Should I keep any measures with a person who comes to insult us in our own house?

Mat. Insult us, mama?

Lady D. Is it not an insult to put a cheat upon us? And is it not putting a gross cheat on us, to load us with compliments and praises the most false and ridiculous possible? Do you think that she really takes you for a prodigy of graces and accomplishments, as she did not blush

bluſh to call you to your face? Did not ſhe ſpeak in the ſame ſtyle to the Miſs Delmores, and have not you heard how ſhe treated them? Did you not mark with what unnatural adulation ſhe would have complimented me at the expence of her own mother? I do not know how I refrained from treating ſuch an inſtance of meanneſs with all the contempt and indignation that it merited.

Mat. A ſhocking character indeed!

Lady D. It is the character of all flatterers who dare to aim at governing others, while their littleneſs and ſervility ſink them to the loweſt rank of the human ſpecies.

Mat. How? Do you think that Miſs Bland would have aimed at governing me?

Lady D. Your inexperience hindered you from ſeeing through her artifices, coarſe as they were. But while ſhe inſinuated herſelf into your favour, by praiſing you at the expence of truth, what were her views? To gain an aſcendant over your underſtanding, by reducing you at length to the habitual neceſſity of being flattered. That ſhe might rule you with more abſolute dominion, did ſhe not endeavour to alienate your friendſhip from two amiable young ladies, by ridiculing them, or by hinting them to be ſecretly envious of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſhe aſcribed to you? Had ſhe ſucceeded in thus intoxicating your mind, who knows if ſhe would not have attempted to ſap the foundation of all your duties, by repreſenting my advice to you as harſhneſs and reproach, the anxiety of my affection for you, as a ſplenetick humour, and my authority as tyranny. What would have then become of you, abandoned by your friends and your parents?

Mat. (*throwing herſelf into her mother's arms.*) O my deareſt mama, I ſee it clearly, without you I ſhould have been loſt. From what a dangerous acquaintance have you ſaved me!

Lady D. (*embracing her tenderly.*) Yes, my dear, we are now re-united for ever. I perceived your ſurprize at ſeeing me treat Miſs Bland with ſo much freedom and ſeeming incivility, but you know that all my happineſs is centered in you; judge then of my feelings, when I ſaw it ſo near being embittered by her ſeducing arts. You have as yet no idea of the unhappy condition of a woman who

who is early spoiled by flattery. Coming into the world with pretensions that nothing can justify, and an opinion of her own merit, in which nobody else joins her, what mortifications must she experience! As to the homage that she expected, the more her pride exacts it, the more she finds it withheld, and the sneer of contempt supply its place. If, blinded as she is with self-opinion, a transient ray of reflexion should enlighten her for a moment, and shew her the true state of herself, what shame must she feel on finding herself destitute of a claim to those qualities which she imagined herself to possess, and what regret at having lost the opportunities of acquiring them! On what should she, for the future, found her pretensions to public esteem, to the love of her husband, or the respect of her family? To stifle the reproaches of her mind, as well as the troublesome consciousness of her own want of merit, she can suffer none about her but despicable flatterers of the same stamp with those who first corrupted her understanding; and, to crown her disgrace, while she contemns them, she feels herself worthy of their contempt. Irritated by all these mortifications, she is still further tortured at the sight of desert in another, even in her own children. If she distinguishes any by her regard, it is those whom she has tutored to a servile compliance with her folly; and thus she is condemned to the crime of corrupting their veracity, in order to make them worthy objects of her affection.

Mat. Dear madam, turn away this picture; it fills me with horror.

Lady D. Well then, in order to rest your imagination upon more agreeable objects, picture to yourself a young woman adorned with that modesty which is so graceful, and with that diffidence in her powers of pleasing which gives them their highest charm. Even the flatterers respect her, even the envious receive her with a smile. By modestly yielding to her rivals all that they assume, she takes the surest way to gain a superiority over them. She seems to appear every day with a constant addition of good qualities, as the esteem which she inspires puts people upon finding new graces in her character. Assisted by the advice of her friends, which her diffidence induces her to accept, she is beloved by them as the creature of their good wishes. The homage addressed to her from all

all quarters, enhances her value in the eyes of her husband, who therefore studies to become more worthy of her affection by his constancy and attention. Her children, nourished by her virtues, look up to no other pattern, and indeed the experience of her own success, will make her the more proper to direct their education. She will be able to qualify them for the happiness which she herself enjoys. More and more pleased every day with herself, and with every thing that is round her, she will be happy in the prime of life, and secure to herself, in a more advanced age, the grateful esteem of her acquaintance, whose attachment her merit will have rendered both zealous and sincere.

Mat. Dear madam, make me that happy woman. Henceforth I shall distrust the most dexterous flattery; and if ever my self-love becomes blind, I will look up to your prudence and affection to enlighten it.

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* WHIMSICAL ANSWER to an ITALIAN LETTER from MISS ——.

LA vostra lettera, mia cara Carolinetta, arrivata dalla gioiosa Francia nella pensosa Inghilterra, m'ha procurata una grandissima gioia colla ricordanza della vostra amicizia;

E anchè, perchè scrivete come Cicerone che scrisse delle ingegnose lettere, benchè, comparate alle vostre, sarebbe possibile ch'arrossisse l'oratore celebre delle differenze.

Tutti gli scritti di giovani spiriti pieni di sentimenti puri, di gentili pensieri hanmi nei tempi tutti recati gratissimi piaceri.

* The author, Mr. Berquin, had asserted in conversation, that it was possible to write a whole page in Italian, every sentence of which should consist of words ending with the same letter. As a proof that this was not so difficult as some thought it, he produced the above, in which he has besides followed the order of the vowels. The whole being no more than a play upon letters, which may amuse those who are conversant in the Italian language, a translation has been thought unnecessary.

Ho provato grandiſſimo guſto vedendo voſtro progreſſo dovuto allo braviſſimo voſtro maeſtro. Sono, ſarò, vivendo, morendo, morto, umiliſſimo voſtro ſervo, divotiſſimo voſtro amico,

Turlututu

A. E. I. O. U.

The CAVERN in the PEAK, deſcribed in the relation of a TRAVELLER.

I Had left London behind me a hundred and ſeventy miles, and had croſſed ſeveral mountains and vallies, when at length I ſaw myſelf near the end of my journey, being arrived in the wilds of Derbyſhire.

The mountains which I had now to climb grew more ſteep and difficult; and behind them I deſcried others ſtill higher that were totally bare of trees, and preſented a ſurface of heath and greenſward, ſo that at a pretty good diſtance I could diſtinguiſh the flocks feeding upon their ſides.

When I had reached the top of one of theſe mountains, I was all at once ſurprized with the ſight of a delightful valley below me, interſected with rivulets, and ſurrounded on all ſides with lofty hills. At the bottom of this valley is ſituated the village of Caſtletown, conſiſting of a few indifferent cottages, that ſeem to announce the poverty of their inhabitants.

A narrow road winding down the declivity of the mountain, conducted me to the bottom of the valley, and ſo into the village, where having ſtopped a moment at an inn to refreſh myſelf, I took the road towards the Cavern of the Peak, being guided to its entrance by a ſmall ſtream that runs near it after having paſſed through the town.

I ſtopped now and then in order to indulge my eyes with a more leiſurely view of the ſingular object before me. Between two groves of the fineſt verdure, an enormous rock, crowned with the ruins of an ancient caſtle, reared its top to the very clouds. At the foot of this opened

opened a vaſt Cavern, which, when viewed from without, while the beholder enjoys the light of noonday, preſents to his eyes a huge abyſs of darkneſs.

A man ſoon appeared at the mouth of the Cave, who aſked me if I choſe to go down. I followed him down an eaſy deſcent, the day-light, which came in at the entrance, gradually loſing itſelf in a ſort of *darkneſs viſible*, ſomething like the faint twilight of a November evening.

After we had advanced a few ſteps, I was much ſurprized to ſee on my right hand a ſubterraneous town under the immenſe vault of the rock. It happened to be a holiday, and the inhabitants were enjoying a relaxation from their labours, moſt of them ſitting with their children before the doors of their cottages, and amuſing themſelves. I gueſſed the nature of their uſual employment to be ſpinning, from the number of large wheels that were every where to be ſeen.

As we went farther in, the opening which ſtill admitted the feeble light of day, ſeemed to narrow more and more, and ſoon appeared like a large hole in the rock, while the rays of light, faint as they were, gave a tinge to the ſmoke that roſe from thoſe ſubterraneous cottages which we had left behind. The gloom however thickened every ſtep, till at length the vault of the rock, and the darkneſs, both together, ſeemed to encloſe all round.

My guide, who was before me, then opened the door of a ſmall cabin cut in the hollow of the rock, and an old woman, who lived in it, came out and furniſhed us with lights. Each of us took one, and we continued our march, being obliged however to ſtoop very low for a conſiderable length of way. But what was my aſtoniſhment when, at the end of this cloſe paſſage, I ſaw the Cavern widen round me all at once, and the vault riſe to a height which we could not diſtinguiſh by the help of our lights. I paſſed in ſilence through the extent of this cavity like a benighted traveller that has loſt his way, and arrived at length on the ſide of a pretty broad ſtream, whoſe ſilent waters, when our candles approached their ſurface, threw all round us a pale reflexion of light, that was ſtill more full of horror than the darkneſs. A ſmall boat was made faſt to the bank, and my guide, bidding me enter it, jumped into

the

the water up to his middle, and taking the rope of the boat over his shoulders, began to drag it after him.

The still horror of this place resembled the silence of the grave. As I advanced I saw the roof of the rock become gradually lower, like a dark cloud descending towards the earth. My guide cried out to me to lie down on my back; and I had scarcely been a moment in that posture, when I found myself under a part of the vault so low, that stretched as I was at full length in the boat, I could scarcely hold the candle upright by my side. While I was thus buried as it were, I confess, the stories of the river Styx, and of Charon's ferryboat, began to appear not quite so fabulous. I seemed as in a dream, going to land in the gloomy regions of Erebus, condemned by an unusual destiny to carry my own funeral torch. Fortunately this dreary vision did not last long; we soon crossed the streights, and I landed alive and well on the opposite side.

The vault over our heads presented us once more in our walk with the same irregular surface, sometimes rising to a prodigious height, and sometimes sinking all at once as if to stop up our way. I perceived all round me a number of plants and small animals petrified, and would willingly have examined them, but I was obliged to decline the gratification of my curiosity for fear of burning out our candles.

A second piece of water appearing before us, I imagined that we were now arrived at the end of our journey, as I saw no boat. This stream was not so broad as the former; we could easily distinguish the opposite side. My conductor took me upon his back and carried me safe over.

A little farther we found a small current which ran parallel with our path. Our ground here became moist and slippery, and our path so narrow that we could hardly get one foot before the other. Yet notwithstanding these and such disagreeable obstacles, I followed with pleasure the course of the subterraneous water. Every object that I could discover in this empire of darkness appeared to me to carry with it something of the marvellous. My mind was lost in a chaos of agreeable musings, when suddenly a murmur of distant harmony struck my ear.

I stop-

I ſtopped my guide, and aſked him whence theſe ſounds proceeded which my fancy (already in a romantic mood) repreſented to me ſo delightful? He anſwered me that I would ſoon ſatisfy myſelf. Each ſtep that I advanced, this murmur, which at a diſtance was indiſtinct and confuſed, grew more articulate. I preſently diſtinguiſhed a ſort of pattering noiſe, like that made by drops of rain. It was no more than a ſmall water-fall, the ſtream of which ſeparating as it fell came down in a thick ſhower; and the noiſe of this, prolonged from echo to echo through the ſilent vault, formed, by its mingled and gradual reverberation, a ſucceſſion of ſounds full of harmony. I could already ſee theſe drops ſparkle like diamonds at the approach of our candles, but I did not dare to go too near them for fear of ſeeing our candles go out, and of being reduced to grope our way back in the dark, perhaps unſucceſsfully.

In the ſides of the rock, at different places, I obſerved large openings which led probably to other caverns. I barely peeped into them, and was ſorry that my time would not permit me to explore them thoroughly. My guide, in order to give me an agreeable ſurprize, bid me ſhut my eyes and ſuffer him to lead me. I gave him my candle, and holding him by the coat, followed him blindfold. He ſtopped ſhort, and when I opened my eyes, I found myſelf in an auguſt temple, the dome of which, irregularly ſuſpended upon enormous pillars, poſſeſſed all that awful beauty and magnificence which is ſeen in the great works of nature. I could not help falling on my knees to adore the majeſty of the Almighty, who ſeemed to have formed even this ſubterraneous ſpot, as a temple where he might be fitly worſhipped.

I quitted this contemplation with reluctance, in order to continue our expedition, which was now drawing to a period. The faithful ſtream conducted us to the extremity of the Cavern, where the rock bends down for the laſt time. Its arch deſcends to the very waters, where it unites with them, and cloſes up the paſſage ſo completely, that the moſt adventurous traveller cannot paſs the bounds which are here ſet to his curioſity.

We now therefore turned back, and as I imagined were to come out by the ſame path by which we had penetrated thus far; but I very ſoon ſaw my guide turn

off to the left, by one of the lateral openings of the rock. He gave me notice that I should find myself much fatigued in this new expedition, and must be satisfied to creep for some length under a part of the rock which nearly touches the ground. As he found me resolved to follow him, he advised me to take good care of my candle.

We were obliged to creep on our hands and feet for a pretty long time upon a moist sand, the passage being sometimes so straight that we could hardly squeeze our bodies through. When I rose from this painful posture, I saw a steep hill full before me, the top of which seemed to lose itself like a cloud, amongst the hardly distinguishable extremities of the surrounding rock. The ascent was so steep from its moisture that I fell back at every step. My guide, more active at this exercise, took me by the hand, and at length succeeded in helping me to the top. I shuddered at sight of the depths which surrounded me on all sides. He bid me sit down, and requested me to wait for his return. Leaving me therefore in this solitude, he descended the hill pretty rapidly, and was soon lost to my view. All at once I saw re-appear, not him, but his light, which shone like a spark in an abyss of darkness.

After suffering me to enjoy this spectacle for a moment, my guide returned: I went down with him to the same depth where I had before lost sight of him. He now reascended the hill, and through an opening in the rock he gave me a view of his candle, while I removed mine. It was to me as if, in the darkest night, I saw a single star twinkle in the narrow space between two dark clouds.

This part not offering any fresh objects to gratify my curiosity, we reentered our former creeping passage, in order to arrive once more on the bank of the small stream which now conducted us back. I beheld the wild temple again with the same impression of awe; I heard with the same pleasure the harmonious murmur of the cascade; but I repassed with less terror beneath the vault which my fancy had before compared to a tomb. I considered myself as Theseus returning victorious from his expedition to Hell: and how great was my joy, when after the venerable Sibyl had extinguished the remainder of

of our candles which we returned to her, I at length discovered the feeble gleam of day! How I blessed it, after so long a confinement in darkness!

I now came chearfully forward amidst a very picturesque distribution of light and shade. At every step I saw th veil of darkness gradually unfold. As the opening of th Cavern enlarged, it gave me an idea of Aurora, opening the splendid portals of the dawn. I arrived in the light as in a new world, where the sun now awaited me on the borders of the West, surrounded with clouds of purple and gold, to contrast as it were, by the grandeur of such a spectacle, the gloomy objects which were still pictured in my memory.

ODE ON DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

I. 1.

THRICE happy he who far from the world's noise,
From passions far, and their discordant sound,
His modest lot can wisely bound,
To follow calm Content and Peace's homely joys:
Wak'd by the breath of early morn,
Alert he hies and gay,
To hardy toil, by health upborne,
Or cares domestic that employ the day,
'Till ev'ning's welcome hour return,
And Hesper's kindly ray.
For him the works of nature smile,
Th' alternate seasons, as they roll,
With varied beauties glad his soul,
And pleasures ever new life's troubled scene beguile.

I. 2.

But happier far if these delicious cares
A justly cherish'd partner shares,
And love and honour o'er his days preside:
" O Rosalind, since first my gentle bride

" I hail'd thee with the nuptial kiſs,
" Of all poſſeſſions elſe the ſpoiler Time
" That dims the grace, or ſteals the prime,
" Hath added to our bliſs.
" In Pleaſure's ever varying round,
" What genuine happineſs is found,
" Unleſs the circle vibrates as it rolls,
" The concord of united ſouls?

II. 1.

" Ne'er have my longing eyes a wiſh betray'd
" Which thy affection has not fondly crown'd,
" Nor e'er my breaſt a pleaſure found,
" But has to thine alike its dulcet thrill convey'd;
" What grief can reach me in thy arms,
" Where Love and Peace reſide,
" Who ſhield our calm retreat from harms,
" With placid wing, and promiſe at our ſide,
" And round our couch, in ſocial charms,
" For ever to abide?
" They raiſe in us the tender ſtrife,
" Who moſt ſhall pleaſe, who moſt ſhall love,
" And to ſublimeſt bliſs improve
" The ſacred duties of connubial life.

II. 2.

" Hence glides the jocund year on lighter wing,
" Hence gayer bloſſoms deck the ſpring,
" Hence golden ſummer binds me richer ſheaves,
" And bow'rs more luſcious mellow autumn weaves;
" And when grey winter hides the plain,
" What pleaſure, while our offſpring gambol round
" The hearth with crackling billets crown'd,
" To eye the playful train!
" The vernal ſweets of April fled,
" Let dark December beat our ſhed,
" Let drizzly tempeſts ſwell the brumal tide,
" —'Tis ſpring, if thou art by my ſide.

III. 1.

" And ye, dear pledges of our love, in whom
" Ev'n now the ſeeds of gen'rous worth I trace,
" My fond preſaging hopes embrace
" Your riper virtue's meed, the fair auſpicious doom;

How

" How did your ſounds of earlieſt frame
" My raviſh'd ears impel,
" When ſweetly firſt I heard you aim
" In words to bid me as a father hail,
" And from each lip the tender name
" In liſping accents fell!
" Become, dear babes, what we preſage,
" And as our wane of life draws near,
" Let your pure loves and filial cheer
" Warm the chill hours of our declining age.

III. 2.

" When homeward from the field, at cloſe of day,
" I meaſure ſlow my weary way,
" Forth burſting from our cot you hail my name,
" And joyful ſhouts my wiſh'd return proclaim;
" When round my path you ſportive throng,
" Each emulous to ſhare my firſt careſs,
" And to our threſhold fondly preſs
" My ling'ring ſteps along,
" What tranſports in our boſoms riſe!
" What tears of joy bedew our eyes!
" What tend'rer ſtill, and ſtill ſublimer bliſs,
" Thoſe tears to mingle in a kiſs!"

At early dawn thus chaunted Colinet,
While ſoftly ſtealing on his ſteps behind,
(Her boſom with two little loves beſet)
To join the ſwain comes forth his Roſalind:
Wak'd by thy pleaſing ſtrain, I come, ſhe cries,
With all thou lov'ſt at once to glad thy eyes.
Th' enraptur'd ſwain, his arms around them flung,
Preſſes all three to his delighted breaſt;
Fain would he ſpeak, but joy binds up his tongue—
Reſt, happy ſwain! in ſpeechleſs tranſport reſt!
Enjoy a bliſs by all earth's ſtores unbought!
Virtue, ſupreme of bleſſings from above,
Ennobles ev'n the weakneſſes of love,
And without virtue love itſelf were nought.

THE PEASANT, HIS COUNTRY'S BENEFACTOR.

MR. Stanley, tired with the noise and bustle of the town, had purchased a small country house, in which he promised to himself the enjoyment of rural tranquillity, amidst the study of books and the exercise of benevolence. Being naturally of a pensive turn, he was fond of solitude and the amusement of walking, in which he occasionally indulged himself in all the quarters round his new habitation. One day, his wandering steps led him to a small valley the sight of which alone was sufficient highly to gratify his contemplative inclination. Surrounded by high hills, the slopes of which presented an agreeable variety of corn fields, groves and cottages, it seemed to be the retreat of rural happiness. The stillness of this retired vale was only interrupted by the murmuring sound of a rivulet, which falling down a rock, reflected from its broken waters all the colours of the rainbow, as the sun's rays enlightened it at a certain elevation. Its froth expanded in white volumes round the bason which it had hollowed out by its fall. The rivulet afterwards divided itself into several smaller ones which intersected the valley in many directions, and freshened the verdure of the meadows by their beneficent contributions of moisture.

Yet the most pleasing sensations of Mr. Stanley's breast were not occasioned merely by the natural beauties of the spot. The whole extent of the valley was covered with new cottages, each having its small farm annexed, with an orchard and kitchen garden. These parcels of land were only separated by plain gooseberry hedges, which seemed at once to indicate the value of the ground and the mutual confidence of the inhabitants. Mr. Stanley rejoiced to see that no single person had engrossed to himself the whole of this delicious plain. He was pleased in the reflexion that many families might there enjoy the sweets of ease and tranquillity. While he in his own mind congratulated the owner of the land who had a number of so happy tenants, he thought some praise was also due to his beneficence, which had certainly, by its encouragement and assistance, occasioned the rich specimen of

of cultivation that he admired. So wholly was he rapt in meditation upon this intereſting ſubject, that he had not obſerved the gathering of thick dark clouds that was forming over his head. A ſhower of rain, accompanied with lightning, ſoon obliged him to ſeek for ſhelter. He ran therefore and knocked at the door of the firſt cottage, which was opened by a woman far advanced in years, but whoſe countenance old age had made venerable. She received him in a free and friendly manner. I am very glad, ſaid ſhe, that our cottage happened to be the neareſt to you, though, I am pretty ſure, our children would have received you kindly too. As the ſtorm ſurprized you in the middle of the plain, you could hardly miſs of applying for ſhelter to ſome one or other of our family. But I ſee, you are quite out of breath. Compoſe yourſelf. I will make up a good fire for you, that you may dry yourſelf by it.

While ſhe was laying on ſome wood, Mr. Stanley was looking about him very attentively. He obſerved an appearance of plenty and regularity in the diſpoſition of the furniture, that pleaſed him very much. He had underſtood, by the good woman's words, that a great part of the habitations of the plain was occupied by her children. His curioſity was roufed by the circumſtance, and he was preparing to aſk a few queſtions in order to ſatisfy it, when he heard ſomebody from the inner room ſay, "I hope, dame, you will make the gentleman welcome." "Yes, yes, gaffer; anſwered ſhe, never fear."—"That is your huſband then, that ſpeaks to you," ſays Mr Stanley. "Yes Sir, he is within there, in that room."—"Will you give me leave to pay my reſpects to him?" "And welcome, Sir; you will perhaps be glad to know each other; walk in." Mr. Stanley entered, and perceived an old man lying in a bed, the covering of which was remarkably neat. His head was bare; his locks, white as ſnow, fell down to his ſhoulders; his countenance, which time had reſpected, was expreſſive of the tranquillity and goodneſs of his ſoul; there was a ſmile upon his lips, and his eyes ſparkled with the fire and vivacity of youth. Mr. Stanley, attracted by an exterior ſo prepoſſeſſing, approached him.

Mr. Stanley. What is the matter with you my good man? are you ſick?

Old Man. No, Sir, I thank heaven, I am not. But when one has ſeen fourſcore years, one can hardly count one's ſelf well, though not under any actual diſorder. Yet it is not long ſince I have left off daily labour, and if it were not for fear of grieving my children—But they will not have me work any more.

Mr. Stanley. They are right. You muſt have purchaſed this repoſe pretty dearly.

Old Man. Though I ſay it, I think I have earned it ſufficiently. How many ſheaves of corn have I tied up in the courſe of my life! How many have I threſhed out! I have wearied my poor body ſadly, that is certain. Well, in the midſt of all theſe labours and fatigues, I have always carried a chearful countenance and a merry heart; and ſo I wiſh ſtill to paſs gently through the ſmall remainder of the days that I have to live.

Mr. Stanley. But after ſo ſtirring and laborious a life, how can you paſs a whole day in bed without being tired?

Old Man. Tired? I'faith, I have ſomewhat elſe to do than to be tired. It is only my limbs that are out of action; my head is ſtill employed. The thoughts of ten children, and fifty grand children and great grand children, will ſcarce let my time hang heavy. There are not too many hours in the day to think of ſo many people. Every one of them gives me an account of his buſineſs and the ſtate of his family, and upon that I muſt go to work. I have always ſome of them to marry, and I look twice before I match them. If they have all proſpered, they may thank me for it. There is not a ſingle one of them ſettled in the world who did not take up my thoughts a year beforehand. I have now three marriages to conclude, and I hope that the parties will live as happily as their parents before them.

Mr. Stanley. Then you are ſatisfied with the ſituation of your family?

Old Man. O Sir! it makes me happy to ſpeak of them. Dame, go fetch us a cup of that old ale. It will help me to talk about our young ones.

Mr. Stanley. Have you many of them here?

Old Man. Only two grand-daughters. I could as ſoon quarter a regiment as lodge them all. It was not my cabin, but my lands that I wiſhed to enlarge. I thank God

God, I have been able to give a pretty parcel of land to each of them, without hurting myself. There was a good deal of ground hereabouts that had been impoverished; it was let to me at a low rent. I took care first to put it into good heart again, and parcelled it off among my daughters for their portions. It brings in money now.

Mr. Stanley. And in this great number of children has none ever caused you any sorrow?

Old Man. Sometimes, by their sickness; but I have always been able to recover them by regular diet and simples with which I am acquainted. In other respects they have always made me happy.

Mr. Stanley. Apparently because you have always given them a good example.

Old Man. I dare take upon me to say so. When I was young, to be sure I was all alive, like other folks; I ran about to every wake and revel; but as soon as I had once pronounced the solemn word *I will*, in church, I left off all those youthful tricks. Happily my wife was handsome, good-natured and virtuous. That keeps a man in awe. Besides children began to come on apace. I was not rich at the time, and if I had been sufficiently so for myself, I had affection enough for my family, to wish them also a competency. I trained my children up to work very young. I carried them to the fields as soon as they could walk. The youngest I seated upon the plough, while the rest played round about us. My daughters amused us with singing while they spun at their wheel. In short, I taught them all to work chearfully for their bread, that they might eat it happily.

Mr. Stanley. And do you see them sometimes?

Old Man. See them, Sir? When I was lighter, I used to go my rounds amongst them once a week, to see that every thing went on well in their families. Now, when I cannot go out, it is their turn to visit me. Every Sunday after prayers, my daughters, my grand-daughters, and my daughters-in-law, bring their children here. It would be a good sight to see me in the middle of twenty women, dressed in their Sunday clothes, and as fresh as roses. These all vie with each other in their fondness to me; and their children have a certain family resemblance

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that charms me. I have generally a dozen of them in my arms and playing about me. Then there is such a buz, and a chatter, as would stun another person, but it is musick to my ears.

Mr. Stanley. I can easily imagine that it must be a delightful moment for you.

Old Man. And for them too, I flatter myself. I like to see chearfulness all round me. Behind my barn I have a grass plat on purpose for dancing. It is the last spot of ground on which I ever worked. I open the ball with my dame, and then every one falls a capering about us. They take care to play some of the old fashioned country dances of my time. Methinks then the ground lifts me up, and I bound as lightly as any of the young folks.

Mr. Stanley. Have you fidlers then hereabouts?

Old Man. None that play for money. But my grandson Arthur can manage a fiddle charmingly The young rogue is only fifteen, and he plays on it so, as to set the whole village in motion. Oh! if I had him here to shew him to you! he is the very model of me, except these wrinkles, and his rosy complexion which I have no longer in my cheeks. And indeed he is my Benjamin, the darling of my heart. I can tell you so much, Sir, as you are a stranger, but I should not wish that any of the family knew it.

Mr. Stanley. But the time must appear tedious to you when you have not these amusements.

Old Man. If I have not those, I have others. Having never been from this part of the country, I know it as well as I do my own cabin, and all the inhabitants likewise. I have been at the birth of them all. They come to consult me about laying down their grounds. They have only to bring me a basket of the earth of each farm. I handle it, and taste it, and tell at once what sort of grain it will produce best. If they are poor folks I lend them seed, which they pay me after the harvest; and I prevail upon those whom I have served, to lend them a day's work, which is all the return that I ask for my services. I have seen the time when every one worked only for himself, and would have thought that he enriched himself by ruining his neighbour. I contrived however, at length, to persuade them, that the richer the country was,

was, the richer each would be in particular; that the fruits of the earth would ſell better, and attract manufacturing people to this quarter, by the plenty of them and their good quality; and that, in order to effect this, they ought to aſſiſt each other. According as the ſeaſon is wet or dry, the crop of the low grounds is more or leſs forward than that of the uplands. I prevail upon them to uniteand begin with the firſt ripe; thus the whole is got in at its juſt point of maturity. In fact, you may enquire at the markets all round concerning our grain. The factors ſtrive which ſhall buy it up. Sometimes they come and take it in the crop, and our corn has been ſold before it was put into the ground; whereas if there come ten buſhels of bad corn from a pariſh, it is enough to give all the reſt a bad name.

Mr. Stanley. Theſe reflexions are ſimple, and yet it is ſeldom that they occur to country people. How came you to make them?

Old Man. By degrees, from the experience of each year. Beſides I muſt ſay, I have been well aſſiſted. Our vicar is a ſenſible man; I had made him as rich as a dean, by the weddings, the chriſtenings, and the tithes that I brought him. He ſometimes touched upon the good effects of my practice, in his ſermons. Beſides, when our head landlord came down to reſide here, he ſaw his lands quite changed, they let for double the rent; upon which he ſhewed me marks of his regard. If there was any new experiment of agriculture, in your London papers, they would come both of them to conſult me. I made the experiment before their eyes, and as ſoon as it ſucceeded, it was preſently ſpread. Farmers follow their old way, and deſpiſe any diſcoveries taken from books, but thoſe that I had approved, there was no contradicting. They put them in practice, and found the good effects of them. Beſides my doctrine is not very long-winded. I deliver the whole of it in a few words. *War with our lands, and peace with our friends.*

Mr. Stanley. At this rate, I imagine, you have not enriched the attorney, as much as you have the vicar.

Old Man, (*ſmiling.*) It is true, I have taken many a cauſe out of his worſhip's hands. I ſhould be as rich as a judge, if I had only taken a ſhilling for every diſpute that I have ſettled. There is always ſome little quarrel,

in a country village, upon one ſubject or another. They come to aſk my advice. If one of the parties be at a diſtance, they take me in a chaiſe cart, and convey me to the ſpot. There upon hearing the merits of the cauſe, I endeavour to accommodate matters ſatisfactorily. If they refuſe to agree, I invite them to come to my houſe againſt next day. I have ſome excellent old ale, that would ſoften hearts of ſtone. They taſte it, and as ſoon as it begins to have its effect upon my diſputants, I make them ſenſible that a law ſuit would coſt them ten times more than the thing in diſpute; that they would loſe their time, their money, their reſt, and the pleaſure of being friends. I mention to them the example of thoſe, who, through not taking my advice, have impoveriſhed themſelves to make lawyers rich. Before the firſt mug of ale is finiſhed, they no longer look ſhy on each other, and the ſecond is ſcarce half emptied, before they would go through fire to ſerve each other. Thus I give away my ale, but I get, in return, pleaſure and ſatisfaction in this life, and good hopes for that which is to come.

Mr. Stanley. You muſt be regarded as a little king in this country.

Old Man. Why, Sir, I govern here upon my bed, as another upon his throne. But I am not only loved, but feared alſo. Go nearer to that wall. Do you ſee there names, with dates of the year, that I have cut with my knife? Some of them are for good actions, but thoſe that you ſee written backwards are marks of diſgrace. As our head landlord and the vicar are ſo good as to come ſometimes and ſee me, and as all the village are conſtantly flocking to my cabin, this regiſter on the wall has as much effect, as if the folks names were put in the newſpapers. Your name written backwards up there, is a ſort of public infamy. Every body ſhuns you, even to the children. You muſt mend your manners or decamp. If you reform, well and good. I reverſe your name; in the firſt place, to remove the memory of your diſgrace, and then to encourage you in good behaviour. Of twenty names, in all, that I have thus engraved backwards, there remain but three which will ſerve as an example for a long time to come; whereas a name written up there, ſtraight forwards, is almoſt enough to make

one

one a gentleman, and to see a single letter turned backwards, would be as dreadful as death to the party, so great is the advantage of a good reputation.

Mr. Stanley. I can conceive that this method, simple as it is, may be very effectual; but what most surprizes me, is the use that you contrive to make of your ale. It generally sets the villagers a quarrelling, but you make it the minister of peace.

Old Man. I am much indebted to it for the advantages that I have enjoyed from it in my old age. For these ten years past, it has renewed the strength of my stomach, and warmed the blood in my veins. I never drank more of it than was necessary to quench my thirst, and for that reason, I find it now more wholesome. A glass of it is sufficient to give me fresh life, and always makes me young again for a couple of hours. I don't know whether you are grown dry with hearing me, but I am a little so with speaking. I feel that a drop of it would come very seasonably to me at this moment. But what is the matter with my poor wife? how long she is in coming! Ah! there is a very good reason for it; seventy-five years of age, are a pretty heavy load to carry. But hist! I think, I hear her.

Wife. Yes, gaffer, I am here.

Old Man. Come dame, come my dear Sukey, fill us out a glass. You smile, Sir; but when the bottle is in hand, I always give her the name of her youth. I need only look at her through my glass, and she appears to me as fresh as fifty years ago. Sukey, your health; Sir, yours. (*They drink*) Well, how do you like it?

Mr. Stanley. Excellent upon my word. I have drunk more costly liquor, but never with more pleasure.

Old Man. Because it is found and genuine as the goodwill that gives it. But how is this, Sukey, you spare it. Pshaw! there will always be enough of it for us. Let me see it enliven you a little. We warmed it formerly, let it warm us now. I feel it begin to make me young again; I feel myself as fond of you, as when I first went a courting. If you are not married Sir already, you certainly will marry if you take my advice, and then be so kind to your wife, that you may always remember the wedding day with pleasure. 'Tis the way never to feel yourself grow old. Ask Sukey. Speak, dame, do you

remember

remember our wedding. How lovingly I clasped your hand before the altar! and what a look of kindness you gave me! It touched my very heart, nay the impression of it is there still. To be sure (*smiling*) that is not so long ago yet. It is only a small matter of sixty years.

Wife. Ah! they have passed away very soon. The best of our days are over, my good man.

Old Man. Nay, are you not as happy as ever? have not you ease and tranquillity, and as good health as you can expect? Let us see, what have you to wish for? A little more strength perhaps. But heaven has strengthened us within, and given us spirits to enjoy the happiness of a long life. When our bodily strength decays, the grave will open gently to receive us.

Mr. Stanley. Why do you let melancholy thoughts intrude upon this moment of pleasure?

Old Man. Oh! Sir, I do not fear death. Let him come when he will to knock at my door, I will let him in without being frightened. Dost think that I have forgot that we must all die? No; as we have begun, we must make an end.

Mr. Stanley. You have found means to make your life so happy! will you not be sorry to quit it?

Old Man. I should be much more so, had I spent it ill, had I been idle, and a libertine; if I had not done all the good that was in my power, or if I left a large family in a state of poverty or vice, through my fault. Instead of such an afflicting retrospect, I look back on fourscore years of useful labour, of lands improved, and friends assisted. I see my sons and grandsons well to live, honest and laborious, united in friendship together, beloved and respected by all the country. I leave my eldest son my cottage, he will fill my place in it, and my duties. As head of the family, he will be for his brothers and their children, what I have been for mine. It is sweet to carry this comfort with me to the grave.

Mr. Stanley. But you will hear their sighs at parting with you. How grievous must that separation be!

Old man. I do believe, they will be very sorry to lose me, but I shall endeavour to comfort them. A peasant knows, better than any other, the law of nature and the force of necessity. He sees, every day, old trees replaced by younger ones. He sees, every year, the winter devour

devour the produce of the other seasons. I will represent all this to my children, when they shall assemble round my death bed; I will make them sensible that my Maker, after having given me a long and happy old age, crowns all his blessings to me by taking me from life, before it becomes a burthen by pains and infirmities. I will tell them that I only leave them, to go and join my Heavenly Father who holds forth his hand from above to receive me, and that I will never cease to look down upon them with affection, as long as their race continues upon the earth; I will repeat this to them with my last breath, and certainly they will be comforted for my death, when I look upon it myself as a happiness.

Mr. Stanley. Brave old man! whence have you this firmness?

Old Man. From a guiltless heart, supported and strengthened by heaven, that heaven which I hope soon to inherit.

Mr. Stanley. You have no fears then as to futurity?

Old Man. As long as it was in my power to do ill, I had my fears; at present my heart is capable of no other passion but universal love. O Gracious Lord, after so many blessings as thou hast showered down upon my head, shall I dare to ask thee for one more? Behold the companion whom thou hast given me, to share with me the pleasures and the cares of life: we have grown old together, grant that we may die both at once. How should I be able to survive her? Could my trembling hand have strength to close her eye-lids? And again, what would become of her, at so advanced an age, were she to lose me, and no longer hear me answer to her plaintive call? Were she to be buried in the solitude of this cottage as in a tomb? Permit not death to separate two persons whom nothing has separated for fifty years. Grant us this request, O Lord, this last request. It is the only one that thou hast left us under the necessity of asking thee. We wish not to prolong our term of life; dispose of us when thou wilt. Let us only die hand in hand, and thus present ourselves before thee, to give an account of our actions. As we have been united through life, let us not, we pray thee, be separated at our latter end.

The old man, who had raised himself up in his bed, to address these words to his Creator, fell back with fa-

tigue as he finished them. Mr. Stanley was terrified, and ran for his wife to assist him. She had fallen on her knees, in a corner of the cottage, at the beginning of his prayer: her hands were still lifted up to heaven. He led her, trembling as she was with terror, to the old man, who dispelled the apprehensions of both by a smile, and by the liveliness of his action as he waved his hand to them. However, Mr. Stanley judged that repose would be necessary to him, after an emotion so violent for his age; he therefore thanked these good people for their hospitality, and promised to come again and see them after a few days.

The storm which had forced him to seek shelter in the cottage, was now over. Nature, coming forth from her gloomy dress, had once more assumed a radiant cheerfulness. The sun, who was now near setting, seemed to shine with new splendor. These objects brought back the thoughts of the old man to Mr. Stanley's imagination. They represented his soul spotless and unfurled, alternately yielding to impressions of tenderness and gaiety; and the strength and fervor of his spirit just then blazing forth, when it was going to be finally extinguished. He imagined to himself all that one single man, in the most humble station, could do for the advantage of society. Fifty industrious citizens given to the state. His active years employed in bringing up his children to honest labour, and his old age dedicated to the maintenance of peace and unanimity amongst his neighbours. With what freedom, thought Mr. Stanley, did he speak to me of the good that he had done, and the confidence which he reposes in the Supreme Being! what tranquillity of conscience! how happy a state of assuredness! Who would not prefer the sound old age of this honest peasant, the benefactor of his country though allotted to a state of obscurity, proud of his own esteem and enjoying the truest honour, that of leaving behind him a respectable memory, to the decrepitude of those great men who only use their riches in scattering round them corruption and obloquy, who feel the public contempt fall light upon them, habituated as they are to the contempt of their own souls, and whom even the grave will not have power to rescue from infamy and execration.

But

But why introduce these images so afflicting to the virtuous, while there are others so proper to inspire them with consolation and delight? While the portrait of a Howard is at hand, that benevolent traveller who has already several times gone over a great part of Europe, visiting the children of captivity, and who, by his eloquent writings and the authority of his virtues, has procured more humane treatment to a race of men, often more unfortunate than guilty! or of a Hutton, who crosses the seas at the age of sixty, and without assuming any other character than that of minister of humanity, treats with those of the state, concerning the exchange of prisoners of war, and returns modestly to his own country, to assist those unfortunate persons of whom he is the friend and supporter. Generous men! you need not my praise to recompense your virtues. They find a reward worthy of them, in that very sentiment which inspired them, and in the good that they have produced. More need is, that I endeavour to consecrate them in the memory of tender youth, a shrine suitable to their purity, and to preserve your name as long as I can upon the earth. If the love and reverence of humanity can be kindled in the souls of youth, let them owe it to the force and impression of your examples, and to the noble desire of imitating them.

SYSTEM OF THE WORLD.

MRS. Crosby had retired, in the third year of her widowhood, to a small but commodious house, at some distance from London. Here she endeavoured to amuse the grief which she felt for the loss of her husband, by attending to the education of a daughter whom she regarded as the only remaining pledge of their mutual affection. She herself had been married very young, and her father, when he made an advantageous bargain as it is called in the disposal of her hand, imagined that the splendour of a large fortune, and a few shewy accomplishments, would enable her to appear in the world with sufficient distinction. As he was always involved

in

in the hurry of buſineſs, or engaged in tumultuous diſſipation, he had never reflected, that in a calmer ſtate of life, his daughter would have any more occaſion than himſelf for thoſe reſources of the heart and underſtanding which ariſe from a proper cultivation of both, or that the better choice he made of a huſband for her, the more neceſſary theſe advantages would be to her in order to gain his eſteem, and preſerve his attachment. Theſe conſiderations, obvious as they were, never once occurred to him, and of all the cares that he felt for the happineſs of his daughter, the moſt uſeful were thoſe to which he leaſt attended.

It was not long before Mrs. Croſby felt and regretted this neglect, particularly as ſhe was now placed in the ſociety of a man, diſtinguiſhed for delicacy of ſentiment, and clearneſs of underſtanding, and who united a large portion of knowledge to a refined taſte. While ſhe ſought therefore to ſupply the deficiency of her own education, ſhe reſolved above all things to avoid any ſuch neglect in that of her daughter. The amuſements of town had never totally diverted her from this project, and the ſolitude in which ſhe propoſed to paſs her widowhood, afforded her there all the leiſure neceſſary for putting it in execution. She had already taken advantage of the firſt years of Emily's childhood, to perfect herſelf in thoſe things which ſhe propoſed one day or other to teach her. Her application and force of memory, her quick and juſt apprehenſion, ſo well fulfilled the views which her affection had ſuggeſted, that ſhe was now perfect miſtreſs of ancient and modern hiſtory, geography and the elements of mathematicks, and had ſome general notions of aſtronomy and natural philoſophy. In order to be able by herſelf alone to inſtruct her daughter, ſhe had acquired her own knowledge without any other aid than good books of introduction to thoſe ſeveral ſciences. Thus while ſhe ſought for herſelf the moſt pleaſing and effectual mode of inſtruction, ſhe ſtudied beforehand that which would be moſt proper for Emily's underſtanding, whoſe acuteneſs and vivacity, from an infant, afforded the moſt favourable hopes; nor did her ſubſequent improvement diſappoint them. Emily, now ſcarcely thirteen, had already, by her progreſs in learning, and her dutiful behaviour,

haviour, begun to reward the pains which her mother had taken in inſtructing her. Their hours were ſpent in the pureſt enjoyment of mutual happineſs. The company of a few particular acquaintances in the neighbourhood, and the viſits which they ſometimes received from their friends in town, were the only interruptions to their ſtudies, the variety of which, together with the culture of flowers and the care of their ſinging birds, ſerved as a relaxation to them.

Whether it was to purge her daughter's heart of every ſentiment of vanity, or to rid her houſe of a load of viſitors, Mrs. Croſby had thought proper to conceal her fortune, and aſſumed, as a pretext for her country retirement, the neceſſity of retrieving her affairs by ſtrict œconomy. Thus, while ſhe avoided the tireſome details and uſeleſs expence of a great houſe, ſhe had more time to apply to her labours, and was better able to indulge her generoſity by the private benefactions which ſhe ſo liberally diſpenſed. From the tranquillity of ſo agreeable a life, the ſatisfaction of ſeeing her daughter equal her hopes, and a good ſtate of health acquired by exerciſe, temperance, and regularity, ſhe had contracted an unchangeable ſerenity of temper, and ſuch a ſprightlineſs in converſation as made her company highly delightful to little Emily. The feelings of her young heart were wholly dedicated to her mama, and the memory of her father which Mrs. Croſby took care to keep up by the example of her own ſorrow for his loſs, and by the remembrance that ſhe expreſſed of his good qualities. Emily, brought up in all the freedom of ingenuous innocence, had not a thought that ſhe needed to conceal from her affectionate friend, and therefore had preſerved that amiable ſimplicity which is the ſweeteſt ornament of reaſon. As all her reflexions had ariſen from what ſhe heard in converſation with her mother, they were of a lively and animated turn, ſuch as the warmth of converſation generally produces, and ſhe delivered her thoughts with equal clearneſs and force, equal correctneſs and vivacity.

Mr. Glanville, brother to Mrs. Croſby, whom ſhe loved affectionately from a child, was ſettled in London, where he held an honourable poſt under government; and the duties of this, together with the ſtudy of

natural

natural ſcience, which he cultivated ſucceſsfully, were his chief employments. Two daughters, as yet under the firſt cares of their mother, and little George, now twelve years old, made up his family. Amidſt the corruption of a capital, his houſe was a ſtranger to immorality. His ſon had never been far from his preſence. Born with a lively imagination, an ardent and fearleſs ſpirit, frankneſs, generoſity and reſolution, George was mild, and at the ſame time ſuſceptible of the moſt impetuous emotions. He was even at his age ſtrongly in love with glory, and whatever was great. When he heard an inſtance of bravery and generoſity related, you would ſee his breaſt heave, and the fire ſparkle in his eyes. While Mr. Glanville conceived the beſt hopes from ſuch a diſpoſition, he was thoroughly ſenſible of the anxiety that it might cauſe him. However, his ſon's tender affection for him alleviated his fears. He had early accuſtomed himſelf to manage him by kindneſs. A cold look would have filled George with terror; a reproach would have been a ſevere puniſhment to him.

In conſequence of a preſſing invitation which they both received from Emily's hand, though dictated by her mama, to ſpend a few days of the ſummer vacation at her houſe, they arrived there, as it happened, the day before her birth day; the addition of this company made it therefore a ſort of feſtival, which Emily adorned by her graces, and George animated by his vivacity. Mrs. Croſby repaid with tears of joy the amiable attentions of theſe charming children; but this happineſs was ſtill more encreaſed when ſhe had an opportunity of diſcourſing at freedom with her brother, of their projects and expectations concerning their children. Dinner time, which aſſembled them and their young family, was a new ſcene of delight. After a long ſeparation, to find themſelves once more together amidſt all the beauties of nature, a fine country, and delicious weather, and in the preſence of objects ſo mutually intereſting! to feel the ſweet emotions of parental tenderneſs, and all the *mingled charities* * of duty and affection! you would have but a faint idea of their happineſs, if you could ſuppoſe that theſe terms give an adequate deſcription of it.

* Milton.

FIRST

FIRST CONVERSATION.

THE fineneſs of the evening having invited them to walk out, they went all together upon the terrace. The ſun was going to ſet, he was juſt touching the edge of the horizon. Mrs. Croſby, breaking off her diſcourſe all at once, went and ſeated herſelf on the end of a ſtone ſeat which fronted a large walk of the garden. Mr. Glanville, thinking that his ſiſter was taken ill, made haſte to follow her, and anxiouſly aſked her what was the matter? Nothing at all, anſwered ſhe ſmiling, but without moving her eyes which were fixed upon the ſetting ſun. I will ſatisfy your ſurprize and curioſity in a moment, but firſt let the ſun diſappear.

Mr. Glanville and the children looked at each other in ſilence, not daring to interrupt her. Preſently the ſun was out of ſight, and Mrs. Croſby then riſing with a chearful air, I am ſatisfied, ſays ſhe, every thing goes on well in the univerſe. Theſe words, and the haſty manner in which I quitted you juſt now, muſt ſurprize you; I ſhall therefore explain. This is, you know, my birth-day. It ſeems as if every object in nature became this day unuſually intereſting to me. I obſerve with more attention whatever paſſes, and every thing affords me matter for reflexion. This morning, as I walked in my orchard, I endeavoured to remark the changes that might have taken place in the trees during the courſe of laſt year. I ſaw that ſome began to loſe their youthful look, and others to ſucceed them in ſtature and vigour. The firſt afforded me a ſerious leſſon, but the latter comforted me with a pleaſing type of my own youth renewed in my daughter.

Emily kiſſed her mother's hand and heaved a ſigh.

That remark, ſays Mr. Glanville, pleaſes me as much for its fortitude and philoſophy, as the ſentiment which is connected with it, does by its tenderneſs. But do your obſervations reach to the ſtar of day? were you uneaſy to know if he had loſt his force or his brightneſs?

Mrs. Croſby. No, brother, my thoughts do not extend ſo far. Laſt year, on this ſame day, I was ſitting all alone,

alone, on this same seat, and lost in an agreeable musing. I was observing the sun set, and took notice that I lost sight of him, exactly as he got behind yonder Elm. This incident struck me again just now all at once. I wished to see if he would, on the same day of this year, set, precisely in the same direction. I should never have thought the earth so regular in her movement.

Mr. Glanville. Especially as she has travelled since that time upwards of 630,000,000 of miles.

Mr. Crosby. The immensity of such a circuit encreases my admiration still more at finding her so punctual.

Mr. Glanville. Why she might make you as flattering a compliment, since on the same day of the year, and at the same instant, she finds you in the same spot observing her.

Mrs. Crosby. Aye, but brother, let us not proudly dispute with her, the praise of regularity. Be reason as haughty as she may, with her clue and her torch, a blind planet will still go surer than she can.

Emily. Oh! if that be the case, here are the stars, uncle, that begin to appear; and I am glad they are able to give our globe a good character, for if we should be a little careless in our motions the earth is not, and perhaps the stars will take us, her inhabitants, to be, like her, very steady regular folks.

Mr. Glanville. It is here, my dear Emily, that we should begin to establish ourselves a good reputation, without troubling our heads with what the stars may think of us. And after all such a misconception would be of no service to us; for the stars see as little of our earth, as they judge of her inhabitants.

George. What! while we have perhaps five hundred telescopes in the air to observe them, they do not vouchsafe so much as to look at us?

Mrs. Crosby. Now trust your poets, that talk of extolling the praise of their mistresses to the very stars.

Mr. Glanville. Without being more credulous than those ladies, why should you be less indulgent? If the flattery of this fiction could ever turn their heads, it has at least never offended them. It carries its own pardon with it, as it arises from the poet's wish to see it realized.

George. But for all that, papa, it is hard to be so little noticed in the universe.

Mr.

Mr. Glanville. Do not be uneasy, my dear; Mars and the Moon have a pretty full view of us.

Emily. And are they all the witnesses to our existence?

Mr. Glanville. Mercury and Venus, which are placed between us and the sun, distinguish us, perhaps, if they are not dazzled by the vast light that surrounds them; but as to Jupiter, Saturn, and the *Georgium Sidus*, I doubt whether they know the least tittle about us.

George. And suppose they did, it is not by such planets as our own, that I should care about being remarked.

Mrs. Crosby. Yes, I see George is amongst those ambitious ones, who disdain the homage of their equals. To satisfy such as him, their fame must reach the sovereign's notice, and that of foreign courts.

George, True, I should wish our globe to make a noise, even amongst the fixt stars.

Mr. Glanville. Why my poor little friend, how do you suppose that they can discern us, since if the earth were to fill up the whole orbit of 630,000,000 miles that she describes in a year, she would swell to no more purpose than the frog in the fable, and be but a point in the immensity of space.

George. Bless me! is it possible?

Mr. Glanville. I could prove it to you in a moment.

Emily. But however, uncle, if we were encreased to the size that you mention, we should be much larger than the sun. The stars see the sun, and they would be much better able to see us in that case.

Mr. Glanville. Hark ye Emily, do you see that candle which has just appeared at some house, I take it, about two or three miles off?

Emily. Yes certainly, uncle.

Mr. Glanville. The house is much larger than the candle, which throws its light upon it; can you distinguish the house?

Emily. No, not in the least.

Mr. Glanville. You see then, that a body, which is luminous in itself, can be discerned at a great distance, while a much larger body, that only reflects the light which it receives, is imperceptible to us.

Emily. That is true.

Mr.

Mr. Glanville. Now reduce the earth to its real proportion: instead of being large with respect to the sun, as the house is with respect to the candle, it would be no more in comparison than a pin's head to a lighted torch. So you may judge of the splendid figure that we make in the universe.

Emily. Ah! George, all our pretensions to the notice of the stars are brought very low.

Mrs. Crosby. I think, I see one of our great folks in London, full of the idea that all the whole kingdom have their eyes upon him. One might perhaps tell him with truth that he is known at Hackney, or even that his name has been mentioned in Croydon, but that certainly his renown never reached as far as Whitehaven.

Emily. Nay, I should be so much out of conceit with it, were I my cousin, that I would even wish to hide myself from the moon.

Mr. Glanville. No, Emily; such sullenness might cost us dear.

Emily. Pray, how, uncle?

Mr. Glanville. Why if we were to hide ourselves from the moon, the moon in return would hide herself from us.

Emily. Oh! I should be sorry to lose her mild light.

Mrs. Crosby. I must confess, too, that I am partial to her. She seems, by her modest and bashful air, to be formed for the sun of our sex.

Mr. Glanville. A happy idea enough! how many pretty whimsies might then be explained by the variety of her phases, and the inequalities of her motion! You see by this, my friend, that we have nothing to lose, and that the earth is happy enough in receiving the light of the stars that surround her, without vainly aspiring to be distinguished by them for her splendour.

George. It is a great pity, that we are not a little more luminous, for you must confess, papa, that we could not be placed to more advantage, to make a shining figure.

Mr. Glanville. What induces you to think our position so advantageous?

George. Oh! it is plain; only look at the vault of the heavens. You see that it is quite round above the earth, and that the stars are placed in it at equal distances from us. We are just in the middle of the universe.

Mr.

Mr. Glanville. My dear, do you remember the handſome proſpect that you pointed out to me here, this morning? the hill, the wood, thoſe ruins of an old caſtle, and the village ſteeple that ſeemed to loſe itſelf in the clouds?

George. Yes, papa, and that fine large walnut tree that we paſſed yeſterday evening, when I felt ſuch an appetite for ſome of the walnuts. I was glad to ſee it again, though at a diſtance, for it appeared to me, as I ſtood here, to be juſt on the edge of the horizon.

Mr. Glanville. Your perſpective is not quite exact; for you might ſee far behind it that large gothick caſtle, that is falling to ruin; you know, it is a good way farther off; when we had paſſed it in the chaiſe, was it not a full quarter of an hour before we reached the walnut tree.

George. That is true, but one cannot judge exactly of diſtances which are ſo remote. I ſhould ſuppoſe the tree, I aſſure you, from this ſpot, to be in the ſame circular line with the hill, the wood, the caſtle, and the village ſteeple; and our terrace here, to be in the center of the proſpect. I took particular notice.

Mr. Glanville. What do you talk of child? how far do you count it, ſiſter, from hence to the village?

Mrs. Croſby. Almoſt nine miles brother.

Mr. Glanville. And to the hill?

Mrs. Croſby. Full ſix.

Mr. Glanville. And to the wood?

Mrs. Croſby. Only a mile and a half; I frequently walk to it, and with eaſe.

Mr. Glanville. Now I gueſs, by the time of our coming, that the caſtle is about two miles and a quarter from this place, and the walnut tree about half that diſtance at moſt. But how do you compute; thoſe objects, ſome ſo far off, and ſome ſo near, to be in the ſame circular ſweep from this point? all thoſe inequalities both of diſtance and ſurface, to form a round, and regular horizon? and our terrace to be exactly in the center of all that? May it not be the ſame, George, with reſpect to the ſeemingly regular arch of the heavens, and thoſe ſtars that appear to be fixed in the ſame concave ſurface? and, in ſhort, with reſpect to us who

think ourſelves to be in the center of this beautiful ſphere.

George. I cannot deny it, papa; If my ſight deceives me at a ſmall diſtance, it very well may where the ſpace is ſo immenſe. But that we are not in the middle ſpot under the heavens, I can hardly give up. I would have wagered, that there are not two inches more on one ſide than the other.

Mr. Glanville. Let us try that. Before we ſat down to dinner, you know, we went to ſee the clergyman of the pariſh.

George. Oh, he is a very good man! he gave me a fine pear.

Mr. Glanville. That muſt prove him to be an honeſt man. However, we do not talk of his orchard now, but of his garret. You remember how much he praiſed the proſpect that is to be ſeen from the window of it; you know, we went up; well?

George. Yes, and his garret window is not higher than the level of this terrace.

Mr. Glanville. What! is not there a wider proſpect from it than from this ſpot?

George. No, indeed, papa, it is exactly the ſame. I remarked the ſame objects quite at the edge of the horizon as here.

Mr. Glanville. What, was his houſe the center of the view?

George. Yes, papa.

Mr. Glanville. Then you were not in the center here. A circle has not two centers.

George. But then we are not far from the clergyman's houſe.

Mr. Glanville. Full two hundred yards.

George. But that is nothing, to the diſtance of the objects which we viewed.

Mr. Glanville. It follows then, that when, from two different points, we imagine diſtant objects to retain ſtill the ſame diſtance, theſe points can not be very far aſunder. In ſhort, it is as if they were only one point: Is not that the caſe, George?

George. Exactly, papa; you have juſt hit my meaning; I like your way of explaining it.

Mr.

Mr. Glanville. So, there is something to encourage me; well then let us go a little farther. You know, I suppose, as well as Emily, that the earth moves in an orbit round the sun. I will draw it here upon the ground. Do you see? it is a sort of oval, called an ellipse, as you have been told. There, it is finished. You can see it pretty well by the light of the moon, which is just rising. I will put down my hat within the orbit, for the sun.

George. A fine sun, truly! all black! stop, stop. (*runs hastily towards the house.*)

Mr. Glanville. Where are you going, George?

George. (*without stopping.*) I shall be back in an instant.

Emily. What does the mad creature mean?

Mr. Glanville. Let us wait till he returns, before we pass judgment on him.

George. (*returning in a few minutes, with a servant carrying a torch.*) Have I made you wait? there, John, put the torch in the place of this hat. I think, papa, that makes a better sun than yours; you would have caught cold in looking at the other. Pray put on your hat, papa, for fear of the dew.

Mr. Glanville. I thank you, my dear, for your amiable attention. This torch will serve us too, for another purpose. Stay here, John. Come, children, will you march round the sun, that you may know your orbit? (*Emily and George walk round.*) Mighty well. Now, John, take the torch again, and run to the further end of the walk; there hold it, that we may see it.

John. (*going.*) Yes, Sir.

Emily. What are you going to do, uncle?

Mr. Glanville. You shall see. Is John at his post?

George. There; he holds us the torch now. Oh! how little he is grown.

Mr. Glanville. I am glad that you have remarked that. Come hither, to this end of the orbit.

George. Yes, but they have taken away our sun.

Mr. Glanville. He is of no use to us at present, we will suppose him to be set. It must be night, before we can see the stars; the torch shall be one. Look well at it first, to be sure of its size and distance.

George. Well, I have remarked it.

Mr. Glanville. Come, now begin to march slowly along the circular line of the orbit, with your eye still on the torch, that stands for a star. Move forward, do you see the star become larger or nearer?

George. No, papa, it seems to be still the same, and in the same spot.

Mr. Glanville. Then go farther still, as far as the opposite part of the orbit to that from which you set out. There, stop; well, how is the star?

George. It has not changed.

Mr. Glanville. How! does not it appear larger or nearer? and yet you have moved towards it.

George. Yes, a good deal. But it is perhaps sixty yards off, and I am only come nearer to it, by the length of the diameter of this orbit, which is about six feet.

Mr. Glanville. These six feet are nothing, then, compared to the distance of the torch; and you may think, it would be still less, if the torch were to be removed farther off, for instance, three miles, till it appeared no bigger than a spark.

George. Nay, then the whole orbit would be no more than a point, quite imperceptible. Let us try a larger scale, papa.

Mr. Glanville. Come, then, to satisfy you; take a diameter of two hundred millions of miles, which is that of the real orbit of the earth, and instead of the torch, your imaginary star, take a real one.

Emily. Aye, that will be something.

George. Yes, 'tis talking to the purpose. Come then, begin.

Mr. Glanville. Softly, let us recollect ourselves a little. I remember, I told you, when I *just hit your meaning* so well, that whenever from two different points, one imagines distant objects to preserve still the same distance, those two points must be supposed not very far asunder; and in short, it is just as if they both made but one.

George. Yes, that was it, word for word.

Mr. Glanville. Now do not forget what you said just now, that our little orbit here, on the ground, would be no more than an imperceptible point, compared

to

to the distance of the torch, if it were so far removed as not to appear bigger than a spark.

George. I remember it, papa, I said so.

Mr. Glanville. It is acknowledged, that the diameter of the earth's orbit is 200,000,000 miles. The earth therefore, at one extremity of this diameter, sees the opposite star 200,000,000 miles nearer than at the other.

George. That is plain.

Mr. Glanville. Well, if the earth, from two points so different, and notwithstanding the enormous distance by which she is nearer in one of them, sees this star preserve still the same distance; if, notwithstanding the immense bulk of this star, which I shall make appear to you by and by, she never perceives it to be larger than a sparkling point, the two extremities of the diameter of her orbit, for all the vast interval between them, may then be imagined to coalesce in one point, and this immense orbit itself will appear as no more than such a point, become imperceptible with respect to the infinite distance which the star will preserve from her.

Emily. Well, my poor George, what have you to say in reply?

Mr. Glanville. But if this immense orbit be no more than an imperceptible point, compared to the distance of the star, what will the globe of the earth be then, compared to this same distance, the earth being no more than a point, as it were, in the immense space of her own orbit? Will this proud planet then imagine, that the arch of the Heavens is built only to form a pavillion over her, in which the stars are set at equal distances for ornament, and that she is of consequence enough to occupy the middle place of the universe, in which she is hardly so much as perceived?

George. We must be content; but I feel this littleness of ours very mortifying.

Mrs. Crofby. Well now, what mortifies me much more is, that all the famous philosophers of antiquity, would place our inconsiderable planet in the center of the universe, and no where else. I see, that in the first ages of wisdom, men were still but a composition of pride and folly.

Mr. Glanville. Pythagoras had brought from Egypt and India the soundest notions of astronomy, which he

extended no farther during his life-time, than the compass of the school that he had founded in Italy; his disciples however carried them into Greece, after his death. By this great man the sun was placed in the center of our system, the planets moving round him in this order, Mercury, Venus, the earth with her moon, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. He was mistaken, it is true, as to their distances and magnitudes; but the geometry of his age was not sufficiently advanced, nor instruments brought to their present perfection.

Mrs. Crosby. That accounts for his deficiency: however, he was still the philosopher: and was his system followed?

Mr. Glanville. How could he succeed amongst people who were taught by their men of genius, that the earth was flat, like a table, and the heavens an arched vault of hard solid matter, like the earth; or that the sun was a mass of fire, somewhat larger than Peloponnesus; that comets were formed by the accidental concourse of several wandering stars; that stars were only rocks or mountains carried up by the revolution of the ether which had set them on fire; or, in short, that the stars were lighted up at night to be put out in the morning, while the sun, which they made a fiery cloud, was kindled in the morning to go out at night; and that there were several suns and moons to enlighten our different climates? Now if the star of day was, according to all these notions, less than the earth, could it be expected that she would resign the center of the universe to him?

Mrs. Crosby. This was reasoning indeed, worthy of the *people*, but hardly deserved the name of philosophy.

Mr. Glanville. Ptolemy finding these opinions received in his time, and building on the fallacious evidence of the senses, easily persuaded himself and others, that the opinions of Pythagoras were only visionary, that the earth was the center of all motion, both of the planets (the sun being reckoned amongst them) and of the fixed stars, with his glass heavens which he blew out at one whiff. This system held its ground for more than fourteen centuries, patched up every day with some additional absurdity, which its favourers adopted, in order to defend

defend themselves against the objections that pressed hardest upon them.

Mrs. Crosby. I think, the centuries that you mentioned, come down pretty near to our times.

Mr. Glanville. Well, it is but two hundred and forty years ago, that Copernicus undeceived us. And even since that period, error has predominated in the science, though under another form.

Mrs. Crosby. How was that brother? for I would wish to know all the absurdities that we have broached on this subject.

Mr. Glanville. Although Copernicus, while he restored the system of Pythagoras, which I have just now explained to you, at the same time made use of it to lay open the insurmountable difficulties of that which he overturned, yet Tycho Brahe, the greatest astronomical observer of his age, persisted to support the earth in her claim to the post of honour.

Mrs. Crosby. This was then no more than Ptolemy's principles revived.

Mr. Glanville. There was a difference. He did not make all the planets now turn about the earth, she had only the moon left her. The sun taking the rest in his train, moved round her in the course of a year; which however, did not hinder him, together with the whole assemblage of the stars, from repeating the same mark of respect to her once in every twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Crosby. I do not see what is gained by this change. I think it still ridiculous, that so many immense bodies should be obliged to run so fast round us who are so small.

Mr. Glanville. You have just hit upon the absurdity of the system. However as it is very ingenious in every other particular, and was fortified by the great name of its founder, perhaps it would have still prevailed, unless Galileo, with the assistance of the telescope, had confirmed the real order of the universe, as discovered by Pythagoras and Copernicus; unless Kepler, by a stroke of fortunate sagacity, had hit upon the laws which govern it; and unless Newton, our countryman, had demonstrated them with all the force of genius and truth.

Mrs. Crosby. Thank Heaven, the sun is fixed at last in his resting place, in the center of our world! I can now, with safety of conscience, begin my reform.

Mr. Glanville. What, sister, have you some new plan to propose?

Mrs. Crosby. No, brother, I am very well satisfied with your arrangement; it seems agreeable to the wisdom of nature. I am only out of humour with that yellow-haired gentleman, Phœbus, who has deceived poor mortals so scurvily.

Mr. Glanville. And what moves your pretty rage against him?

Mrs. Crosby. How! for three thousand years here have we fed his coursers with ambrosia, for which they done nothing but puff over it, and grow fat in his stables.

George. Yes, aunt, since he no longer drives the chariot of light, let us discharge this lazy coachman, and sell off his stud.

Emily. I would not allow him so much as a one horse chaise.

Mrs. Crosby. Nay, but if we deprive him of his name, what other shall we give him?

Mr. Glanville. There is one more worthy of him; the greatest that is borne by any of the worlds. Conquerors have given their names to the empires of the earth; astronomers have divided our satellite * amongst themselves; our countryman deserves a luminary to himself alone: the whole sun, therefore, I would call NEWTON.

George. Oh! papa, when shall I be acquainted with the works of that great man?

Mrs. Crosby. If your admiration of him grows up with you, it will rise to enthusiasm.

Mr. Glanville. I must confess, I felt that passion in some degree last year, when I went to see his statue at Cambridge. Roubilliac, a French sculptor, has represented him in an erect attitude, looking at the sun, and shewing him with one hand a prism, which he holds in

* Riccioli, an Italian astronomer, has given to the principal spots of the moon, the names of astronomers and learned men, as Plato, Aristotle, Archimedes, Pliny, Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, Galileo, &c.

the

the other, to decompose his rays. While I was lifted up in thought, to the vast height to which he has raised human knowledge, I imagined Nature as she formed him, to address him thus. "Though man has studied my laws for so many ages, he has still misconceived them; it is time now to reveal them to him. Thou art born to publish them upon earth; go then, renew astronomy, enlarge geometry, and lay the basis of natural philosophy. I assign thee these sciences, at the same time with the genius that attends thy birth. Thou shalt tell the extent of the universe, and the simplicity of the order that governs it. Thou shalt weigh the mass of those immense bodies which I have scattered through it, thou shalt point out their form, determine their revolutions, and measure their distances; thou shalt reduce to precise calculation even the inequalities of their movements. In the midst of them, thou shalt fix the sun, and shalt say by what power he rules them, and how he distributes to them light and activity. For thy reward, I will place thee thyself, as a new luminary, in the midst of all the great men, who are to follow thee. Whilst thou givest a rapid impulse to their genius, thou shalt make it incessantly tend towards thine own; and they shall move round thee with respect, in order to receive light from thee. As for those who would depart from it, like rebellious comets, that to shrink from the empire of the sun, lose themselves for ages in the viewless depth of space, but which he constantly brings back to the foot of his throne, so they, from the darkness of their errors, shall be forced to return to thee; nor shall they shine in any part of their course, even with transient light, save when at your approach they are enveloped in the splendour of your rays."

Here the servant came to inform Mrs. Crosby, that supper was served up. Emily and George would have been glad it were kept back, that they might still listen to Mr. Glanville. For their satisfaction he was obliged to promise, that after supper he would take another turn in the garden, and that they should be of the party.

SECOND CONVERSATION.

An agreeable chearfulneſs reigned during the time of ſupper. Mr. Glanville and his ſiſter were delighted the readineſs of apprehenſion, and fondneſs for inſtruction, which their children had diſcovered. They ſmiled, to obſerve the diſpatch that Emily and George made of their ſupper, who ſpoke not a word the whole time, ſo eager were they to return to the terrace, and reſume the ſubject of their converſation. Our little philoſophers had already finiſhed their repaſt, and began to fret upon their ſeats with impatience, which Mrs. Croſby, who obſerved it, probably took a pleaſure to prolong. Be that as it may, Emily, in order to loſe no time, began to joke upon George's romantic pride, in wiſhing to be viſible to the ſtars. George bore this pleaſantry with a good grace, until he ſaw his father and aunt (whom he had been watching for ſome time) finiſh their ſupper; then turning ſhort to Emily, "couſin," ſaid he, loud enough to draw the general attention, "I was reading the other day a ſtory which, I dare ſay, my papa knows, and your mama too, but which, I dare ſay, you do not. I will tell it to you. Mahomet had once a mind to give his army a proof of the power which he exerciſed over nature, and promiſed to perform a very great miracle in their preſence. This was no leſs than to make a pretty high mountain move and come to him, from a conſiderable diſtance. One fine morning, therefore, he aſſembles all his ſoldiers, who already gave their great prophet credit for the performance of ſomething prodigious, and placing himſelf at their head, he orders the mountain to approach. The mountain turns a deaf ear to his word of command. Mahomet is ſurprized. He calls it a ſecond time, with a voice more terrible than at firſt. The mountain, as you may imagine, did not ſtir the more for this ſummons. How is this, cried the impoſtor, with an air of inſpiration, the mountain will not walk to us? Well then, my friends, let us walk to the mountain.—I have no more ill-nature in me than Mahomet; if the ſtars do not ſee us, why then, couſin, let us go ſee the ſtars.

At

At these words he rose briskly from table, and bounced towards the door, leaving Emily a good deal surprized at this conclusion. Mr. Glanville and Mrs. Crosby smiled at his ready turn, and followed him into the garden.

It was a most beautiful clear night; not a cloud intercepted the sight of the sky. The moon which had now begun to appear above the horizon, suffered those stars which she had just before obscured to resume their lustre, as she gradually withdrew from them. The children had often admired the grandeur of this sight, but now, when their curiosity upon the subject was going to be satisfied, they beheld it with additional rapture. The bright star of Sirius was the first that attracted George's notice. He wished to know its name: and when he had heard it, I like Sirius, papa, cried he, for it is the largest of any of the stars.

Emily. I like it too, for being the brightest.

Mr. Glanville. Perhaps, my dear children, it is in fact no larger nor brighter than the rest, but then it is nearer the earth. If it were brought to the distance of the sun, it would undoubtedly appear as large as he does. Indeed, if we consider that it is 200,000 times farther off, we must be astonished that it is so visible.

George. You talk very easy about it, papa; 200,000 times farther off than the sun! How can any body tell that?

Mr. Glanville. I will not deny that all the attempts of astronomers to measure the magnitudes of stars, and by means of them their distances, have been ineffectual. But this very impossibility is sufficient to prove, at least, that the distance is prodigious; for the magnitudes of the planets have been determined with sufficient accuracy, even the most distant ones, and amongst the rest, this handsome planet Jupiter.

George. Hah! is that Jupiter? and yet, papa, Sirius appears larger to the naked eye. If they have been able to measure the size of Jupiter, why can they not that of Sirius?

Mr. Glanville. Before I answer you, pray look from this spot at the taper that you see burning in the back parlour, as the window stands open; do not you observe a circle of light round it, that makes it appear larger?

George. Yes, papa, it is very true.

Emily. Juſt like the ſun, which appears larger by the whole crown of rays that encircles it.

Mr. Glanville. Well then, the ſtars being luminous of themſelves, like the ſun and the taper, have alſo that ſame irradiation, which makes them appear much larger than they otherwiſe would; inſomuch, that their apparent bulk is ſuppoſed to be magnified nine hundred times by this cauſe.

George. Oho!

Mr. Glanville. Now tell me: When the moon is in the full, and, conſequently, ſhines brighteſt, have you ever remarked the ſame radiance round her?

Emily. No, never; her light is bounded by the circle that forms her face.

George. One may remark the ſame in Jupiter.

Mr. Glanville. Whence ſhould this difference ariſe?

George. I ſuppoſe, as Jupiter and the moon only reflect a borrowed light, this light cannot have the ſame force of motion as when it comes from bodies that ſhine of themſelves.

Mr. Glanville. Surprizingly well explained: and thus it is, that Jupiter's diſk does not appear magnified; and ſmall as his diſtance ſhews him, aſtronomers have inſtruments of ſufficient preciſion to meaſure him. But the ſtars with that dazzling radiance that ſurrounds them.—

George. Could not means be found to ſtrip them of it, ſo as to ſee them in their real bulk?

Mr. Glanville. It is exactly the effect which a teleſcope produces, by uniting and concentrating all their rays into a point. But then that point is ſo ſmall; and the more perfect the teleſcope is, the more this point, while it grows brighter, becomes alſo ſmaller, until at laſt it eludes all meaſure.

Mrs. Croſby. Well, but how have they been able to compare the ſun's diſtance with thoſe of the ſtars?

Mr. Glanville. By a very ingenious method. The magnitude and diſtance of the ſun is known from the ſureſt reaſoning. They have alſo calculated, both how much he ſhould be diminiſhed, or how far removed, to bring him down to the ſize of Sirius. From theſe calculations, we neceſſarily infer the prodigious diſtance of this ſtar which is, nevertheleſs, the neareſt to us of any.

any. Moſt aſtronomers even judge this diſtance to be more conſiderable, becauſe it is to be doubted, whether the beſt teleſcope can totally diveſt a ſtar of its ſuperfluous light and make it preſerve, to our view, the ſize which it ſhould at that diſtance.

George. Oh! ſince the ſtars are ſo far off, I can eaſily believe, as we have been told, that they are real ſuns. If they poſſeſſed only a borrowed light, how could their rays reach even to us with ſuch a lively brightneſs, after having paſſed through immenſe ſpace?

Mr. Glanville. Very well, my boy, your obſervation is quite juſt. It has been demonſtrated, that the light of a ſtar might be diminiſhed many millions of times, by removing it farther from our ſight, and yet it ſhould ſtill appear no fainter than a piece of white paper by moonlight.

George. If ſome of the ſtars, then, appear ſo ſmall, it is becauſe they are ſtill farther from us than Sirius.

Mr. Glanville. Perhaps there is as great an interval of ſpace between them, as even between Sirius and the ſun.

George. (*ſurprized*) Oh, Papa!

Emily. And yet they ſeem placed one beſide the other. Nay, there are ſome that one would take to be double.

Mr. Glanville. I can anſwer you both at once by a ſingle example, that is familiar to you. No doubt you have ſometimes remarked, from Blackfriar's-bridge, of an evening, the lamps on London-bridge and thoſe of Fleet-market. You know, the lamps are of the ſame ſize in general?

George. I ſuppoſe ſo.

Mr. Glanville. Well, have not you obſerved that thoſe of Fleet-market, which were the neareſt, appeared with a livelier and ſtronger light than thoſe of London-bridge?

George. Yes, I think I have.

Mr. Glanville. Now, ſuppoſe that between any two of the latter, you ſaw one of the ſame ſize at Tower-ſtairs, which, conſequently, would be about twice as far off. You remember what we ſaid before ſupper, that objects at a certain degree of remoteneſs, appear equally diſtant from the eye, though they may be much farther off ſome than others.

George. Yes, we have not forgot it.

Mr. Glanville. You underſtand then, my dear, that the lamp at the Tower-ſtairs would appear ranged in the ſame circular line with thoſe of London-bridge, and that you can judge it to be farther off no otherwiſe than by the ſmallneſs of its flame, and the weakneſs of its rays.

Emily. You are right, uncle, this agrees exactly with the large and ſmall ſtars. I underſtand now, very well, that one may be at a great diſtance behind the other, and, for all that, appear to us in the ſame line, but ſome larger and brighter, others ſmaller, and of dimmer light. Do you comprehend that, George?

George. (*with an air of importance*) Yes, I think I do, and I have a compariſon too, which, though I ſay it, is ten million times better than my papa's.

Emily. That is modeſt enough.

George. And ſo it is; for it will ſerve for our whole globe, while his ſtands good only for a little way down the river. But there is a reaſon why mine is beſt: I do not take it from the earth.

Emily. Nay, that would be too low for ſo lofty a genius as yours. But is this celeſtial compariſon within our comprehenſion?

George. I will try and bring it down to your level. Thoſe ſtars that are about Jupiter, would not one ſuppoſe them as near to us as he is himſelf? If the moon was now on the ſame ſide, would not one think Jupiter as near as the moon? And if there was a cloud in the neighbourhood of the moon, would not one think her alſo as near to us as the cloud? The cloud, the moon, Jupiter, and the ſtars, would then appear all in the ſame arch, as it were. Now do you know, couſin, that their diſtances are very different?

Emily. Yes; ſo well, that I can tell you too, that the very largeſt cloud would not be viſible at the diſtance of the moon, that the moon would not be viſible at the diſtance of Jupiter, and that Jupiter would be ſtill leſs viſible at the diſtance of the ſtars.

Mr. Glanville. This is well, my little friends. I like this repartee. Luckily, thoſe laſt words of Emily bring us back to what we were juſt now mentioning, that the ſtars muſt needs ſhine with their own light, and that this

this light must needs be very strong, to reach us from a distance at which Jupiter would have ceased one thousand times to be visible.

George. Yes, I see; I have no doubt about it now; they are real suns.

Mr. Glanville. That is my opinion too; but do you suppose these suns to be made for the earth?

Emily. Of what service could they be to her? If we depended upon them to ripen the corn, it would be long before the country folks could sing harvest home.

George. They have nothing that can be of use to us but their dim light. And even the moon from behind a cloud hardly gives a hundred times more.

Mr. Glanville. Besides, you know, there are some stars which cannot be discerned without a telescope; and those we may set down as useless in every respect. In the same manner, therefore, if these suns were made for us, they would certainly have been placed as near to the earth as our own sun is.

George. Oh! thank ye, papa, we have enough already in one. Besides then, my little cousin's fine lilly complexion would be *so* tanned. The browneſt filberd in our nut-grove would then be fair to my poor Emily.

Emily. And those fine young gentlemen that I have somewhere seen with a parasol, in bright weather, how many hands, and how many large round hats should they have to shade themselves on every side.

Mr. Glanville. But if all these suns, at their present distance, can neither give us heat nor light, if when placed nearer to us, they would only serve, according to your silly notions, to tan the complexion of the ladies, or incommode the pretty jessamies of the day; and, according to my more serious fears, to scorch the earth up in a moment: if, with the good leave of some philosophers, they are not made merely to amuse and gratify our sights; are we to suppose them scattered with such magnificent profusion through the universe for no purpose whatsoever?

Emily. That is exactly what puzzles me.

George. Let us consider this a little: since the sun is intended to furnish light and heat to the planets, why then, if the stars are suns, they must also have planets which they warm and enlighten.

Mr.

Mr. Glanville. This is something like philosophy.

George. (*archly*) Do you see that, cousin? But, papa, must we allow planets to all these suns?

Mr. Glanville. If such be the destination of each of them in particular, you are sensible that it must be the business of them all in general.

George. Certainly. What should we do with them if they were good for nothing? It would be the same as if government should order fires to be made in a hard winter, and forbid people to approach them.

Mr. Glanville. Or lamps to be placed in a street where nobody must pass, and only to make a distant illumination for those in the neighbourhood.

George. Come, papa, things must be done in order. No sun without planets, but upon condition, however, that there be no planets without a sun.

Mr. Glanville. Do not be uneasy, my dear, if the wisdom of the Creator has not made a single sun useless.—

Emily. Yes, I understand; his goodness will not leave a single planet unhappy. Now I am easy.

George. So am I. I see that every thing is well disposed. Our sun has planets which move round him, whilst, at the same time, they have their satellites moving round them. Well, if my friend Sirius is a sun, he has planets, accompanied by their satellites, moving round him, and every other sun will have the same.

Emily. I shall not ask you why we see the suns and not the planets. I remember the house and the candle still.

George. Your memory is very convenient to me. Now I am revenged a little; if we are invisible to them, we won't do them the honour to look at them. Very well, Gentlemen, do not take off your hats, I have no bow to make you.

Mr. Glanville. I did not think that you stood so much upon ceremony.

Emily. (*curtsying*) Oh, I shall not grudge a curtsy or so.

George. What are you doing, cousin? they should make us the first for having settled them so well.

Mr. Glanville. Right. It required some imagination on our parts to conceive, that these suns, which seem to us to be so near each other, are, nevertheless, prodigiously

digiously distant one from the other. Their worlds must not be crowded. You can imagine what space is required for the extensive movements of a solar system.

George. We can easily judge of it by our own.

Mr. Glanville. It is the best comparison possible. But can you conceive its extent? Does not the idea terrify you?

George. Me, papa? Oh, no. Since you have told me of the infinite distance of the stars, I am no more afraid to go to the farthest part of the empire of the sun, than Captain Cook, after his voyage round the world, would have been to go in a sailing boat up to Richmond.

Mr. Glanville. I fear, Emily would not travel so boldly.

George. Oh, my cousin is too fond of the earth, to trust herself far off in the skies.

Emily. Aye, cousin? Have not I read, as well as you, that the Georgium Sidus is one thousand nine hundred and fifty millions of miles from the sun? 'Tis true, indeed, it is the outermost.

George. Ah! you are but a poor traveller, cousin, if you halt there. I can shew you fartherafield.

Emily. How so, pray, Sir?

George. Have not Jupiter and Saturn attendant planets or moons, which reflect to them the borrowed light of the sun, and so assist his feeble rays to illuminate them? The Georgium Sidus is a good deal farther off than any of them; it is therefore likely, that he also has satellites, which we do not know yet, and, perhaps, more of them: And when the outermost of these satellites is beyond its planet, is it not much farther removed from us? I think, for once, I am at the extremity of our system.

Mr. Glanville. Alas, my dear friend, I am sorry to cut short your triumph, but you are very far from it still.

George. What do you see then, beyond my present station?

Mr. Glanville. Other planets, perhaps, unknown to us. But we will speak only of what has been discovered.

George. Come then, pray let us see.

Mr. Glanville. Have you forgot the comets, which are several ages revolving round the sun?

George.

George. Indeed, I had quite forgot them.

Mr. Glanville. I will not mention that of 1769, the period of whose revolution has been fixed at about five hundred years, nor yet that of 1680, which is supposed to be five hundred and seventy-five years in performing its orbit. We will only speak of the comet that was first observed in 1264, re-appeared in 1556, and is expected again in 1848, whose periodical time is, consequently, two hundred and ninety-two years.

George. And enough too, in conscience.

Mr. Glanville. From the point where it is nearest to the sun in each of these revolutions, let us suppose it to set off on its journey of near three centuries, and let us divide its period equally, one half for its departure, and the other for its return. Here, you see, is near a century and a half that this comet takes up in moving away from the sun.

George. Oh, it is plain, since the Georgium Sidus is only eighty-two years in performing its orbit, the difference must be great.

Mr. Glanville. More still than you think; for the comets do not move like the planets in an ellipse that differs little from a perfect circle, by which means they would be always nearly at an equal distance from the sun. They describe an ellipse excessively oblong, and so encrease their distance continually, until they arrive at that point of their orbit from which the sun forces them to return by the opposite side; but when arrived at this so distant point, where, nevertheless, they yield to the force by which the sun continually attracts them, they must be still a good deal farther from the suns of the neighbouring systems, otherwise the nearest one would force them to enter within its dominions: at this distance, therefore, which our comet takes nearly a century and a half to measure, it must still leave beyond it an immense space unoccupied, by way of frontier between its own and the nearest system to it on that side. Apply this calculation to the other worlds, and conceive, if you can, how immense each of them must be.

Mr. Crosly. But do you think them all, brother, as large as ours?

Mr. Glanville. Recollect your philosophy a little, sister. What pretensions can man have to suppose the empire

empire of his ſun the moſt extenſive, while he inhabits himſelf but one of the ſmalleſt provinces of it? The reaſoning of his pride is particular enough: as long as he thought all the heavenly bodies formed for him alone, he ſought, from age to age, to enlarge them: now when aſtronomy demonſtrates that they have another uſe, he aims at contracting their extent.

Mrs. Croſby. I can oppoſe nothing to your argument; but this immenſity dazzles me, and, perhaps, you are going to confound me ſtill more. What do you ſuppoſe to be the number of the ſtars?

Mr. Glanville. The moſt minute and accurate obſervations have enumerated ſomething more than three thouſand in our hemiſphere, and ten thouſand in the ſouthern.

Mrs. Croſby. Heavens! Thirteen thouſand ſuns! Thirteen thouſand worlds in the univerſe!

Mr. Glanville. And then the ſtars, which can ſcarcely be diſtinguiſhed with a teleſcope! Thoſe which that inſtrument would enable us to diſcover, were it ſtill further improved! The thouſands which form thoſe little clouds that you can ſee with the naked eye, and which are therefore called nebulous ſtars; and thoſe others, forming clouds, which cannot be ſeen without an inſtrument! The millions that are contained in the milky way! the very idea of their number is ſufficient to terrify the imagination. At the ſight of a high mountain, a man feels himſelf particularly affected: he ſhudders when he reflects on the vaſt extent of the earth: the ocean and its unfathomable depths make his blood run cold; and yet what is this whole globe compared to the burning maſs of the ſun, which is one million four hundred thouſand times larger? and the ſpace occupied by this luminary, immenſe as it is, what will it be found on compariſon with that ſpace in which the bodies move, that are ſubject to its action? But while he makes the planets, ſurrounded by their ſatellites, move round him, what would you ſay if he, as well as other ſuns, followed like him, by their retinue, moved round ſome other body ſtill more powerful than all of them at once.

Mrs. Croſby. What, brother, our ſun and thoſe of all the other worlds to be no more than planets wandering through

through the skies! I fear your imagination is the only thing that moves of all this system?

Mr. Glanville. And what would you say if this conjecture, advanced by Halley, and supported by Mr. Lambert, one of the greatest geometricians of this age, was become the opinion of the most distinguished astronomers at present, such as Messr. Bailly and Delalande, and that wise, profound, and religious observer of nature, Mr. Bonnet of Geneva?

Mrs. Crosby. Such great names are certainly enough to dazzle me: but on what foundation is this opinion built?

Mr. Glanville. The motion of the sun round its axis would alone be sufficient to render it probable. Nature has impressed this motion on all bodies which move in an orbit round another more powerful that governs them; thus the satellites turn on their axes, while they encircle their proper planets, and the planets, while they encircle the sun. Would Nature, ever uniform and consistent in its laws, have given the sun this vertiginous motion if he had no other? All the planets, at the same time that they go round him, move thus, in order to receive his warmth successively in all their parts. Now, since he is endowed with this same movement, may we not suppose him to have the other also, and to be carried round a central power still superior to himself?

Mrs. Crosby. These conjectures appear natural enough, and, at the same time, important enough to make me wish them supported by some observation.

Mr. Glanville. Well then, to satisfy you: the motion of three of the largest stars, Sirius, Arcturus and Aldebaran, is acknowledged; it is well known that Arcturus moves, every year, two hundred and seventy millions of miles towards the south: so prodigious is the distance even of those stars which are nearest to the earth, that their change of place is scarcely perceptible after several years: judge if other stars, infinitely farther distant, may not have a movement full as considerable, though not perceptible to us until after whole centuries of observation.

Mrs. Crosby. Since the moving of those great stars is so certain, I have nothing to offer against your conjecture: nay, I can very well imagine, according to your idea,

idea, that the ſmalleſt may move without viſibly changing place till after a long period of time, on account of their inconceivable diſtance: but is it not ſufficient, in order to ſatisfy you of the immenſity of the univerſe, that certain ſtars move in an orbit, of whoſe extent even the imagination cannot form to itſelf an idea? Why will you ſtill diſturb the repoſe of others?

Mr. Glanville. I ſhould otherwiſe impeach Nature. You have been obliged to acknowledge, that if the ſtars are all ſuns, and if one of theſe ſuns have a planetary ſyſtem, which he governs, it is agreeable to the wiſdom of Nature that all the reſt ſhould perform the ſame functions. Now would it not be a ſtrange inconſiſtence to give motion to ſome ſtars, whilſt others, deſtined to the ſame purpoſes, remain immoveable? But take care, ſiſter; that repoſe, which you would be weak enough to allow theſe latter, muſt be their inevitable deſtruction.

Mrs. Croſby. You terrify me, brother.

Mr. Glanville. In the midſt of all theſe ſuns, abſolutely immoveable, let us ſuppoſe but one in motion; like a conqueror that marches through his own dominions in good order, while he advances to foreign devaſtation, ſo he moves peaceably within the bounds of his own empire; but when once he reaches the frontiers of the neighbouring ſyſtem, behold him, as he proceeds through it, ſwallow up all the planets belonging to it in his maſs of fire; and, perhaps, attack on his immoveable throne this very ſun whom he has juſt deſpoiled: from that moment the balance of the univerſal machine is overturned. How ſhall thoſe ſyſtems, which were poiſed by the equality of their forces, reſiſt the uſurper, ſtrengthened with the addition of an invaded world, and puſhed forward in his courſe with a new impetuoſity? As a fire attracts the light ſtraw, he ſees thoſe worlds, which border on his paſſage, ruſh in crouds into the vortex of his flames: thus he moves on, conſuming as he goes, and becomes the wandering firebrand of general conflagration to the univerſe.

Mrs. Croſby. Oh! I beſeech you, ſet thoſe ſuns in motion again, which my folly would have made to ſtand ſtill, our own eſpecially; let us not ſpare his going; let him flee from the terrible diſaſter to which I expoſed him.

him. I am afraid, his activity will be retarded by the weight of his vaſt retinue.

Mr. Glanville. Make yourſelf eaſy, ſiſter; his ſtrength is proportioned to the maſs of bodies that he draws after him. The earth, only ſixty times larger than the moon, can yet ſway her courſe; Saturn carries his ring and his Satellites along with him; nor is Jupiter ever forſaken by his. If theſe planets by their governing maſs compel the bodies in their train to accompany them as they revolve round the ſun, certainly the ſun, with a maſs of matter vaſtly more conſiderable than all the comets, planets and their Satellites together, will be able to take them all with him at once round whatever luminary it is that governs him.

Mrs. Croſby. So then the maſter of ſo many ſlaves is himſelf only a ſlave in his turn.

Mr. Glanville. Whatever motion you allow him, it muſt neceſſarily be round a ſuperior body, the center of his orbit, as he is the center of the orbits of all the bodies that are ſubject to his ſway. This is a law which Nature invariably follows in the ſyſtem of the univerſe. Comets, whoſe motions according to our ideas are the moſt irregular, are ſubject to it in their greateſt excentricities; while they run almoſt in a ſtraight line to the extremity of their ellipſe, they are continually deſcribing their appointed orbit round the ſun.

Mrs. Croſby. What then! for every ſun ſhould a ſuperior body be created round which he muſt move?

Mr. Glanville. Nature has more reſources. Several planets, with their ſatellites, move round the ſame ſun; ſeveral ſuns, with their planets, may move round a ſuperior body; ſeveral ſuperior bodies, with their ſuns, may move round other bodies ſtill ſuperior to them. This gradation of ſyſtems of ſuperior bodies continually encreaſing in bulk, and decreaſing in number, may terminate in the central body of the whole univerſe, on which, no doubt, repoſes the throne of the ſupreme Being who with one look beholds the whole of his admirable work.

Mrs. Croſby. But with this inconceivable multiplicity of movements and orbits, how will you prevent diſorder?

Mr. Glanville. As an admiral who commands a large fleet, formed for inſtance into three ſquadrons, each ſquadron

ſquadron conſiſting of ſeveral men of war, a prodigious number of frigates, and an infinity of merchantmen; ſuppoſe him to command a general naval review; to order the three next in command to ſail round him in a large circle, with their flags flying; each of theſe to give the ſame order to the men of war in his ſquadron; each man of war to a number of frigates, each frigate to ſeveral merchantmen, and each merchantman to its boat. They would take up indeed a vaſt ſpace to perform theſe evolutions with freedom, and to execute them with rigorous preciſion. It would, no doubt, appear complicated enough to the outermoſt veſſels: they would ſee nothing but a number of confuſed and irregular motions amongſt all theſe floating bodies. Yet you ſee that it is extremely ſimple; the admiral would have occaſion for only one order, one ſignal; the boats would only have to ſail at different diſtances round each of the merchantmen to which they belonged, while ſeveral merchantmen would move round each frigate, ſeveral frigates round each man of war, the men of war round the commanders of ſquadrons, and laſtly theſe round the admiral.

Mrs. Croſby. This compariſon ſets before my eyes the whole ſyſtem of the univerſe. But how is it poſſible to conceive this gradation of bodies, one more powerful than another, of which the enormous bulk of the ſun would make but the extreme term?

Mr. Glanville. Has not your imagination already made a bolder effort in riſing even to the immenſity of the ſun himſelf, which is now eſtabliſhed beyond diſpute? This luminary, which the ancients thought to be leſs than the moon, and infinitely ſmaller than the earth, could make more than fourteen hundred thouſand globes like the earth, and more than eighty millions of moons. What progreſſion of magnitude can now ſtop your imagination? If each new diſcovery of error enlightens the underſtanding of man; if each new inſtance of weakneſs and imperfection that he diſcovers in his organs enlarges his genius, why ſhould he fear to give a nobler ſcope to his genius and underſtanding? Before the uſe of the microſcope, did not he ſuppoſe animated nature to terminate at the ſmalleſt inſect that his eyes allowed him to diſcern? Now how many millions of creatures does he

he discover still more minute? A drop of prepared water, the transparence of which seems not the least altered, exhibits to him a sea swarming with whales: a piece of mouldy fruit presents to his view a mountain covered with forests, (like the Apennine to us) and towering to the clouds. He sees those small animals, of which he was far from suspecting even the existence, devour others still smaller; he sees them provided with organs suitable to all their wants, loaded with thousands of eggs ready to burst into life, which are to keep up the prodigious population of the species. If at this sight he lets drop the microscope with surprize, let him take up the telescope, and discover for the first time in the skies, an innumerable crowd of unknown stars, beyond which lie an infinitely greater number that he never will discover. On what side will he now be hardy enough to limit the creation? If to the Eternal Being time is without end, why should space and matter have bounds for the Almighty? Is the one less worthy of his glory than the other? The ages which our calculation can comprize, are perhaps to the duration of eternity no more than the space occupied by the millions of worlds that we can distinguish are to the extent of infinity.

Mrs. Crosby. Oh brother, what a sublime idea you give me of the supreme Being!

Mr. Glanville. You have hitherto only admired his power in the number and greatness of those prodigious bodies that fill the universe. But what wisdom much more worthy of admiration hath he shewn in the equipoise in which they are kept up by the eternal concord of their movements! Cast your eyes first upon our solar system; besides the seven planets, and their satellites, which move through it in unchangeable order; behold upwards of sixty comets in the whole revolve in it, whose dark excursions are traced: what an infinitely greater number still that we have never discovered. Geometry demonstrates, that from the form of their orbits a million of these bodies could move round the sun, without incommoding each other's course. Rise now upon the wings of thought, traverse all those worlds in which the same harmony reigns throughout; go prostrate yourself at the foot of the Creator's throne, and behold from thence the march of universal nature. What a spectacle

ſpectacle opens to your eyes! Thoſe ſtars which to us here below appear but immoveable lights, you behold in all their ſplendor, like ſuns moving in ſilence with all their planetary train round more powerful ſuns, who carry them alſo round ſuns ſtill more glorious. What juſt proportions between theſe heavenly provinces, empires and worlds! what majeſty of domination, and even of dependence! how all theſe intermingle without confuſion! What then ſhall be the inviſible chain ſufficiently ſtrong to connect all the parts of an infinite whole? The great Newton has diſcovered it to us. It is one ſingle principle of mutual attraction which the ſupreme Being hath implanted in all bodies. This, combined with the impulſe which they received on coming from his creative hand, and regulated by the proportion of magnitudes and diſtances, is the univerſal agent of nature. This tends to reunite what the projectile motion would ſeparate. Theſe two forces perpetually acting, balance each other, and preſerve amongſt the worlds that order which was eſtabliſhed ſince the creation. Each body, nay each ſyſtem, attracts all the reſt as it is attracted by them. A general reciprocity of attraction unites them, while it keeps them ſeparate, and acts as a prop to their orbits, without breaking in upon them. The ſuns which enlighten them, receive their reflected rays, that not an atom of light be diſſipated in vain through the immenſity of ſpace. It ſeems as if the Almighty would have traced in this ſame law the greateſt principle of human morality; "Mortals, aſſiſt each other with your lights, and with your powers tend one towards the other, without departing from the ſphere in which my providence has placed you. This order is eſtabliſhed as much for your happineſs as for the ſupport of the univerſe."

The two children had not ſuffered a ſingle word to eſcape them during the latter part of this converſation: but they were not ſilent from abſence, it was from the impreſſion of ſurprize with which they had been ſtruck, and the attention that they had paid to the magnificent picture which was preſented to them. Mr. Glanville nevertheleſs feared, leſt part of his diſcourſe might have been loſt to their apprehenſion, as he had not given them time to reflect on it: and therefore as ſoon as he

rose the next morning, he wrote down from memory the two conversations of the preceding evening. Emily and George read them over several times in the course of the day. Mr. Glanville promised to give them, in an evening walk, every explanation that they could desire on the subject of attraction, while he explained at the same time the motion of the earth round the sun, and that of the moon round the earth.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

A Drama in One Act.

Characters.

Dionysius,	*Tyrant of Syracuse.*
Gelon,	*his Favourite.*
Argus,	*Captain of his Guards.*
Palinurus,	*a Pilot.*
Damon,	*a Citizen of Syracuse.*
Pythias,	*a Citizen of Corinth.*
Guards.	

Scene *an inner Apartment in the Palace.*

SCENE I.

Dionysius, Gelon, Argus.

Dionysius. Whom have I ordered for execution to-day? Let me see; (*opens his tablets*) Oh, it is to-day that Pythias promised to return from Corinth to undergo his sentence.

Gelon. And does your majesty think that he *will* return?

Dionysius. His return would surprize me, I must confess. And yet that friend of his, Damon, who offered to die in his stead, if he should not return——

Argus. I have just been down in his dungeon. He entreats your majesty to grant him a moment's audience this morning.

Dionysius.

Dionyſius. I ſuppoſe to ſue for pardon; but my juſtice will not be tamely trifled with. If Pythias does not return this very day——

Gelon. The traitor! He would only, ſaid he, take a farewel view of his country, and a laſt embrace of his wife and children; but in the ſpace of time that you vouchſafed to grant him, he might have made a voyage twice as far as to Corinth, and back again. I did ſuſpect ſome treachery. Perhaps he is gone to hire aſſaſſins againſt your royal perſon! O beſt of kings, muſt I ever tremble for your ſafety! An unaccountable terror hangs over me. Damon has certainly conſpired with him to attack you by ſurprize, and it is upon ſome dangerous deſign that he ſolicits to ſpeak with your majeſty.

Dionyſius. You make me ſhudder. I will not ſee him. Attend my return here, Gelon; I am going to viſit my women; and Argus, do you take care that my guards be vigilant. (*He goes out by a private door. Argus going out at the other ſide, is ſtopped by Gelon.*)

SCENE II.

Gelon, Argus.

Gelon. Hark ye, Argus.

Argus. What are your lordſhip's commands?

Gelon. Let the palace door be ſhut to-day to all but Palinurus. Beware of ſuffering any perſon to enter that may endanger the king's life, under pretence of imploring his mercy in favour of Damon.

Argus. Alas! who would be ſo hardy as to intercede for the wretch!

Gelon. He is unworthy of pity.

Argus. Ah! my Lord, let me at leaſt be permitted to lament his deſtiny.

Gelon. Beware of expreſſing ſuch ſentiments. I ſee, you partake in the infatuation of the credulous populace. Damon is no more than an impoſtor, who hoped to deceive the king by an affected heroiſm, and to ſave the life of his friend.

Argus. You will admit, at leaſt, that he expoſed his own very generouſly at the ſame time.

Gelon. Do not you ſee that he could take no other courſe, fearing, as he did, that Pythias, overcome by

the torture, ſhould diſcover him to be an accomplice in his treaſon.

Argus. But Pythias himſelf has not been convicted.

Gelon. His crime is a ſecret lodged in my breaſt. The intereſt of the ſtate forbids it to be divulged to the people. Go, and let my orders be performed. I repeat them to you in the name of the king himſelf. Remember that your life ſhall anſwer for your obedience.

SCENE III.

Gelon.

Fortune, I thank thee; this day wilt thou deliver me from the laſt Syracuſan whoſe virtues could eclipſe my greatneſs. He has of himſelf brought about his deſtruction. My deſign was but to get rid of the rich Corinthian Pythias, in order to enrich myſelf with the ſpoils of his fortune, and now have I a lucky opportunity of being revenged of Damon's pride. He ſhall find the conſequence of deſpiſing the favourite of a tyrant. And for thee, Dionyſius, I know to what ſentiments I owe thy generoſity. In vain thou talkeſt to me of friendſhip; thou loadeſt me with kindneſſes, only to encourage me in being the inſtrument of thy barbarity to which thou wouldeſt alſo ſacrifice me in my turn. But no, I ſhall find means to prevent thee. Exalt my fortune but a little higher, I will caſt thee into that pit which thou art already meditating to prepare for me. (*Perceiving a man, who advances with ſigns of fear.*) What do I ſee!

SCENE IV.

Gelon, Palinurus.

Gelon. Is it you, Palinurus?

Palinurus. Yes, my Lord.

Gelon. (*eagerly.*) Well.

Palinurus. Are we alone?

Gelon. You may ſpeak without fear. Dionyſius has juſt now retired.

Palinurus. I am but this moment landed, and have with all ſecrecy haſtened hither to give you myſelf an account of the ſucceſs of your orders.

Gelon. Satisfy my impatience: have you performed them?

Palinurus. You have nothing to fear from Pythias: he is no more.

Gelon. I am alive again. You could never bring me theſe happy tidings more ſeaſonably. But haſte; acquaint me with all the circumſtances.

Palinurus. I had ſet ſail, having in charge from Dionyſius to convey Pythias to Corinth, and from you to prevent his ever arriving there. The third night after our departure from Syracuſe, there aroſe a violent tempeſt which enabled me to put my deſign in execution.

Gelon. How? Proceed.

Palinurus. By the flaſhes of the lightning I perceived Pythias on his knees, at the ſhip's ſide, with his hands lifted up towards heaven. "Immortal gods, cried he, it is not for my own life that I ſupplicate you, but for that of my friend. Let me live to return, and break thoſe chains with which his friendſhip for me has loaded him. I reſign you then my life, when I have ſaved his. Would you by my deſtruction cauſe the generous Damon to fall a victim to his virtue? Ye know, who read the hearts of men, that ye have not a more noble image of yourſelves upon earth." "Thy lips, anſwered I, inſult the gods, in daring to compare a mortal to them—thus they puniſh thy impiety;" and I ſtruck him with a dreadful blow that plunged him to the bottom of the devouring deep.

Gelon. O dear Palinurus! none could have been a more happy inſtrument of my vengeance. Damon's poſſeſſions ſhall, after his death, be the reward of your fidelity. I hear a door open. The king comes. Remember to tell him that Pythias refuſed to come with you.

SCENE V.

Dionyſius, Gelon, Palinurus, Guards.

Dionyſius. What means this audacious ſtranger? Seize him.

Gelon. Let my ſovereign vouchſafe to ſuſpend his orders. It is the pilot Palinurus, to whom your majeſty's wiſdom confided the charge of conducting Pythias to Corinth.

Dionyſius. How! has he brought him back too?

Palinurus. No, Sire. As soon as he found himself landed in his native country, he told me that it was unnecessary to wait for him, and that I might return to Syracuse alone. This is all the message that he has given me for Damon.

Dionysius. You may deliver it to him yourself. Let him come before me, as I have now no favour to grant him. Go; (*to one of the guards*) tell Argus to bring him hither.

Gelon. Your majesty sees how just my suspicions of Pythias were.

Dionysius. There needed no more to prove him worthy of death.

Gelon. By an action of the most horrible perfidy he leaves his best friend to die in his stead. Does not this afford the strongest presumption of his treason to your majesty? Take my advice, this moment deliver up to death the accomplice of his guilt. He deserves it well for having disappointed your just revenge.

Dionysius. It is not my intention to retard his punishment.

Gelon. Why then would you lose the precious time in listening to him.

Dionysius. No; it is my pleasure. His confidence in friendship seemed an insult to my power. I shall rejoice to confound him.

Gelon. Here he is.

SCENE VI.

Dionysius, Gelon, Palinurus, Damon, (in chains,) Guards.

Dionysius. Well, Damon; this is the day on which Pythias should have returned.

Damon. Alas! I tremble still. It is not past.

Dionysius. Why do you not pray to the gods to lengthen it?

Damon. What sayest thou, Dionysius? Thou art not capable of conceiving either my fears or my wishes. Ah! if the night was come! if heaven would keep back my friend's vessel from the harbour until to-morrow! if it would permit me to save his life by sacrificing mine for him!

Dionysius.

Dionyſius. You may take that rare ſatisfaction very ſoon.

Damon. O Dionyſius, thou filleſt me with joy. I dreaded the virtue of Pythias more than I dread thy executioners.

Dionyſius. Baniſh your alarms. Pythias will never come back. Palinurus is come to inform you of the matter.

Palinurus. I can aſſure you from himſelf, that it will be to no purpoſe to wait for his return.

Damon, (*with vehemence.*) Peace, vile ſlanderer; if thou hadſt told me that his wife, his children, all his fellow-citizens were earneſt to detain him, and demanded to come in his ſtead, I could for a moment have believed ſuch a forgery; but Pythias never uſed the language imputed to him by thy effrontery.

Dionyſius. Strange infatuation!

Damon. Pythias will return this very day, if he has not ceaſed to breathe the vital air. But no, he ſtill lives; heaven will not permit the moſt virtuous of mortals to periſh, while I can redeem his life.

Dionyſius. What, do you refuſe to believe ſo poſitive a teſtimony?

Damon. I believe much more firmly in the innocence of my friend. Now, Dionyſius, it reſts with you to perform your promiſe.

Dionyſius. What have I promiſed you?

Damon. To do no ill to Pythias, if he returns after my death.

Dionyſius. Blockhead! Doſt thou not ſee, then, that the wretch betrays thee? At this very moment, when thou tremblest for him alone, his heart beats with joy at having deceived thee.

Damon. No, it is of your friends that ſuch treachery is to be ſuſpected. I know mine better. Would to heaven I could rely as ſecurely on your faith as on his.

Gelon. What unheard of inſolence!

Dionyſius. His death ſhall ſoon atone for it.

Damon. I am more impatient than thou art to haſten it. I wait only a word from thy mouth: Swear once more to ſpare Pythias at his return.

Dionyſius. Why do you urge ſo uſeleſs a promiſe? The knave has taken too good care of himſelf to have any occaſion for it.

Damon. Affront not virtue, Dionyſius; it is the groſſeſt impiety to diſtruſt it.

Dionyſius. Does it belong to you to defend virtue, when you are going to fall a victim to treachery?

Damon. Even to my laſt breath virtue ſhall receive my homage.

Dionyſius. I pity your blind fanaticiſm.

Damon. But it is not your virtue that I implore, I claim your juſtice. Put me to death, but ſwear to ſpare Pythias. Let me carry with me to my tomb the hope of ſaving him.

Dionyſius. Since you require only a ſuperfluous oath, I give it to you: If Pythias returns after your death, I ſwear that he ſhall live.

Damon, (*raiſing his hands to heaven.*) Immortal gods, receive this oath from his lips, and if ever he meditates a violation of it, let all your thunders compel him to perform it. (*To Dionyſius,*) Tyrant, I am ſatisfied; one innocent victim I have ſnatched from thy barbarity. I now lay another at thy feet: (*falls down before him.*) Let me ſupplicate you for a favour which may be granted without difficulty.

Dionyſius. Speak.

Damon. Let me be led this inſtant to execution. I muſt certainly be guilty in your eyes, ſince I dare to defy your indignation.

Dionyſius. You ſhall be ſatisfied. Drag him to the ſcaffold. (*The guards ſeize Damon.*) Argus, aſſemble all my guards to keep the populace in order. Let the firſt man be puniſhed with death who ſhall dare even to murmur.

Damon, (*as he is led off.*) I bleſs you, mighty gods, that I have ſaved my friend.

SCENE VII.

Dionyſius, Gelon, Palinurus.

Dionyſius, (*after a ſhort ſilence.*) Is Damon inſenſible? Is he the moſt generous of men? If he had aſked mercy for himſelf, I think, I could have been inclined to grant it to him.

Gelon. O beſt of kings! Never did a criminal dare to defy you ſo audaciouſly; and is your heart ſtill moved for him? But in this caſe your majeſty's clemency might bring

bring on the moſt fatal conſequences. The ſtubborn Syracuſans would not fail to think it weakneſs, and would only become the more inſolent.

Dionyſius. Yes, I am ſatisfied, this rigorous example is neceſſary to my ſecurity. Rebellious people! whoever would rule you muſt exhauſt your blood, and load you with indignities.

Gelon. The guilt of Pythias occaſioned Damon's crime; therefore he deſerves a double death.

Dionyſius. Gelon, I thank thy zeal. Continue to find out new victims to my power. Freſh marks of my favour ſhall reward you. And do you, Palinurus, haſte to acquaint the people with the treachery of Pythias, and particularly with Damon's crime. I will not have him receive a ſingle mark of pity. (*Palinurus going out, ſtarts back with ſurprize.*)

SCENE VIII.

Dionyſius, Gelon, Palinurus, Argus, Damon and Pythias, (both in chains,) Guards.

Dionyſius. What do I ſee?

Gelon, (*aſide.*) Ah! traitor Palinurus!

Argus. As I conducted Damon to execution according to your majeſty's order, this ſtranger came running towards me out of breath. "Stop, cried he; ſtrike off my friend's chains. Damon is no longer your hoſtage; Pythias himſelf is here, and he alone muſt die." They threw themſelves into each other's arms, and preſſed forward with emulation towards the ſcaffold as if they were going to diſpute a throne. I thought it my duty, on this unexpected incident, to bring them both before your majeſty.

Dionyſius, (*with extreme aſtoniſhment.*) Is this poſſible? May I believe my eyes?

Damon. My fears were well grounded. Ah! Dionyſius, why did you not order my execution an hour ſooner?

Pythias. Do you think, then, that I could have ſurvived your death, if I had thus occaſioned it? if I had thus become your murderer, my deareſt friend? Bleſſed be the gods who at length ſeconded my impatience. O Damon, let me embrace thee for the laſt time. (*They embrace affectionately.*)

Damon. Faithful, but cruel friend! Dionyſius, grant Pythias his life, or let us die together.

Pythias. Tyrant, you are ſurprized at ſeeing me again. My miraculous preſervation forces you to believe in thoſe gods which your heart would fain annihilate. When you cauſed me to be plunged into the ſea, you did not foreſee that a friendly wave would caſt me upon ſome rocks which were near at hand.

Damon. What then! you have not ſeen your country! you have not embraced your wife and children!

Pythias. Could I think of taſting that pleaſure, when the leaſt delay would be fatal to you?

Damon. Wretch that I am! then I have not ſerved you in any reſpect.

Pythias. Alas! was it not your intention to procure me, at the hazard of your life, that ſatisfaction which fortune has envied me? What did I not ſuffer under this reflexion! Expoſed on deſert rocks, ſtanding up night and day upon the higheſt part of them, to have the farther view of a ſhip's approach, I no longer directed my wiſhes towards Corinth, but inceſſantly called upon Syracuſe, Syracuſe!

Damon. You knew well that even expiring I ſhould have been convinced of your ſincerity.

Pythias. And I ſhould have betrayed that generous confidence. Some god, touched with my ſorrow, vouchſafed to ſend me a light bark which I beheld himſelf defend againſt the rage of the waves. At length, when I was made eaſy with regard to your fate, on beholding this ſhore, with what joy did I hail it. I am now in your hands, Dionyſius; deliver my friend, and then arm when you will your executioners—or my aſſaſſin there, (*pointing to Palinurus.*)

Dionyſius. What do I hear, Palinurus? Declare the truth inſtantly, or the cruelleſt of torments ſhall tear it from you.

Palinurus. I only obeyed your majeſty's favourite. Gelon had ordered me to throw Pythias into the ſea in the night-time.

Pythias. Ah! Gelon; I pardon the crimes which you forged againſt me, in order to ſeize upon my fortune. I pardon your attempt upon my life. But what had my friend

friend done, that you ſhould ſo cruelly involve him in my deſtruction?

Dionyſius. Anſwer, villain.

Gelon, (*in the deepeſt conſternation.*) Does your majeſty doubt that my attention to your ſafety——

Dionyſius. Be ſilent. Pythias was innocent, and you knew it. Friendſhip between guilty ſouls never riſes to this degree of heroiſm. Noble friends be free, and you wretches go and receive your death. Argus, lead them both to execution.

Pythias. Stop, Dionyſius; you have juſt now felt how glorious it is to be juſt—

Damon. Learn the happineſs of being generous.

Dionyſius. What manner of men are ye who kneel to me for your murderers? But no, they muſt die; it is the only thing that I can refuſe to ſo much virtue. Go, Gelon; ſeek a friend who will ſacrifice himſelf for you. On this condition alone I pardon you.

Damon and Pythias. Ah! prince!—

Dionyſius. It is in vain. If I have already ſhed ſo much innocent blood, I will not let the guilty eſcape. Baſe traitor! I have read his inmoſt thoughts. Heavens! am I then condemned never to find a faithful heart? From you alone, incomparable men, I expect to find that happineſs. Permit me to hope that I ſhall one day be the third in your friendſhip.

THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

A Drama in One Act.

Characters.

Lord Fairfax, -	*General of the Parliament Army.*
Lord Capel, - -	*Governor of Colchester.*
Edmond, - - -	*Fairfax's Son.*
Arthur, - - -	*Capel's Son.*
Colonel Morgan, -	*Friend of Fairfax.*
Colonel Kingston,	*Friend of Capel.*
Surry, - - - -	*a Captain under Fairfax.*

Guards and Soldiers.

Scene *Fairfax's tent before the walls of Colchester.*

THE civil war in England under Charles I. being, as it were, rekindled after a ſhort ceſſation, the parliament, by reſolving to preſent no more addreſſes to that unfortunate prince, then a priſoner in the Iſle of Wight, filled the hearts of all honeſt men with indignation. Scotland, Wales, ſome towns in the North, part of the county of Surry, and even ſeventeen men of war in the parliament's pay, declared for the king. There were ſome riſings alſo in his favour in the counties of Eſſex and Kent, which were ſupported by the zeal of the Earl of Surry, Lord Capel, Sir Charles Lucas, and Sir George Liſle. Againſt theſe Sir Thomas Fairfax was ſent with a pretty numerous army. That able general found no difficulty in defeating a few troops newly raiſed, and ill diſciplined. He gained a complete victory over them at Maidſtone in Kent; and pu[illegible]g their ſcattered remains, he obliged both them and [illegible]e royaliſts in Eſſex to ſhut themſelves up in the town of Colcheſter which he haſtened immediately to inveſt.

The ſiege of Colcheſter is one of the moſt remarkable events of that unfortunate period, on account of the obſtinate defence made by the beſieged. It laſted from the 18th of June, to the end of Auguſt 1648. The walls and fortifications of the town, ſaid to have been built by the Romans, and remarkable for that ſtrength and ſolidity which

which their works usually display, still exhibit dreadful marks of the fury of the siege. The greatest part of the churches in particular were half demolished by the batteries of the parliament army; but the besieged, notwithstanding the violent assaults of their adversaries, notwithstanding the extremities to which they were reduced for want of provision, insomuch that they had nothing left for subsistence but the horses of the garrison, continued to make brisk sallies, and defied all the force of the besiegers, in the uncertain expectation of relief from some quarter or other.

At this period commences the action of the following drama, in which the principal object is to delineate in its proper strength the resolute and generous character of Lord Capel, which was invariably displayed in every circumstance of his life and death. Such a character, it is presumed, will not be found uninteresting to the mind of a young reader; and in order to represent it to the fullest advantage, at the end of the drama are subjoined some interesting particulars concerning the death of that virtuous nobleman.

It remains, however, to be observed, that the fact upon which the drama principally turns, is by no means advanced as authentic. Neither Lord Clarendon, nor any other writer of that age takes the least notice of it. Nor has Hume, or such modern historians, as from their aversion to the republican party, it might be supposed would not let slip such an incident, made any mention of the circumstance. It depends, therefore, entirely upon the credit of Monsieur Raguenet, who in his life of Cromwell relates it at large, with many particulars, which at least give it the appearance of probability.

THE SIEGE OF COLCHESTER.

SCENE I.

Fairfax, Morgan.

Fairfax. (*reading a paper which he has just received from Morgan.*) Is it possible that last night's attack should have cost us so many brave soldiers?

Morgan. Yes, general, eight hundred men; and, to say the truth, the flower of our troops.

Fairfax.

Fairfax. It would be a satisfaction if we had purchased some advantage by this loss: but after so many assaults, Colchester resists our arms as obstinately as at first. The late example of Oxford swells the hearts of the townsmen; and that obstinate Capel——

Morgan. He alone is a surer defence to the town than all its ramparts. In vain shall we attack them as long as he determines to hold out.

Fairfax. He will not defy me much longer.

Morgan. How, Sir Thomas?

Fairfax. If I cannot overcome his resistance, his son shall.

Morgan. His son?

Fairfax. Yes, Morgan; young Arthur shall open me the gates of Colchester this very day. For this purpose I have sent for him and my own son from London, and I am just now informed of their arrival.

Morgan. Here comes Surry, returned from Colchester.

SCENE II.

Fairfax, Morgan, Surry.

Fairfax. Well, Surry, is the truce accepted? Does Lord Capel agree to the interview that I have proposed to him?

Surry. Yes, General; hostilities are suspended for six hours, and this very morning Lord Capel is to come to your tent.

Fairfax. I suppose to display his triumph to my face. How did he receive you?

Surry. With an air of cool unruffled firmness. Resolution is painted in his countenance.

Fairfax. That this proud royalist should alone stand immoveable, while even the genius of Britain trembles with dismay! No; he shall soon be shaken. I will assail him in his tenderest part. Surry, call hither my son. (*Surry goes out.*)

SCENE

SCENE III.

Fairfax, Morgan.

Morgan. Shall I take the liberty, Sir Thomas, to aſk what is your deſign? I cannot ſo much as conjecture what it is.

Fairfax. Perhaps not; but I ſhall inform you. Laſt night I received intelligence that the Duke of Hamilton, with a numerous army, ſupported by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, who follows him, is coming to relieve Colcheſter. In order to prevent him, if poſſible, I ventured laſt night upon a third aſſault, of which you have ſeen the ſucceſs. But ſtratagem ſhall put me in poſſeſſion of what I could not ſeize by force.

Morgan. How can young Arthur aſſiſt you in this ſcheme?

Fairfax. I will repreſent to him in the moſt lively colours, the danger that threatens his father. They ſhall ſee each other here. Arthur, trembling for a life ſo dear to him, will prevail on him to ſurrender.

Morgan. Do you think ſo, General?

Fairfax. I hope ſo. A man whom the whole univerſe in arms could not conquer, has often been overpowered by a ſingle tear.

Morgan. Capel feels, it is true, the affection of a father, but he is alſo endowed with the firmneſs of a hero.

Fairfax. If the moſt powerful energy of nature cannot bend him—But I ſee my ſon; I would ſpeak with him alone. Go you, Colonel, and join young Arthur, and leave nothing untried to bring him to my purpoſe.

SCENE IV.

Fairfax, Edmond.

Fairfax. Come to my arms, my dear boy.

Edmond, (*embracing him.*) O father! how happy am I, that the duties of war have not entirely removed me from your thoughts.

Fairfax. Your joy will be much greater, when you know my motive for calling you down hither.

Edmond. I am ready to obey your orders.

Fairfax.

Fairfax. Your heart will approve them, if it is actuated by the ſentiments of friendſhip.

Edmond. You make me impatiently deſire to hear them.

Fairfax. It is in your power to ſave young Arthur from the greateſt misfortune that he has to fear.

Edmond. How! Dear father, I conjure you let us not loſe a moment.

Fairfax. My Lord Capel, by a blind obſtinacy, is going to plunge himſelf into ruin. I eſteem him for his courage, and therefore cannot help lamenting his misfortune. Particularly I can by no means be indifferent to the lot of his ſon, ſince he is your friend. Let us ſave them both from inevitable deſtruction.

Edmond. What are the means? how glad will I embrace them, if they are within my power!

Fairfax. I am to have an interview with his lordſhip this morning. I will indulge him with the ſatisfaction of ſeeing and embracing his ſon; but when I repreſent to him the calamities into which his obſtinate raſhneſs will inevitably draw him, I ſhould wiſh Arthur to enforce my remonſtrances with his own entreaties and ſolicitations.

Edmond. Ah, father! I fear—

Fairfax. What? that they would have no effect? Ah, child! nature has given children more power over their fathers, than the laws have given to fathers over their children.

Edmond. I know Arthur well; he is too dutiful a ſon to attempt diſſuading his father from what he thinks his duty.

Fairfax. When neceſſity obliges him to do ſo, it is the ſtrongeſt proof that he can give him of his reſpect and affection.

Edmond. He will never think ſo.

Fairfax. His intereſt requires that he ſhould be convinced of it. Are not you his friend?

Edmond. O Sir, can you aſk that? Next to my parents, I love him beſt upon earth. At this very moment, when our fathers are oppoſed in arms, I would lay down my life to ſave his.

Fairfax. Far from condemning this ardour, I admire it; it ſhews me that my ſon's heart is capable of the noble

nobleſt efforts of generoſity. Such ſentiments make us worthy of the godlike bleſſing of friendſhip. You would die for your friend; then ſurely you will ſave him. If his fortune and his life are dear to you, ſupport me in my deſign. Go to him, and bring him hither; I will join my perſuaſions to yours.

Edmond. I obey. (*aſide.*) Heavens! what can I ſay to him? (*goes out.*)

SCENE V.

(*Fairfax remains alone for ſome time in a penſive attitude. Surry enters to him.*)

Surry. Sir Thomas——

Fairfax. Surry, I juſt now intended to ſend for you; I am going to have ſome converſation with Arthur and my ſon; in the mean time go you immediately, and give orders to Colonel Morgan, that the troops be in readineſs to form at a moment's notice.

Surry, (*ſurprized.*) I beg pardon for my freedom, Sir Thomas; but this order I confeſs ſurprizes me.

Fairfax. I underſtand you, but you have no occaſion to be uneaſy. Fairfax may, according to the uſage of war, attack his enemy by ſurprize, but he will never violate his word. The truce that you have negociated, we ſhall obſerve with ſcrupulous fidelity; I only intend, while I am exhorting proud Capel to ſurrender, that his eyes ſhall be ſtruck with the ſudden appearance of a courageous and well appointed army. Their dazzling array will perhaps impreſs him with a little dread, notwithſtanding his obſtinacy.

Surry. But Sir—

Fairfax, (*with a tone of authority.*) Go: do not delay a moment.

SCENE VI.

Fairfax, Edmond, Arthur, (*who ſalutes Fairfax reſpectfully as he enters.*)

Fairfax, (*taking him by the hand.*) I am rejoiced to ſee you, my dear Arthur. I know your friendſhip for my ſon, and that circumſtance intereſts me in every thing that concerns

concerns you. I will give you a proof of it to-day, by bringing you to your father.

Arthur. How, Sir? will you send me into Colchester to fight by his side?

Fairfax. I am not surprized at this martial ardour in the son of the gallant Capel; but in the present state of things, it could only lead you to misfortune.

Arthur. Do you call it a misfortune to die with my father, fighting for my sovereign?

Fairfax. Then you love your father more than life itself?

Arthur. Your own son, Sir Thomas, will answer that question for me.

Fairfax. Well then, without parting with life, you may preserve it to your father, or more properly restore it to him.

Arthur. Ah! tell me what can I do for him?

Fairfax. It is impossible that the town can hold out long; we must certainly take it in a few days, and instead of the laurels which now crown Lord Capel's head, he can expect nothing but the executioner's axe.

Arthur. I conceive your generous design; you would have the enemies of my father take his son's head instead of his own. To die for my father, and for my king at the same time! Glorious destiny! (*throwing himself at his feet.*) How shall I thank you for having thought me worthy of it!

Edmond, (*aside.*) Generous delusion! how will it mortify him to be undeceived!

Fairfax, (*raising and embracing Arthur.*) My young friend, you force me to esteem you as highly as I do the gallant nobleman to whom you owe your birth. But do you think me cruel enough to demand such a sacrifice?

Arthur. What do you require of me then?

Fairfax. An effort less fatal to both. In a few minutes you will see your father here; join your persuasions to mine, and let us prevail on him to surrender a place which all the bravery in the world cannot defend much longer.

Arthur. What I, Sir?

Fairfax. Represent to him the dreadful danger of being proscribed by the parliament; the disgrace of perishing by the executioner; the grief of his distracted widow;

widow; the poignant affliction of his son; the confiscation of your estates. Describe to him the irretrievable calamities into which his cruel obstinacy must plunge you all.

Arthur. Sir Thomas, you were kind enough to express just now some esteem for me; was that expression of esteem sincere?

Fairfax. Do you doubt it?

Arthur. Give me leave then to deserve it, and to look upon your proposal as intended merely to put my virtue to the proof.

Fairfax. You will prove your virtue sufficiently, by snatching your father from the horrors of a cruel death. When he sees you at his feet, trembling for the destiny that threatens him, can he resist your supplicating love?

Arthur. If I was capable of that unbecoming weakness, my father is too wise to be swayed by the tears of such a child as me.

Fairfax. If he is wise, he will be sensible that they are shed for his preservation.

Arthur. Put yourself in his place, Sir Thomas: If you were trusted with the defence of a town, would you give it up on the solicitation of your son?

Fairfax, (*embarrassed.*) Ask my Edmond what power his solicitations have over me. Ungrateful! it is his attachment to you that makes me also tremblingly anxious for every thing which concerns his friend. Your father, too, knows what nature is; he will not be deaf to her call.

Arthur. He is deaf to every call but that of his duty, which will teach him what he should do much better than I can.

Fairfax. Remember that you hold his life in your hands.

Arthur. You will pardon me, Sir; it is neither in my hands, nor in yours.

Fairfax. Then you *will* destroy him?

Arthur. Even if it were in my power to save him, my blood should be the sacrifice, not my honour.

Fairfax. I know that blood well by its invincible pride. Hear me, Arthur; I allow you but a moment to form your resolution. I shall return presently, to ask you for the last time if you would rather see your father upon

upon a ſcaffold, than in the road to fortune. Edmond, remain you with him, and try if your affection can have more influence over him than my pity.

Arthur. Your pity, Sir? Really it is very generous. I did not ſolicit it. (*Fairfax gives him an angry look, and goes out without anſwering him.*)

SCENE VII.

Edmond, Arthur.

(*They look at each other for ſome time without ſpeaking.*)

Arthur. Well, Edmond; what is your intention? To ſerve your father, will you perſuade me to betray mine?

Edmond. We know each other pretty well. No; you as little ſuppoſe me capable of ſuch an intention, as I you of ſuſpecting me to entertain it.

Arthur. Be for a moment equally indifferent to friendſhip and nature. If you were Arthur, what would you do?

Edmond. I would ennoble the name as you do, by exerting the ſame firmneſs and conſtancy. I ſhould not be the firſt to perſuade my father to a baſe action.

Arthur. If theſe were not your ſentiments, I ſhould hold you unworthy of my friendſhip. Alas! I know not whether you will any longer eſteem it.

Edmond. Whence comes this injurious ſurmiſe, Arthur? How have I deſerved it?

Arthur. Pardon me, Edmond; I am not afraid of you. But who knows if your father——

Edmond. Ah! ſuffer me to believe that he values your merit as I do; ſuffer me to eſteem the author of my being.

Arthur. If he ſhould forbid you to love me?

Edmond. Do you think, then, that I could obey him? Have I not always regarded you as a brother? And can theſe ties of amity be broken, when every circumſtance of our lives on the contrary tends to ſtrengthen them? My father, with all the authority which that name gives, could not diſſolve them.

Arthur. There was a time when I alſo was beloved by him. He took pleaſure in ſeeing us grow up together, companions in play and amuſements. How often has he

he made us promiſe to live in ſtrict unity, as he was with his dear Capel! Yet you ſee with what fury he now purſues him. Not ſatisfied with his ruin alone, he would cover him with eternal infamy.

Edmond. If he ſhould ſo far forget himſelf, Heaven pardon me the thought, I ſhould forget, I fear, that I am his ſon.

Arthur. Muſt a name ſo dear be the cauſe to us of ſo much ſorrow and affliction! Why cannot I think, without terror, of him who gave me life? Alas! I know it too well; the town cannot hold out much longer, and the gallant Capel is too proud to ſurrender. If he does not die overpowered by his enemies, if he falls into their hands alive, what will be his lot? The more courage and magnanimity he ſhall have ſhewn during the ſiege, the more will their revenge endeavour to diſhonour him, and one of the worthieſt men of this country will ſuffer as a criminal. His enemies are too implacable to forgive him; and that head which their weapons could not reach, they will lay under the vile axe of an executioner.

Edmond, (*vehemently.*) No; he ſhall not periſh. There is one who will deliver him.

Arthur. Who is he?

Edmond. I.

Arthur. You, my dear Edmond? Alas! whither does friendſhip lead you aſtray? Its wiſhes are unavailing.

Edmond. It is more powerful than you imagine. But time preſſes, we can deliberate no longer. Do you promiſe to perform whatever I enjoin you?

Arthur. All that honour will permit me.

Edmond. Will your honour, do you think, diſallow any thing that I ſhall propoſe?

Arthur. Well, you have only to ſpeak, and I obey.

Edmond. Come then, follow me; our two horſes are ſtill beſide the tent. Let us fly to France; I put myſelf into your hands, to be as a hoſtage to Capel againſt the attempts of Fairfax.

Arthur. What, take you from your father?

Edmond. He has not ſcrupled to do ſo by you.

Arthur. Then I ſhall never be guilty of an action that I blame in another.

Edmond. But this would hinder him from committing it. In the name of our friendſhip, I conjure you, my dear

dear Arthur, for my father's ſake, for my own, ſave me from endleſs remorſe; ſave me from the anguiſh of ſeeing him made unhappy by it.

Arthur. Do you wiſh me, then, to bear it?

Edmond. You will have nothing to reproach yourſelf with. My father himſelf, after his firſt tranſport of paſſion is over, will bleſs you from his heart for having ſaved his honour.

Arthur. What wouldſt thou have me do? Never, Edmond, never.

Edmond, (*ſeizing his hand.*) Come, I'll hear you no more; you ſhall go along with me. Let us ſet off this moment. (*Fairfax appears, followed by ſome ſoldiers.*)

SCENE VIII.

Fairfax, Arthur, Edmond, Soldiers.

Fairfax. Hoa, guards! ſeize them both.

Arthur. Heavens! my dear Edmond!

Fairfax, (*to Edmond.*) Ungrateful ſon! is it thus that you perform my orders?

Edmond. Did I promiſe it?

Arthur, (*falling at his feet.*) Ah! Sir Thomas; if honour is dear to you, reproach him not for diſobeying you, or only puniſh him in me. It was in compliment to his friendſhip for me, that he would have withdrawn himſelf from your power.

Edmond. No, father; believe him not; his generoſity would deceive you: the deſign was mine, though he takes the blame to himſelf. I had not even, I confeſs, perſuaded him to aſſent to it. You have no diſcretion over him, whereas I belong to you. My liberty, my life is yours; I yield them up to your reſentment. If it falls on me alone, you ſhall never hear me murmur.

Fairfax. Be ſilent; I know whom I am to puniſh. Let them be guarded here in my tent, apart from each other.

Arthur. Ah! ſuffer me at leaſt to ſhare my friend's confinement.

Edmond, (*to the guards.*) No; you ſhall never tear him from my arms.

Fairfax.

Fairfax, (*to the guards.*) Obey your orders.

(*The guards ſeparate them, and lead them off, in ſpite of their reſiſtance.*)

SCENE IX.

Fairfax, (*after a long ſilence, during which he appears greatly agitated.*) Shall I then ſee my deſigns baffled through my own child? His inſolent reſiſtance only confirms me in my reſolution. Capel, you ſhall find one as obſtinate as yourſelf. I will prepare you a ſight that ſhall make your ſtubbornneſs bend before my face. As, through your ſon, Edmond has dared to deſpiſe my power, ſo Arthur ſhall avenge me on yourſelf.

SCENE X.

Fairfax, Surry.

Surry. Sir, I have obeyed your orders; yet, if I were permitted to repreſent to you——

Fairfax. It would be out of ſeaſon; I do not deſire it.

Surry. A friend of Lord Capel is without, and would ſpeak with you.

Fairfax. Let him come in. (*Surry goes out, and returns with Kingſton.*)

SCENE XI.

Fairfax, Surry, Kingſton.

Kingſton. General, the Governor of Colcheſter requeſts to know, by me, if he can have the honour of a conference.

Fairfax. I ſhall always be ready to receive him. I haſten to give ſome orders, that our converſation may not be interrupted. Surry, I charge you to receive Lord Capel with the firſt honours of my tent; as ſoon as his lordſhip arrives, let me be informed of it. I ſhall be with Colonel Morgan. (*Fairfax and Kingſton go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Surry, (*alone.*)

What design is he meditating? His looks are clouded with an angry gloom. Even his son's tears could not soften him. Does he intend to sacrifice young Arthur to his revenge? I shudder at the thought. Fairfax is generous, but the enthusiasm that universally predominates over men's reason in these times of trouble and distraction, has already produced so many atrocious acts! however, he shall not make me the partner of any such; nor if he wishes to engage me in a base action, will I disguise to him my opinion of its infamy. Yes, I will save him, in spite of himself, from every thing that can tarnish his glory.

SCENE XIII.

Capel, Kingston, Surry.

Kingston. This is his tent, my Lord.

Surry, (*approaching Capel respectfully.*) Brave defender of Colchester! allow me to pay my humblest tribute of respect to so heroic a character—

Capel. I thank you, Sir, but rather wish to decline all marks of honour; it is not for me to receive them, while my Sovereign is in chains. Where is General Fairfax?

Surry. I hasten to inform him of the arrival of his noble enemy.

SCENE XIV.

Capel, Kingston.

Kingston. I think it my duty to observe to your Lordship, that every thing here appears strangely suspicious to me.

Capel, (*calmly.*) As how, my friend? Do not imagine vain terrors.

Kingston. Those terrors will not appear so vain, if you reflect but a moment. Fairfax knew from me the moment of your arrival. Why not stop and receive you himself? Why go out immediately, under pretence of giving orders? And in short, why was all his camp under arms as you passed?

Capel.

Capel. What do you think to infer from these circumstances?

Kingston. May they not indicate some secret treachery?

Capel. Kingston, I fear nothing. The laws of war are sacred in all nations. The most ambitious conqueror, the sternest man of blood, respects them in dealing with others, that others may treat him with reciprocal attention.

Kingston. He who takes up arms against his king, may well violate his word to subjects.

Capel. He would not chuse me for the object of his perfidy.

Kingston. But, my lord——

Capel. No, I know Fairfax: I have too high an opinion of his character, to suppose him capable of a base action. Republican enthusiasm may have perverted his understanding without demeaning his sentiments: though party differences now keep us disunited, we were formerly intimate friends. I know, he would still pride himself in my esteem, and it is not before my eyes that he will deviate from the ways of honour.

Kingston. I hope, my Lord, it may be so; but here he comes. (*Capel advances towards Fairfax with a steady countenance.*)

SCENE XV.

Fairfax, Capel, Kingston, Surry.

Capel. I cannot give you a greater mark of my confidence, Sir Thomas, than by coming into your tent with only a single friend.

Fairfax. Since you think him worthy of this title, he may be present at our interview.

Capel. Were he an enemy, I would not shrink from his testimony. Sir, I am prepared to hear you.

Fairfax. I have to offer your lordship, from the parliament, every advantage that consists with the very high estimation which they bear for your virtues.

Capel. If they merit any reward, it is from mine and the parliament's sovereign that I must receive it.

Fairfax. What can a prince, without dominions, do for you?

Capel. I ſhould, perhaps, be leſs zealous in ſupport of his intereſts, if mine depended on them; but I am prouder to ſerve him as long as my loyalty expects no recompence.

Fairfax. This is the ſentiment of a great ſoul: but you ſee, a revolution in the government is inevitable. Is it in your power to prevent it? What do you intend to oppoſe againſt a victorious party?

Capel. My duty, which commands me to be faithful to an unfortunate prince.

Fairfax. You have already done whatever can be expected from a man of honour.

Capel. No, not yet, while it is ſtill in my power to ſerve him.

Fairfax. And how do you expect to do it? the walls of your town are but ſo many heaps of ruins: your men are reduced to the laſt extremity for proviſions.

Capel. They have ammunition ſtill, and courage to make uſe of it.

Fairfax. They cannot fail in courage, while under your command; but, without force, of what ſervice will it be to them? Colcheſter, though defended by your arm, muſt very ſoon ſurrender.

Capel. Did it tell you ſo in laſt night's attack?

Fairfax. If not to-day, it muſt to-morrow: but to-morrow the parliament will proſcribe you, as an enemy to the commonwealth; whereas, to-day, they offer you, through me, the title of duke, and the government of a garriſon. (*Capel turns away, and hides his face with his hands.*)

Fairfax. Why do you turn away from me?

Capel. Leſt you ſhould ſee me bluſh both for you and for my country.

Fairfax. Be calm, my Lord, and conſider my offer coolly.

Capel. Is it to be the only object of our conference?

Fairfax. It is of importance enough to be ſo, ſince your ſafety depends on it.

Capel, (*going.*) Farewell, Sir Thomas.

Fairfax, (*aſide.*) Why muſt I be obliged to conſtrain myſelf? (*takes him by the hand.*) Stop a moment longer. Take my advice; baniſh the blind prejudice of monarchical

chical ſlavery. Will you ſacrifice to them the honours that are ready to be heaped upon you and your family?

Capel. O noble Engliſhmen! how are you fallen from your ancient glory! Your honours are ſold for the vile price of diſloyalty.

Fairfax. It is your country that freely offers you thoſe honours.

Capel. My country! Suppreſs that ſacred name, if you can only blaſpheme it.

Fairfax. Do you dare to appeal to your country, you who ſerve under her oppreſſor? But your arm is henceforth too weak to throw chains over victorious freedom. The throne totters to its baſe; another day, and it will be levelled to the ground.

Capel. Then I will bury myſelf under its ruins.

Fairfax. The parliament will drag you forth alive, and condemn you to an ignominious death.

Capel. Should I avoid this, by accepting a life of infamy?

Fairfax. What elſe then will your life be, when England, freed from a diſgraceful yoke, will pronounce your name with horror; when your wife, involved in your diſhonour, will execrate the hour that joined her to you; when your ſon, purſuing you to the very ſcaffold with cries of deſpair, will reproach you for leaving him to periſh in indigence and contempt?

Capel. Audacioufneſs beyond example! Is it you traiterous ſubject that would terrify me, by diſgraces which are due only to your rebellion? No, no, I ſhall have the good wiſhes of all honeſt men: my wife and my children will bleſs my memory: heaven will be a protector to my widow, and a father to my children.

Fairfax. I can bear no more, vile ſlave of deſpotiſm. Since you are not moved by a regard to your own life, tremble for one more dear to you. (*he calls*) Morgan!

SCENE XVI.

(*A curtain riſes and diſcovers Arthur in chains, and two ſoldiers beſide him, holding each a dagger to his breaſt. Behind them ſtands Morgan.*)

Capel. Heavens! What do I ſee? (*Falls into Kingſton's arms.*)

Fairfax. Do you know him?

Capel, (*raising himself with indignation.*) My son in your power! Ah, dastard, not by force of arms.

Fairfax. Surrender, and I restore him to you. There is no other way left. Do you wish to save his life?

Capel. Yes, traitor, by your death, (*laying his hand hastily upon his sword.*)

Morgan. If you stir, my Lord, you and your son are ruined.

Arthur. Father, let nothing stop your arm. Avenge yourself. Your son is not afraid to die.

Capel, (*sheathing his sword which he had half drawn.*) Barbarian! I say nothing of our former friendship; it subsists no more, since your treasonous revolt; I ask no favour from you: but what has this innocent victim done?

Fairfax. He has defied me, but a few minutes ago, with as much haughtiness as his father.

Capel. You shall hear him again defy your threats and your executioners. O, my beloved Arthur, why am I not permitted to embrace you for so well deserving my affection!

Kingston, (*to Fairfax.*) How, Sir Thomas, would you sully your renown for ever, by the murder of a child?

Fairfax. It is his cruel father who devotes him to death, not I. He has only to blame his savage obstinacy. Let him surrender to me a town which he cannot defend, and I give him up his son, otherwise he must die to strike a terror into those cowardly slaves who would turn their backs on freedom, when she rears her standard.

Capel, (*to Arthur, with earnestness.*) My son, let this then be your motto; 'God and your prince.'

Surry, (*aside.*) I will not suffer this detestable sacrifice to be made, if it costs me my life. (*goes out.*)

SCENE XVII.

Fairfax, *Capel*, *Arthur*, *Morgan*, *Kingston*, *soldiers.*

(*Capel and Arthur look at each other affectionately, and with open arms.*)

Capel. Arthur, my dear Arthur, what shall I say to your disconsolate mother?

Kingston.

Kingston. Ah, my Lord, will you suffer him then to be thus massacred?

Capel. What would you do, Kingston? Would you shake my resolution when you should strengthen it? It is sufficient to contend against nature.

Fairfax. You have but a few minutes, my Lord Capel.

Capel. Then why prolong my anguish? Suffer me to depart; I would not expire before your eyes.

Morgan. Arthur, have you nothing to say to your father?

Arthur, (*with firmness.*) Nothing. He knows what passes in my breast.

Morgan, (*to the soldiers.*) Be ready at the signal.

Capel. Farewell, my son. Once more, 'God and your prince.' I only survive you a little while to revenge your death. (*turns to go.*)

Fairfax, (*aside.*) Inflexible virtue, which I am forced to admire in spite of myself! (*aloud.*) But what do I see?

SCENE XVIII.

Fairfax, Capel, Edmond, Arthur, Morgan, Kingston, Surry, soldiers.

Edmond, (*entering precipitately, and throwing his arms round Arthur.*) O Arthur, my friend, you shall not die without me.

Fairfax. What are you doing, my son?

Edmond. Call me no more by a name which I detest. Satiate your barbarity. You have another victim more.

Fairfax. Insolent! who has brought you hither?

Surry. It was I, Sir Thomas: I forced his place of confinement, and boast of the action.

Edmond, (*to Fairfax.*) You alone are destitute of pity, (*to the soldiers,*) but I ask none from you: haste to strike. Why do ye tremble?

Arthur, (*endeavouring to disengage himself from Edmond.*) Let me go, my dear friend, why should you make death more painful to me?

Edmond. I shall not quit you: I will not survive my friend, when I have lost him who should be my father.

Capel, (*to Fairfax.*) You would rob me of my ſon: I have my revenge, as you are renounced by your own.

Edmond. Let me hold you ſtill cloſe to my heart, my dear Arthur. I will die by the ſame blow.

Capel. You ſee then, Fairfax, nothing remains but that you ſtrike the blow yourſelf.

Fairfax. Enough, Capel, I am conquered: Edmond, take off your friend's chains, and reſtore him to his father. My hands are not worthy to touch that young hero. (*Morgan and the two ſoldiers retire.*)

Arthur. Deareſt Edmond, to you then I owe my life!

Edmond. O my friend! (*He takes off his chains, and leads him to Capel who embraces them both.*)

Arthur. My dear father!

Edmond. My noble friend!

Capel, (*looking with fondneſs at each of them alternately.*) Give me, both of you, the ſame name, my dear children: you are now both equally dear to me.

Edmond, (*ſeeing his father in tears, quits Lord Capel's arms, and throws himſelf at the feet of Fairfax.*) I now find my father again. Ah, do not rob me of thoſe tears: be witneſs, Lord Capel, Arthur, Surry, my father weeps.

Fairfax, (*raiſing him.*) My deareſt Edmond, I will never forget that you have ſaved me from a diſgraceful action, (*preſenting him to Arthur.*) Continue to love each other, and may your virtuous friendſhip be deſtined to flouriſh in happier times than your fathers have ſeen. (*To Capel.*) My Lord, you are free to return into the town: my admiration accompanies you. Would to heaven that I were alſo worthy of your eſteem.

Arthur, (*to Capel, taking his hand*) O father, let us never part again. I will go and fight by your ſide.

Capel. You have done enough for your cauſe; your name alone will be the firmeſt ſupport of Colcheſter. What ſoldier, who ſhall hear of your courage and reſolution, will ever be ſo baſe as to ſpeak of ſurrendering.

Arthur. Let my actions give proof of that courage. I muſt go with you.

Capel. No, my boy: Alas! that cannot be: Farewell; it is, perhaps, the laſt time that I ſhall ever embrace you. My duty is to go and face death for my country; yours

yours is to live, that you may one day ſerve it better, in the full maturity of life, than you can at preſent. (*To Fairfax.*) After what has paſſed, Fairfax, I have nothing to fear on your part, therefore I leave my ſon to your care, ſatisfied as I am that you will ſend him back to his mother, and, in the mean time, I haſte to wait your coming on the breach.

SEQUEL.

Cromwell, who was ſent by General Fairfax to oppoſe the Duke of Hamilton and Sir Marmaduke Langdale, having defeated thoſe two generals ſucceſſively, and taken the duke priſoner, and the Earl of Holland having alſo been defeated and made priſoner by another detachment of the parliament army; the inhabitants of Colcheſter, who only held out in hopes of being relieved, ſaw themſelves, at length, reduced to the neceſſity of capitulating: they deputed perſons to Fairfax, to treat of the ſurrender of the town upon honourable terms; but he, provoked at the obſtinacy of their defence, offered them no other than to ſurrender at diſcretion. Upon receiving this anſwer, the beſieged ſpent two days more in conſultation: the firſt reſolution taken by the officers was to force their way through the enemy's camp, ſword in hand; but the few horſes, which their hunger had ſpared, were found too weak for this attempt: on the other hand, the ſoldiers, exhauſted with fatigue, were unable to ſuſtain another aſſault; ſo that they were obliged, at length, to open the gates to Fairfax, and to ſubmit to the conditions that he ſhould think proper to impoſe on them.

He ſuffered the ſoldiers to depart, but without arms or baggage; but the officers he ordered to be confined in the town-hall, and a liſt of their names to be ſent to him. Ireton, whom Cromwell, in his abſence, had left as a ſpy upon the unſuſpecting general, choſe out of this liſt ſuch as were more particularly his enemies, in order that they might be put to death. Sir Charles Lucas, therefore, Sir G. Liſle, and Sir Barnard Gaſcoyne, were brought before the council of war, where Fairfax declared to them, that for a puniſhment of their

obſtinate reſiſtance, and a warning example to all others who ſhould be inclined to imitate it, they were ſentenced to die, that very day, at the foot of the caſtle walls.

When this ſentence was communicated to the other priſoners, Lord Capel prevailed upon an officer of the guard which was over them, to deliver to the council of war a letter ſigned by the principal officers, intreating them to revoke their cruel ſentence, or elſe to extend it to all the priſoners, who bluſhed to ſee themſelves excepted from it. This generous requeſt had no other effect than to haſten the execution of their unfortunate companions.

Sir Charles Lucas, who was the firſt officer ſhot, gave the ſignal to his murderers to fire, with as much coolneſs as he would have delivered the word of command to his own men. Liſle, ſeeing him fall, ran to him, and embraced his dead body, and then riſing, looked with a ſtern air upon the ſoldiers by whom he was to be ſhot, and ordered them to come nearer. One of them anſwered him, that they were near enough, and that they ſhould not miſs him. My friends, replied he ſmiling, I have been nearer to you, and yet you have miſſed me.

Sir B. Gaſcoyne, or Guaſconi, a Florentine gentleman, was ſpared by the council of war, under the apprehenſion leſt the Grand Duke of Tuſcany, informed of ſuch a violation of the laws of war, ſhould retort upon the Engliſh who might be found in his dominions.

After the execution of Liſle and Lucas, General Fairfax, accompanied by G. Ireton, went to the town-hall to ſee the priſoners. In addreſſing himſelf to the Earl of Norwich and Lord Capel, he endeavoured, with a ſoothing civility, to excuſe the rigour which military juſtice had exacted from him. But Lord Capel, who looked upon Ireton as the ſole inſtigator of this barbarity, loaded him with the bitterеſt reproaches, which, however, the latter very ſoon found an opportunity of revenging.

The parliament having ordered the Lords Norwich and Capel to be confined in Windſor Caſtle, they found the Duke of Hamilton there before them, with whom they had the melancholy ſatisfaction of deploring their misfortunes in common. They were ſoon, however, removed

removed to the Tower, there to await the deſtiny which parliament ſhould think proper to allot to them.

About a month after King Charles I. was beheaded, another high court of juſtice was formed for the trial of theſe three noblemen, as alſo of the Earl of Holland and Sir John Owen, who had taken an active part in Wales, in favour of the king, and killed, with his own hand, a ſheriff of the oppoſite party.

Lord Capel appeared with the greateſt firmneſs and dignity in the preſence of his judges, and refuſed to acknowledge their authority; alledging, that as a ſoldier and a priſoner of war, he was not amenable to the civil law. Upon which Bradſhaw, who was preſident of the court, anſwered him with unfeeling inſolence, by alluding to their form of proceeding againſt the king, "that they had tried a much better man than his lordſhip." After ſome debates, in which Ireton broke out with all the violence and fury of his natural diſpoſition, ſentence was paſſed upon Lord Capel and the other priſoners. They were all condemned to loſe their heads; upon which it is ſaid, that Sir John Owen made the judges a low bow, and thanked them for the high honour which they conferred on him, in ordering him, who was but a poor Welch gentleman, to loſe his head in company with noblemen of ſo conſiderable rank; adding, that his greateſt fear had been, leſt the common hangman ſhould have terminated his deſtiny. The priſoners were allowed but three days to ſet their affairs in order, and to prepare for death.

Lady Capel employed this ſhort ſpace in drawing up a petition, to be laid before parliament: when read, it was very ſtrongly ſupported by ſeveral members, who ſpoke in the higheſt terms of Lord Capel's many and eminent virtues. Even Cromwell praiſed his lordſhip ſo highly, and profeſſed ſo much reſpect and friendſhip for him, that every one expected him to be inclined in his favour, when he added, in a hypocritical canting tone, that his zeal for the public cauſe got the better of all his private affections; that he knew Lord Capel to be the laſt man in England who would abandon the royal party; that his inflexibility of principle, his experience and valour, the number and attachment of his friends, made him the moſt formidable enemy that parliament had;

that as long as he lived, let him be reduced to whatsoever condition he might, they would find him always a thorn in their sides; and he concluded with protesting, that his conscience, and the interests of the commonwealth, imposed it on him as a duty to give his vote against the petition.

The implacable Ireton vented his hatred and animosity with less disguise: he vehemently maintained, in the house of commons, the sentence which he had procured to be passed in the high court of justice. Though there was not a single person who knew Lord Capel's character but entertained the highest esteem and veneration for him, and very few who had any subject of personal quarrel against him, yet Cromwell and Ireton thus appearing his declared enemies, the justice due to his virtues, and the compassion which his misfortunes inspired, were put to silence by the terror of those two names, and his fate was given up to their revenge.

Of the number condemned, the Earl of Norwich and Sir John Owen received a pardon. The former having presented a petition to parliament, the house divided upon it, and the numbers on both sides were found to be equal; the Speaker, therefore, whose vote was to determine the earl's destiny, having formerly been under obligations to him, was induced, from a motive of gratitude, to save his life.

Sir John Owen was so indifferent about his, that he had not so much as thought of petitioning. Ireton whimsically made this very negligence a plea in his favour, when he moved the house to spare his life. He thought, perhaps, by this exception, to offer a fresh insult to the three noblemen, and to make their death more grating, by shewing them a private person saved from the rigour of his sentence without ever petitioning, while their applications were so contemptuously rejected.

A scaffold was therefore erected under the windows of the parliament house. After the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Holland had suffered, Lord Capel was called: he walked down Westminster Hall with a serene countenance and a firm step, saluting his acquaintances with dignity. Dr. Morley his friend, who had not quitted him from the moment of his condemnation, was solicitous

to

to accompany him now, that he might receive his laſt commands: but he was ſtopped by the ſoldiers at the foot of the ſcaffold. My lord took leave of him, embraced him affectionately, thanked him for all his attentions, and would not ſuffer him to go any further, leſt he ſhould be expoſed to the brutality of the guards. Advancing then towards the edge of the ſcaffold, he looked round him with a placid countenance, and aſked whether the other lords had ſpoken to the people uncovered, and being anſwered in the affirmative, he gave his hat to one of the attendants to hold; then, with a clear bold voice, he declared that he came to loſe his life for an action which he could never repent of; that having been brought up in principles of attachment to the conſtitution of his country, loyalty to his ſovereign, and fidelity to his religion, he had never violated any of theſe principles; that he was now condemned to die, contrary to all the laws of the realm, and that, nevertheleſs, he ſubmitted to this unjuſt ſentence.

He then enlarged upon the praiſes of that king whom they had recently murdered, and beſought heaven not to avenge this crime on the deluded nation. He concluded with earneſtly exhorting them to acknowledge the ſon of Charles as their rightful ſovereign. Laſtly, after a ſhort and fervent prayer, he ſtretched his neck to the fatal blow, which deprived England of the moſt virtuous citizen that ſhe had left her.

THE LAWSUIT.

FARMER BLUNT, when he died, left two ſons, the one named Roger, the other Humphrey. His death put them in poſſeſſion of farms ſufficiently advantageous to afford them a decent competency. Very little was wanting to their happineſs. Alas! then, why could they not live in that harmony and good underſtanding which Nature deſigned ſhould ſubſiſt between brothers, when ſhe formed them of the ſame blood?

Amongſt the poſſeſſions left by their father was a very fine orchard, which he had cultivated in his life time

with particular care. As it bore, moſt years, a prodigious quantity of apples, remarkable for making the beſt cyder, it appeared to both the brothers a very deſirable lot; but, unfortunately, in the partition of their father's lands made by his will, the property of this was left undetermined.

Each, therefore, claimed the poſſeſſion of it, and obſtinately perſiſted in ſupporting that claim. They no longer ſpoke to each other in amicable terms; on the contrary, their mutual obſtinacy degenerated on both ſides into a confirmed hatred. You are not an honeſt man, ſaid Roger, for claiming what is my property, and you do not deſerve to be maſter of ſo good a piece of ground. Humphrey, in a rage, would anſwer, it well becomes you to talk ſo, lazy fellow as you are: Have you not always made my father unhappy by your drunkenneſs? What would become of thoſe trees in your idle hands? In two or three years the orchard would not be worth ſixpence.

The curate of the village being informed of their quarrel, went to them, and expoſtulated with them in the moſt friendly manner. What are you doing, my friends? ſaid he; wherefore are you weary of living happily together? Shall this orchard be the means of diſuniting you? Why not rather join your induſtry to improve it, and afterwards divide the produce?

I do not intend any ſuch thing, ſaid one, I will have it all to myſelf. We ſhall ſee that, replied the other, I think *I* ſhall have it.

Well then, ſaid the clergyman, let the moſt reaſonable of you reſign his claim, upon receiving a ſuitable conſideration from the other.

With all my heart, cried they both at once, let my brother give it up to me. I have moſt right to it, ſaid the eldeſt. It belongs to my farm, ſaid the youngeſt.—Oh, I am reſolved to have it, now I have once taken it in my head.—You may take it out again, if you will; I would ſooner give you my right hand.

Since you are both ſo obſtinate, ſaid the curate, and cannot agree together, will you leave the deciſion of the matter to fortune, and diſpoſe of it by lot? No, I will riſk nothing, ſaid Hodge. Nor I, neither, ſays Numps. Laſt of all, the gentleman propoſed to them to ſell the orchard,

orchard and divide the money; but this propoſal alſo was equally rejected on both ſides.

I ſee, ſaid the worthy clergyman, nothing can overcome your obſtinacy: you will ſoon find the miſerable effects of mutual hatred in hearts which were intended by nature to be dear to each other.

The brothers did not trouble themſelves about this prophecy, but each of them went to the man of law whom he thought moſt capable of ſetting off his claim to advantage. Thus began a lawſuit, which ſeemed eaſy enough to be decided, but was kept on foot nevertheleſs for five whole years; the counſel on both ſides being veterans in the buſineſs. If one party put in a *plea*, the other intercepted it with a *demurrer*. It was, every term, freſh *writs*, *declarations*, and *rejoinders*. The orchard all this while, we may ſuppoſe, was not ſo well cultivated as in the time of honeſt Farmer Blunt: thoſe fine apple trees were neglected, and did not produce near their uſual quantity. Horſes and pigs were ſuffered to break in and damage them; Humphrey, who had the orchard in his hands, being too much taken up with his lawſuit to attend to the culture of it.

They were both married to very amiable women, and had many children, in whom they would have been perfectly happy, had their minds been more at eaſe.

Each of their wives would ſometimes accoſt them thus: My dear huſband, why are you ſo uneaſy? We have every thing that our hearts can wiſh; Have we not? You are in very good health, ſo am I. Our little family goes on charmingly: then we have an excellent farm; and, you know, it is your own fault if you do not make money by it. Why will you not chuſe to be happy? Each of them would mutter between his teeth, and anſwer, How can I be happy, while I have ſuch a good-for-nothing brother? His injuſtice and obſtinacy are poiſon to my happineſs.

When, at their return from the field, they ſaw their children running joyfully towards them, they would cry out to them before they came near, What do you want with me? Get away. I am not in a humour, now, to mind your tricks; I am too angry: and if the poor children ſtrove to ſoften them by their innocent fond-

neſs,

neſs, they would puſh them away harſhly, and ſometimes give them very violent blows.

At table, nothing could pleaſe them, becauſe their hearts were filled with gall; and, in bed, it was out of their power to ſleep, becauſe they were eternally thinking how to hurt each other.

Perhaps you may ſuppoſe that I have now told the worſt. Alas! no. From ill-will they were carried to ſlander and calumny: each ſtrove how to blacken the character of his brother the moſt. If Numps happened to be in company with other farmers, he would ſtrive to perſuade them that Hodge was a very bad man, who laboured to ruin him firſt, and would then go to law with every man in the pariſh. And as Hodge, for his part, was not backward in ſaying much the ſame of Humphrey, the end of it was, that people believed them both: ſo that, in ſhort, they were ſhunned by every body as dangerous perſons; and there was not one of their neighbours who did not wiſh to ſee the village fairly rid of them.

After five years of jarring and brawling at law, judgment was given; and he who gained the cauſe, ſaw himſelf obliged, very ſoon, to ſell not only the orchard, but the greater part of his farms, to pay the expences of the ſuit.

I leave you to gueſs how the loſer came off. In fact, the confuſion of them both may more eaſily be imagined than deſcribed.

Well, ſaid Numps, we have both of us deſerved this. It was in our own power to have avoided it. We might ſtill have had our farms and our money. Inſtead of all the trouble that we have each cauſed the other, we ſhould have made one another, as well as our own families, happy, and have gained the friendſhip and eſteem of our neighbours.

See, ſaid Hodge, all this we have loſt by our folly. Ah! if things were to begin again!

Marry, ſaid Numps, let us be wiſer for the future. Come, brother, here is my hand, I will never be your enemy as long as I live.

Nor I yours, replied Hodge, taking his hand. So ſaying, they both ſhed tears, and the bitterneſs of hatred departed from their hearts.

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They very ſoon found themſelves much eaſier in living upon friendly terms with each other; but the ill effects of their former perverſeneſs they were deſtined to feel for a long time. They ſaw their orchard, which had been the poſſeſſion of their family for ſome generations, turn to good account in the hands of ſtrangers, while the little that remained to them of their own farms took ſome time to recover from the ill management of five years. Beſides, deriſion was ſwift to purſue them in the village, while confidence and amity returned to them with a ſlow ſpace. The alacrity of their advocates, in receiving the fee, had thinned their purſes, while fatigue, fretting, and large draughts of unwholeſome law, impaired their health. Even their children did not now ſalute them with the free unconſtrained affection which appears in the children of the virtuous and the benevolent. And their wives—Alas! it was ſome time before they could view their huſbands with the tenderneſs of former years.

LOST TIME RECOVERED.

LORENZO's parents were ſo much engaged in the way of buſineſs, that they found it impoſſible to ſuperintend his education themſelves. They had heard of a remarkable good ſchool, where a number of young perſons had been bred, who were diſtinguiſhed for their improvement in learning, and for the principles of honour which they had imbibed. Though it was upwards of a hundred miles from his houſe, yet Lorenzo's father ſent him thither, recommending him, in the ſtrongeſt terms, to the maſter. This gentleman, who regarded each of his pupils as his own ſon, ſpared no pains to correct his faults, to encourage him to ſtudy, and to implant ſentiments of honour and generoſity in his young breaſt. The perſons alſo, whom he had choſen to aſſiſt him in theſe labours, exerted their utmoſt to promote the ſame laudable purpoſes.

Yet theſe endeavours, ſo affectionately undertaken in his favour, were not ſo ſucceſsful as might naturally be

be hoped: Lorenzo was of a reſtleſs, inconſtant diſpoſition, and would forget the ſenſible advice which was given him, even at the very moment that he received it. In the hours allotted to ſtudy, he ſuffered his thoughts to wander in ſuch a manner as not to poſſeſs the ſmalleſt attention for the leſſons of his maſters. All his occupations were ſacrificed to the moſt frivolous amuſements; and he ſhewed the ſame negligence in the care of his perſon and his books. His cloaths were always in diſorder; and, notwithſtanding his agreeable face and figure, one could not approach him without feeling a certain diſtaſte ariſe on ſeeing ſo much ſlovenlineſs.

It is eaſy to conceive how prejudicial this inattention was to his advancement in learning. All his claſs fellows left him far behind. There was not one, even to the ſmalleſt, who came to the ſchool long after him, who did not look upon him with contempt, as they were, every day, outſtripping him. Whenever any ſtrangers of condition viſited the houſe, he was always ſent out of the way, leſt his ſhabbineſs and wild appearance ſhould diſgrace his companions. He never appeared in the public yearly examinations that were held in the ſchool: his ignorance would have been conſidered as a reproach to the eſtabliſhment.

All theſe humiliating circumſtances made no impreſſion on him: ſtill he continued in the ſame levity, the ſame diſſipation, the ſame negligence. His teachers beheld him with a ſort of inward regret; and their zeal for his improvement grew, every day, cooler and cooler. They would often ſay to each other, Poor Lorenzo! how unhappy he will make himſelf! What will his parents ſay, when they ſee him return home ſo full of ill habits, and ſo deficient in learning?

Two whole years had thus ſlipped away, without the leaſt profit to his education, when, at the end of that time, he received a parcel ſealed with black: he opened it and read the following letter:

My dear Son,

YOU have no longer a father. Heaven has deprived us of our protector and our friend: there now remains but you upon earth, who can afford comfort to my ſorrow, by ſhewing your actions and your ſentiments to be

worthy

worthy of my affection; but if you were to deceive my expectations, if I muſt renounce the pleaſing hopes of ſeeing the virtues of him, whom I have loſt, revive one day in your breaſt, I ſhould have nothing left but to die in deſpair. I ſend you your father's picture, and conjure you to carry it always about you. Look at it often, and endeavour to become as worthy a man as he was. I will let you continue at ſchool the remaining part of this year, that you may have ſo much more time to accompliſh yourſelf, both in mind and perſon. Conſider that you hold my deſtiny in your hands, and that you alone can now afford a moment's happineſs to your

Affectionate MOTHER.

Lorenzo's giddineſs had not ſuppreſſed the feelings of nature in him; and this letter awakened them effectually. He burſt into tears, wrung his hands, and, in a voice broken with ſobs, he cries, Ah! my father, my father, have I then loſt you for ever! Taking the portrait, he preſſes it to his heart and his lips, and apoſtrophizes it with theſe words: O dear author of my being, you have expended ſo much for my inſtruction, and I have not profited from it! You were ſo worthy a man, and I—No, I do not deſerve to be called your ſon.

He ſpent the whole day in theſe bitter reflexions. At night he went to bed, but in vain he turned himſelf to and fro: ſleep viſited him not. His imagination repreſented before his eyes the form of his father, who, in an angry and terrible voice, thus rebuked him: unworthy boy, I have ſacrificed my repoſe and my life to make you happy, and you bring diſhonour on my name by your miſconduct. His thoughts would then turn on his mother, and on the diſtreſs that he muſt occaſion to her, inſtead of the conſolation which ſhe expected to receive from his return. What will be her diſtreſs, ſaid he, when I ſhall appear before her, and have none but the moſt mortifying teſtimonies of my inattention to ſhew her from my inſtructors! Inſtead of having cauſe to be proud of the education that ſhe has given me, I ſhall force her to bluſh: ſhe will wiſh to love me, and I ſhall deſerve but her hatred. O my dear parent! I ſhall, perhaps, be the cauſe of her death. Oh, that I had

had profited better by the inſtructions that have been laviſhed upon me! Oh that I could recover the precious time that I have loſt!

Thus did he torment himſelf the whole night, and bathe his bed with his tears. As ſoon as it was light, he roſe in haſte, intending to begin an immediate and perſevering application to his ſtudies; but meeting the head maſter, as he deſcended to the ſchool, he fell on his knees before him, and, O Sir, ſaid he, you ſee here the moſt unfortunate child upon earth. I have not attended to your words. I have learned nothing of what I ſhould now know perfectly. Have compaſſion on me; I would not wiſh to make my mother die of grief.

The maſter was ſenſibly touched with this addreſs: he raiſed Lorenzo, and embraced him. My dear child, ſaid he, ſince you ſee your fault, you may ſtill repair it. You perceive how dreadfully mortifying it is to have cauſe for ſelf-reproach. Before you had a clear ſenſe of your folly, you were barely blameable; but a continuance of it would be criminal in you now. Two whole years you have entirely loſt: you have but another for the finiſhing of your ſtudies. Judge how you muſt exert yourſelf. However, be not diſcouraged: there is nothing that cannot be accompliſhed with aſſiduity and perſeverance. Begin this very moment: it ſhall not be the fault of my zeal, if you are not very ſoon as well ſatisfied with yourſelf as you now have reaſon to be otherwiſe.

Lorenzo could thank him no otherwiſe than by taking his hand, and preſſing it to his lips. He then ran immediately to his form, and began to ſtudy his leſſon, and continued to do the ſame every day following. His maſters, aſtoniſhed at ſuch perſevering diligence, ſet immediately about cultivating his natural parts with more care and attention than they had ever uſed before. His companions, who had conceived a mean opinion of him, were ſoon obliged to change it for eſteem. Encouraged by all theſe fortunate circumſtances, Lorenzo every day redoubled his ardour and vigilance. He was no longer that giddy child who neglected every duty to indulge himſelf in filly, trifling amuſements. Order and cleanlineſs ſucceeded to his former ſlovenly manner; and his teachers were now obliged to force him away

away from his ſtudies, in order to make him enjoy ſome relaxation. He would ſometimes, indeed, find himſelf inſenſibly relapſing towards his old habits, but he needed only to caſt an eye upon his father's picture to ſtrengthen him afreſh in his laudable reſolution.

The year which his mother had allowed him for the finiſhing of his ſtudies, was drawing near a period: it ſeemed to glide away very rapidly, as he filled up every moment of his time, and therefore found it hardly ſufficient for the ſubjects of his application.

At length the hour of departure arrived. The change wrought in his character had attached his companions to him ſo affectionately, that the thoughts of parting with him gave them extreme concern. His maſters were grieved to ſee a youth depart, who now began to do credit to their inſtructions; and he was grieved no leſs at leaving his maſters, whoſe prudent advice had ſo well ſupported him in his reſolution: the head maſter in particular, who began to felicitate himſelf on Lorenzo's progreſs as his own proper work, was inconſolable; and his concern appeared very ſtrongly expreſſed, in a letter which he wrote to Lorenzo's mother, rendering her the moſt advantageous account poſſible, of her ſon's behaviour.

During the whole journey, Lorenzo's emotions of hope, joy, and expectation, kept him *tremblingly alive*. His heart throbbed with the idea of reviſiting the ſcenes of his infancy; nor did he now dread ſo much to ſhew himſelf before his mother, becauſe he was conſcious, that for a twelvemonth paſt, he had neglected nothing that could tend to his improvement. Yet he could not help ſaying to himſelf, now and then, Fool that I was! Could I not have done the ſame thing three years ago? I ſhould be, at this day, much farther advanced in learning. How many things, of which I am now ignorant, might I not have learned in that interval! Alas, I might have ſpared myſelf many ſorrowful and mortifying reflexions.

His mother had come a part of the way to meet him. With what joy did ſhe behold her dear ſon once more! The head maſter's letters had before informed her of his happy reformation: he now brought one from him, the contents of which were ſtill more flattering. A mother

mother only wiſhes for new reaſons to love her ſon with redoubled fondneſs. Thoſe reaſons ſhe found in the idea that Lorenzo had reformed his conduct only out of affection for her; and, with a mother's eye, ſhe looked preſagingly forward to the happineſs of his future life.

Lorenzo did not diſappoint theſe hopes. After dedicating a few days to the viſits of his relations and friends, he returned with freſh ardour to a life of application. The habit of being always employed gave ſtrength to his underſtanding, ſo that he ſoon acquired every information neceſſary to qualify him for putting himſelf at the head of his family affairs. The management of them was too laborious for a tender woman, already much depreſſed by her grief; and her ſon's activity, diligence, and ſkill, ſoon brought them into a flouriſhing ſtate. A wealthy eſtabliſhment, which he formed ſoon after, and the good order with which he conducted it, placed him in a ſituation ſufficiently at eaſe to enable him to undertake, himſelf, the education of his numerous children. He endeavoured, above all things, to make them thoroughly perceive the ineſtimable value of time; and to caution them, by his own experience, againſt ever expoſing themſelves to the unpleaſant regret of having ill employed it.

JASPER AND EMILIUS.

MR. MEANWELL, who had been long abſent from his native country, on account of a conſiderable employment that he held in the Eaſt-Indies, was at length returned to his family, in order to enjoy, in their peaceful ſociety, the ample fruits of his labours. He had but one ſon, about fourteen years of age, in whom his fondeſt hopes were centered. It was in order to ſecure to this ſon the advantages of a ſplendid fortune that he had devoted his life to buſineſs of the moſt laborious nature, far from his country and his friends. His views, in this reſpect, had been gratified beyond the extent of his wiſhes. He returned, loaded with wealth; but, alas!

alas! he very soon perceived how much better the time which he had spent in acquiring it, would have been employed in personal attention to his son's improvement, and how much more likely such an attention would have been to ensure him happiness than all his riches.

Mrs. Meanwell, who was as weak in understanding as in constitution, had put young Jasper under the care of a family tutor, who, in order to keep his employment, had only studied to gratify the child's whims, and impose on the blind fondness of a mother, who idolized her son. Intoxicated with the flattery of all about him, Jasper had insensibly grown hardened in all the ill habits that he had been suffered to contract from his infancy. His tutor, whose ignorance, though tolerably profound, scarce equalled his meanness, frequently gave him to understand, that with the treasures which he was one day to possess, he had no occasion to impair his health by a close application to study; and that Fortune, by the care which she had taken of him, had too favourably distinguished him from the rest of mankind to subject him to the same labours. These perfidious insinuations accorded so well with the natural weakness and presumption of his pupil, that they effected the complete corruption of his heart and his understanding; Jasper was therefore become a confirmed liar, slothful, insensible to the affections of his fellow-creatures, and so disgustingly conceited as to look down upon all who were his inferiors in fortune, as if they were no better than beasts of the field. Of all the stories with which the tutor amused his idleness, he listened only to those that afforded examples of pride and effrontery. Instances of courage, greatness of soul, and humanity, made no impression upon him; nor were his eyes ever moistened with those delicious tears which the recital of a virtuous action draws from the eyes of those who possess true generosity.

This odious character was not long concealed from Mr. Meanwell's observation. What a fatal discovery for an affectionate father, who, returning from the farthest parts of the earth, with the hopes of one day finding, in his son, the comfort and glory of his old age, saw him already possessed of every quality that was unpromising and disgraceful. His first care was to dismiss

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the contemptible perſon, who had been made his inſtructor. Notwithſtanding the bodily infirmities which already began to attack him, he reſolved to take upon himſelf alone the charge of remedying the faulty education of his ſon. He imagined, however, that he would ſucceed better in this undertaking if he placed near him a child of a good diſpoſition, and nearly his own age, whoſe behaviour might inſpire him with a noble emulation. The choice of ſuch a companion, he thought, ſhould not be left to chance. For ſeveral weeks he ſought ineffectually for ſuch an one, but happening one day to be riding in the country, and earneſtly meditating upon his project, he perceived, at the entrance of a village, a number of young boys at play: one of them was poſſeſſed of ſo happy a phyſiognomy that, at the firſt ſight, Mr. Meanwell was captivated with him. He approached him, aſked him a few queſtions in a mild tone of voice, and received anſwers ſo replete with candour and ſimplicity that they effectually confirmed in his mind the good opinion which the youth's countenance had excited. He learned from him, that he was the eldeſt of ſix children, that his father was the apothecary of the village, and barely able to maintain him and the reſt of his family in the moſt limited mediocrity. Theſe particulars having given Mr. Meanwell ſome hopes, he begged the boy, whoſe name was Emilius, to conduct him to his father. He found him to be a ſenſible man, and one whoſe abilities, in a more enlarged ſphere, might have procured him the higheſt eſtimation. But moderate in his deſires, he preferred the tranquillity of a retired country life to the noiſy buſtle of the capital; and contented himſelf with the happineſs of doing good to his poor neighbours, and of fulfilling the duty of a parent to his numerous children. His wife, who was ſtill young, had adopted his views, and prudence ſeemed to divide, with happineſs, the government of his family. Mr. Meanwell, after having, for ſome time, diſcourſed with them concerning their children, in order the better to underſtand the principles which they had followed in their education, ſoon perceived them to be ſuch as correſponded with his own ideas. In the fulneſs of his joy he took the apothecary by the hand, and imparted to him the

design that he had in view, with respect to his son, assuring him, that he would bring him up as his own, and that from that day forward he would take upon him the care of his fortune. The well known integrity of Mr. Meanwell, and the reputation of his wealth and interest, would have induced parents, who were less affectionate, or more ambitious, to accept his offers without hesitation: but the parents of Emilius found a difficulty in parting with a son who formed their principal happiness; and the boy himself was no less averse to the proposal than they were. However, the more objections they raised to the scheme, the more Mr. Meanwell, actuated by fresh sentiments of esteem, adhered to it. In short, he redoubled his solicitations so powerfully that he, at length, shook their resolution. The frequent opportunities which would offer of seeing their son, and the hope that his advancement might one day contribute to that of his brothers and sisters, induced them, at length, to yield their consent; and Mr. Meanwell took his leave, filled with the most perfect and heartfelt satisfaction.

Three days were demanded by the parents of Emilius to prepare him for appearing in town; at the end of that time Mr. Meanwell appeared at their door. I will not attempt to describe to you the grief occasioned by the departure of a child so dearly loved by his family. Emilius, who had had the courage to restrain his tears in the presence of his mother for fear of encreasing her sorrow, was no sooner seated in the carriage than he let fall a flood of tears. Mr. Meanwell did not seek, at first, to interrupt them otherwise than by silent caresses; but when the first gush of sorrow was over, he took Emilius by the hand, and, kissing him, My boy, said he, be not afflicted; you see in me a second father, who will cherish you with as much affection as the parent whom nature has given you. Be honest, courteous, and diligent, and nothing shall ever be wanting to your happiness.

Emilius was something eased by these marks of tenderness and affection. Then you shall be my other father, said he, pressing Mr. Meanwell's hand between his, and I will make myself worthy of your friendship and regard.

Mr.

Mr. Meanwell introduced Emilius into his houſe upon the footing of a ſon, and ordered all his ſervants to treat him with the ſame reſpect; and his mild and ſenſible manner ſoon gained him the affection of all that approached him. Jaſper was the only perſon of the family who could not behold him without an emotion of envy. He ſoon perceived that the preſence of this rival laid him under the neceſſity of altering his behaviour, and of becoming more diligent in his ſtudies. Not being able to find in his heart any juſt foundation for hating Emilius, he thought that he might at leaſt reaſonably deſpiſe him as the ſon of a poor country apothecary. Dreading, however, his father's diſpleaſure, he was obliged to keep theſe thoughts to himſelf, and therefore diſguiſed them under the maſk of friendſhip. Emilius, who could not ſuſpect in others a falſhood to which his own heart was a ſtranger, grew tenderly attached to him; he endeavoured to aſſiſt him in all his exertions, and to facilitate the labours of his ſtudy; at the ſame time he put up with his pride and capriciouſneſs, as one uſually winks at the defects of a beloved friend.

He had already been accuſtomed, under the immediate direction of his father, to exert his powers of apprehenſion, ſo that he met with nothing, in the courſe of his ſtudy, that was capable of damping his ardour. Endowed with a lively penetration and a powerful memory, and, eſpecially, animated with the deſire of meriting the applauſe and encouragement of Mr. Meanwell, he made ſo rapid a progreſs that his maſters could ſcarcely believe it poſſible. He improved himſelf no leſs ſucceſsfully in the exerciſes of the body; thus his manners became graceful, at the ſame time that his underſtanding was enlightened, and his heart expanded with ſentiments of honour and generoſity. Mr. Meanwell beheld him every day with renewed affection; and even ſtrangers were ſeldom twice in his company without feeling a ſecret prepoſſeſſion in his favour. Polite without affectation, attentive without ſervility, chearful without thoughtleſsneſs, he enlivened, by his preſence, the joy and happineſs of the whole family. In the midſt of theſe flattering circumſtances, Emilius, far from ſuffering the illuſions of vanity to ſteal upon him, became only

only the more modeſt. Although he could not be inſenſible to his own ſuperiority over Jaſper, he would have been contented to call it in queſtion, and ſtill better pleaſed to have hid it from the obſervation of others, for fear of mortifying his friend. He was the firſt to defend him, or to make him appear to advantage. Ah! ſaid he to himſelf, if my friend had not been ſo beneficent to me, and ſo powerfully aſſiſted me in every laudable acquirement, 'ſpite of the affectionate cares of my father, I ſhould ſtill be far from knowing even what little I know. Other children in my ſituation would, perhaps, have profited better from the opportunities indulged me by Providence. Jaſper himſelf would, perhaps, have ſurpaſſed me, had he been in my ſituation, and I in his. He can do without learning better than I can; the abſolute neceſſity of acquiring it has done every thing for me.

Eight years paſſed on thus, during which, Emilius made himſelf maſter of every accompliſhment that is conferred by the moſt liberal education. Time and place would fail me, were I deſirous to particularize to you the various mental acquirements with which he had ſtored his underſtanding. As to Jaſper, it would be a ſtill longer talk to enumerate all thoſe which he had not. His natural ſelf ſufficiency had perſuaded him, that with a few terms of ſcience, which was all that remained to him from his ſtudies, he was a match for ſome of the ableſt maſters. His diſpoſition, in the mean time, was, at bottom, very little altered; the fear of his father had, indeed, a little reſtrained his vicious impetuoſities, but, in return, it had beſtowed on him hypocriſy as a convenient maſk to conceal them.

Mr. Meanwell, whoſe penetrating eye obſerved them, even through this veil, would have fallen a victim to the chagrin which he felt on this mortifying diſcovery, if the good behaviour of Emilius had not afforded him a pleaſing conſolation. Nevertheleſs, when Jaſper had reached his twentieth year, the apprehenſions that he formed to himſelf of his ſon's future impropriety of conduct, overbalanced every other conſideration. While his heart was torn with theſe cruel reflexions, he was ſeized with a violent diſorder, which carried him off in a few days, in ſpite of the affectionate cares and ardent

wiſhes that Emilius teſtified for his diſcovery, even to the fatal moment which ſeparated them for ever.

Jaſper, freed as he now was from the curb which formerly reſtrained his paſſions, had ſcarcely paid the laſt offices to his father, before he began to ſhew forth his natural diſpoſition. Ungrateful to the memory of an excellent father, in the perſon whom he had adopted as a ſecond ſon, and forgetting the obligations that he himſelf bore to the ſame youth, he furiouſly ſhut his doors upon him, and flew down to his paternal ſeat in the country, there to make himſelf amends for his former conſtraint, by indulging a life of ſavage tumult and unbridled licentiouſneſs.

How different were the emotions which impelled the heart of Emilius, who was now returned to the mediocrity of his father's houſe; he grieved, indeed, but not on account of his change of condition. Mr. Meanwell had made him a handſome proviſion for life; but his intereſt gave him very little concern; it was the loſs of his generous benefactor that he felt moſt ſenſibly: the recent loſs of that friend who had taken care of his youth, whom he was accuſtomed to look upon as a father, and in whom he had found all the affections of one. The ſorrow occaſioned by this loſs brought on a ſickneſs, which had nearly ſent him after the friend whom he mourned. In the moſt violent fits of his delirium, he pronounced only the name of Mr. Meanwell. He even called his father by this name, whenever he ſat by his bed, as the diſorder deprived him of all knowledge of his relations. They were long apprehenſive for his life: in effect, he owed his recovery to the vows and indefatigable cares of a family who all ſeemed only to exiſt in him.

After devoting a few months to the ſatisfaction which his friends enjoyed in ſeeing his health reeſtabliſhed, and in admiring his virtues and accompliſhments, Emilius returned to the capital, intending to enter upon one of the learned profeſſions, and, in the mean time, reſuming his ſtudies with more eagerneſs and advantage than ever. He had gained the friendſhip and eſteem of many perſons of quality, during his reſidence at the houſe of Mr. Meanwell, who now united all their intereſt to procure him an advantageous eſtabliſhment. The duke of ———, having juſt finiſhed his ſtudies, was

was about to make the tour of Europe, and Emilius was recommended to his family as a proper perſon to accompany him. Though he appeared very young for ſuch an office, he, nevertheleſs, impreſſed them ſo favourably with reſpect to his character and conduct, that he was judged to be as truſty and intelligent a governor as they could ſend with the young nobleman. In the courſe of this tour, he found numberleſs opportunities of enlarging and applying the knowledge that he had acquired from ſtudy. His ſprightly wit and engaging manners, made him a favourite at every court which his pupil viſited. There were even ſome foreign princes, who diſtinguiſhed him in a very flattering manner, and wiſhed to attach him to their ſervice; but his engagements to the young duke's family made him decline every offer, however ſplendid. He was not long without receiving the reward of his fidelity. He had ſcarce conducted his pupil home to his native country, when a nobleman of the ſame family being appointed ambaſſador to one of the foreign courts, choſe him for his ſecretary. During a long illneſs of the ambaſſador, Emilius managed the principal buſineſs of the embaſſy, which he performed with ſo much ability, that upon the miniſter's recommendation, he was entruſted with a very delicate negociation, in which he had the honour, as well as ſatisfaction, of rendering his country a ſervice of the moſt important nature.

Jaſper, in the mean time, had met with very different fortune: we left him in the country, upon his eſtate, harraſſing his game and his tenants. This way of life gave the finiſhing ſtroke to his manners; that is to ſay, it rendered them thoſe of a brute, and his underſtanding ſeemed degraded to the groſſeſt degree of ruſticity. A quarrel with a neighbouring country gentleman, in which his paltry behaviour covered him with ſhame and mortification, forced him to quit his country reſidence, and to come up again to London: but even thither his infamy purſued him; and being aggravated with the additional impeachment of fraud, became a ſubject of the moſt public notoriety.

Jaſper now found himſelf excluded from all genteel company, where his father's name had formerly procured him a welcome. Unable to find a reſource, either in

ſtudy or reflexion, he ſuffered himſelf to be carried away by the torrent of vicious example; and gaming ſoon ſuggeſted to him the deſign of ſelling his eſtate, and afterwards furniſhed him with opportunities of diſſipating his money, while intemperance and debauch, at the ſame time, made rapid havoc with his conſtitution. In order to elude his creditors whoſe importunities now became preſſing, he determined to tranſport himſelf to the continent, and, by a ſingular accident, arrived in the very ſame town where Emilius reſided, and where, for his many amiable and reſpectable qualities, he enjoyed the univerſal eſteem of all parties.

The unhappy Jaſper carried with him ſtill his extravagant paſſion for play: fortune ſeemed at firſt to favour him in this new ſcene; and his expenſive manner of living procured him credit. But it was not long before his affairs fell into confuſion; and his creditors, finding that he had treated them with the groſſeſt impoſitions, ſent him to priſon upon his not being able to ſatisfy their demands. The rumour of ſuch a diſgrace happening to one of his countrymen, ſoon occaſioned Emilius to come to the knowledge of his name. "Heavens!" cried he, "is the ſon of my deareſt benefactor in a priſon?" for he immediately forgot Jaſper's ungenerous behaviour towards him. He flew, therefore, to the dungeon where he was confined. But, alas! in what a dreadful condition did he find him! Pale, diſfigured, pining in diſtreſs, waſted by pain, harrowed by remorſe, and a prey to all the convulſions of rage and deſpair. He ſtrikes off his chains, ſnatches him from this manſion of horror, carries him to his own houſe, and there treats him with the moſt affectionate care and attention. He would have ſacrificed all his fortune to reſtore him to life, and to be the author of his happineſs. But heaven had already dealt the avenging blow. Jaſper ſurvived this event but a few days. Emilius was grieved at his death as much as if he had loſt the moſt affectionate friend. He was inconſolable that fate had put it out of his power to render to the ſon of his benefactor the kindneſſes which he had received from the father. This reflexion depreſſed his ſpirits a conſiderable time. Images of gloomy ſadneſs were ever before his eyes, and haunted him even in his moſt collected hours of buſineſs; but

but the alacrity with which he attended to his duty, and the command which he was accuſtomed to exerciſe over himſelf, reſtored him at length to his uſual ſerenity of mind; and he continued to perform the offices of his employ with a zeal and integrity, that ſoon advanced him to the exalted ſtation in which we ſee him at this day.

THE PUNISHMENT OF PRIDE.

RUPERT, the ſon of an honeſt labourer, had early teſtified a ſtrong inclination for the profeſſion of arms. He was continually exerciſing with his ſpade, and had ſcraped acquaintance with every gamekeeper in the neighbourhood, in order that he might have an opportunity of handling their fowling pieces. At the age of eighteen, he enliſted as a ſoldier; and being (through the good care which his father had taken of his education) a tolerable proficient in writing and figures, he was very ſoon made corporal, and after that, ſergeant.

At the commencement of the war, his regiment going abroad, he behaved himſelf ſo remarkably well the firſt campaign as to obtain a pair of colours. He had been ſent upon ſeveral hazardous expeditions, in which he ſhewed himſelf to be equally intelligent and brave; and it was remarked, to his praiſe, that a ſoldier had never turned his back while under his command.

The general, who had been a witneſs to his bravery in many engagements, now promoted him to the command of a company, in order to raiſe the emulation of his troops by the example of Rupert's good fortune. And, ſome campaigns after, a very ſplendid action that he performed in a battle in which moſt of the elder captains of the regiment were killed, was the occaſion of his being elevated to the poſt of major.

Honourable mention had frequently been made of his name in the public papers; and his brothers were often gratified by their neighbours, with the recital of actions conſiderably to his praiſe. It may eaſily be

imagined how proud they were of being so nearly related to him. Whenever they spoke of him, they shed tears of joy. Their affection to him seemed to entitle them to a share in his reputation; and they wished for the happy moment of his safe return, that they might embrace a brother who did so much honour to his kindred.

With all these good qualities, however, Rupert possessed one which was very odious; his words and actions were marked with the most insupportable arrogance. There was no man in the world (to take his word for it) so sensible or so intrepid as himself. He spoke of his own valiant deeds as a flattering courtier would of those of a sovereign prince, before his face. He arrogated to himself more glory from them than was justly due to him; and seemed insensible to the merit of the other officers, whenever they acquitted themselves with as much gallantry as himself.

At the conclusion of the war, his regiment returning home, was sent into country quarters, and (as it happened) by a route that led very near his own native village. As soon as ever his brothers were apprized of this circumstance, they went off to meet him on the road, accompanied by a few friends, and arrived in a neighbouring town just as the division which he commanded of the regiment had entered and was forming in the market place.

My dear Rupert, said the elder brother, how happy I am to see thee, and how happy would our aged father be, were he alive this day! Heaven be praised that we behold you safe returned from the dangers of war. For my part I never felt myself so happy in my life as at this moment. Saying these words, he held out his hand, inviting Rupert to a similar demonstration of fraternal amity. But the major, swelling with shame and indignation, to see a man, in a frize coat, call him brother, rejected his proffered salutation. You had better go home, said he, my friend. I have not time to talk to you at present. How! cried the younger brother, do not you know me neither? Look well at me: I am your brother George. You used to be very fond of me. It was from you that I learned to plow, when I was a boy.

The

The major now foamed with rage and despite, and having no other means to be rid of his unwelcome relations, he caused his soldiers to make a sudden movement or evolution, which obliged the surrounding populace, and amongst the rest, his brothers, to fall back, and retire from the spot of ground where he stood.

The two peasants, who had promised themselves so much joy and happiness in meeting with a brother that had been absent from them so many years, returned home full of grief and resentment. They were scarce able to credit their senses that such had been their indifferent reception with one whom, notwithstanding his unnatural pride, they found themselves ready still to love as a brother.

The soldiers who were present at this disgusting scene, did not, it is true, express their sentiments of it aloud, but they said to each other, in whispers, A man must have a very bad heart indeed, to be ashamed of his relations. Does our major think it a disgrace to be the same as we are? He ought much rather to be proud of having made his way, in the army, by merit, than to put on the airs of a man of family.

Rupert had not a soul formed for thinking so nobly: instead of remembering that he had once been a private soldier, he thought, by his assumed loftiness, to make his former comrades forget it. He treated them, therefore, with the last degree of contempt; but he appeared, in their eyes, much more worthy of this passion. His preferment, which before had given them so much satisfaction, now only served to mortify them. They obeyed his orders, but with reluctance; and every soldier in the regiment wished him fairly out of it.

One day, when the corps to which he belonged was passing in review before a general, this officer made some remarks on the manœuvres performed by the major with his division, to which the latter replied in terms of the most pointed disrespect. His supercilious deportment had, already, more than once offended his generals. This fresh breach of military subordination underwent the severest animadversion; for, as it was too public and gross to be passed over in silence, it became the subject of a general court martial, the decision of which compleated his ruin: for, even here, he expressed him-

ſelf in language ſo unguardedly perſonal againſt his proſecutor, and perſiſted, with ſuch inflexible haughtineſs, in refuſing to make a ſubmiſſion, that he was ſentenced to be caſhiered, to the univerſal joy of his regiment.

Reduced, by this ſtroke, to his original poverty, he was obliged to embrace the alternative, either of ſtruggling with indigence and neceſſity, or of employing means for his ſubſiſtence, which, before, he would have ſpurned as unworthy of his rank and conſequence. He had a ſmall farm, (if a piece of ground might be ſo called, that was ſcarcely large enough for a cabbage garden) ſituated cloſe by his native village. As (by his father's will) he had not the power of ſelling it in the life time of his brothers, he had let it to one of them upon his entering the army, but always thought the rent of it, though accumulating, an object of ſo ſmall importance, particularly after he was made an officer, that he had, ſince that time, in his own mind, almoſt wholly renounced the property of it, as he had the memory of his origin, and the relationſhip of the perſon who was his tenant. He now found himſelf, however, under the neceſſity of deriving, from this patch of ground, the means of his immediate ſubſiſtence, by making application to his brother for the rent ariſing from it. For this purpoſe a journey to the place of his nativity was, if not indiſpenſable, at leaſt highly expedient; and then it was when the peaſants and villagers, his former acquaintances, ſaw him come down among them, ſtripped of his plumes, and reduced to the ſame ſtate of harmleſs obſcurity with themſelves, that they repaid him his former inſolence with uſury. However, as he courted the friendſhip of none, in return none offered him their ſociety. Thus he ſaw himſelf deprived of one of the greateſt bleſſings that human life can afford, particularly to thoſe who are under the preſſure of adverſity.

If the other inhabitants of the village were offended at Rupert's unnatural pride, his brothers had, certainly, the firſt cauſe to reſent it, having been the more immediate objects of his inſult. Perhaps, therefore, you fear, leſt they ſhould, in their turn, have ſlighted him. "We know you not," would have been a juſt anſwer to all his

his applications and advances towards reconciliation: but, fortunately for him, the brothers poſſeſſed that real greatneſs of ſpirit which he wanted. They fought no other ſatisfaction than that of conferring kindneſſes on him. For this purpoſe the renter of his little farm, not only reſtored it to him in good condition, together with the revenues thence accruing, but concerted with the other brother the means of ſettling him comfortably, on a moderate farm, if he choſe to embrace that way of life. This, as they were thriving reſponſible perſons, they found no great difficulty to effect; and Rupert returned once more to the happy occupation, from which ambitious and chimerical dreams of glory had formerly ſeduced him. But he was by no means happy in his condition. Every day, as he went about thoſe labours, which he had ſo long diſdained, the thoughts of his former elevated hopes and expectations continually haunted him. How did he ſuffer, under the mortifying thought that he owed almoſt his preſent exiſtence to thoſe whom he, on the contrary, might, comparatively ſpeaking, have made rich men. Accurſed pride! he would ſay, to what a pitiable degree haſt thou humbled me!

This cutting reflexion filled his hours with bitterneſs; and he died, in a ſhort time, devoured with chagrin, leaving a melancholy example to thoſe whom the ſame intoxicating paſſion might tempt to deſpiſe the ſound admonitions of reaſon and modeſty.

THE INCREASE OF FAMILY.

HONEST farmer Townſend was on a viſit to his ſiſter who had been a few years married and lived at the diſtance of nine or ten miles from his habitation. One evening, a little before ſupper, as he ſat with her and her huſband beſide their cottage door, and diſcourſed with them concerning family affairs, there paſſed by a little girl about five years of age, and totally in rags. Townſend remarked the miſerable appearance of her whole perſon, and ſaid to his ſiſter, "There is a poor

little girl very much to be pitied. Not one rag about her ſeems to afford her a covering. It is a diſgrace to your pariſh. Her father muſt have very little induſtry, and her mother very little feeling."

Alas! anſwered his ſiſter, ſhe has no father nor mother, and there are two other children beſides her of the ſame family, who are equally wretched. Through ſome diſpute between two different pariſhes, (each aſſerting this deſtitute family to belong to the other) the poor children wander up and down the country, without houſe or home. They lie, at night, in barns, or under hedges. When hunger becomes troubleſome, they go and ſit down before the doors of cottages. If any body gives them a morſel of bread, they receive it with joy; but they never aſk any thing. Their father, who was a man of ſpirit, though reduced by ſickneſs to the moſt deplorable ſtate of poverty, forbad them, with his dying lips, to beg.

This recital affected the honeſt farmer very much. It is ſhocking, ſaid he, that any poor creatures ſhould be ſo neglected by the reſt of their ſpecies: I will take them, added he, under my care, ſince nobody here wiſhes to be charged with them. His ſiſter and her huſband thought it their duty to diſſuade him, as ſtrongly as poſſible, from this undertaking. They told him that he had children of his own, that he knew nothing about theſe, that they were, for three months paſt, accuſtomed to a lazy vagabond life, and that it was a matter of doubt whether they would ever turn to good. Then, brother, conſider, added they, what an addition of trouble they will cauſe to your wife, and what a burden they will be in your family.

Townſend was not one of thoſe weak men, who ſuffer themſelves to be diverted from the performance of a laudable deſign by a few difficulties accompanying it. He was not very ſolicitous to hear all their objections, and ſtill leſs to anſwer them.

He roſe, therefore, from his ſeat, in order to retire to reſt: but his ſcheme of benevolence, in favour of the orphans, kept him long awake, by exciting, in his mind, reflexions of a tenderer caſt than uſual; and the moiſture of generous compaſſion was ſtill upon his eyelids when they cloſed in ſleep for the night.

The

The next morning early he sent for the eldest girl who was about twelve years of age. I was given, said he, to understand, yesterday, that your father and mother are dead, and I see, by your dress, that they have not left you any great matters of fortune.

The little girl. No, indeed, we are poor enough.

Townsend. Have you no relations who would take you home?

The little girl. Yes, we have some, but they are too poor, as well as ourselves.

Townsend. Well, would you go with me, and be my child?

The little girl. Ah! if you would take me.

Townsend. Come then, that is settled: but I am going home on horseback, and could not take you all three together. It was the youngest sister that I saw first: I will begin with her. Bring the child to me. Let us be acquainted together.

The youngest girl soon came. She had a countenance so mild, and gained so much upon the farmer, by her little fond caresses, that he looked upon himself already as her father. He took her up, therefore, before him, on his horse; and when they arrived at the farm house, his wife asked him whose child that was. It is yours, Maria, answered he, and began withal to relate to her how the day before he had seen the little child, and been informed of her wretched and friendless situation; how he had compassion on her, and took her home with him, in order to support her as one of his own children.

During all this relation, the little girl crept close to the farmer's skirt, and shed tears without ceasing. Maria, who was as compassionate as her husband, sympathized with the little orphan; she took her up in her lap, and endeavoured to soothe her with these words: "Since my husband has promised to be your father, I will be your mother too. Come then, my dear child, do not cry any more."

Townsend. But, wife, there are two others besides who are equally worthy of our compassion, the brother and sister of this little one.

Maria. Ah! my dear, I see what you mean. Well, we must send for them.

The next day, the farmer put the horse to his chaise cart, and went for the other two orphans.

Go, said his wife, embracing him at his departure, go, my dear; and that Being, who sends us these children, will not fail to send us, also, bread for their nourishment.

Mr. Justice Garboil, however, thought otherwise. He had been landlord to the father of these unfortunate little ones, and was well apprized of their distress. Hearing the farmer had taken them home to his house, he dispatched his clerk to him, with a peremptory injunction to send the children to their own settlement, (which, it has been observed before, was in litigation) or, in failure thereof, to give security to his own parish, that they should never become chargeable to it.

Farmer Townsend was filled with indignation on receiving such a message. If this, cried he, be his worship's humanity, I had rather be the child of misery, for an age, than accept the condition of that overswoln bashaw, during his most self-complacent hour. Let me know, however, what bail is required; I am ready. Poor innocents! the more I see oppression endeavour to tread you down, the dearer you become to me, and the more I feel myself interested to protect you.

After the farmer had satisfied every demand of Justice Garboil, he returned to his house, and now, said he, surely these children are mine. Nobody will question my being a father to them, by one title or other.

You are anxious, no doubt, my young friends, to know what became of these children, in the sequel. Luckily I can inform you, by relating to you a conversation between Farmer Townsend and a person who happened to be travelling in that part of the country some years afterwards.

All the little family were at play together, one evening, before the farmer's door, while Maria was getting their supper ready. He himself was in the midst of them, partaking of their sport and festivity. The traveller happened to pass by just at the time, and stopped to gaze on this specimen of rural happiness.

Are all those children yours, neighbour? said he to the farmer.

Yes,

Yes, Sir, answered Townsend: I have ten of them alive: seven that Providence bestowed on me, and three that I have purchased.

Purchased? said the traveller, much surprized.

Why, Sir, it was, in some sense, a purchase, replied the farmer, and, upon this, told him the whole story, adding, as he concluded it, thank heaven, neither my wife nor I have, at any time, repented of the action. It was the best bargain that ever I made in my life.

The traveller. There must be no small expence in the maintenance of such a family.

Townsend. It seems, at first view, a difficult matter to find bread for them all without an estate; for any one can easily spend the fruits of his own labour: and, unless you were to make a trial, you would scarcely think it possible to be done. I owe, perhaps, to this difficulty, the good management which has ever kept me above want; but when a man is sober, laborious, and circumspect, he will always have a trifling superfluity for the unfortunate.

The traveller. And your children are not jealous of these strangers?

Townsend. Strangers? There are none here. We are all one family promiscuously. There is no strife but which will be the most loving and affectionate. I give you leave to guess which are my children by birth; at times I can hardly distinguish them myself.

The traveller. But I do not see the elder of the girls amongst them.

Townsend. No, I dare say not, for she has other business in hand; she must look after her own household.

The traveller. Is she married then?

Townsend. Yes, that she is. She fell into the nets of a fisherman, one that hauls them to some account, I promise you, and makes a good livelihood by his trade. It is true, I furnished him pretty plentifully with stock.

The traveller. What, did you give her a portion then?

Townsend. That must be done, to get a daughter off your hands. Look you at his boats and fishing tackle, if they are not the compleatest on this coast.

The traveller. Still you had no occasion to have done that. She was nothing to you.

Townsend.

Townsend. No? She made me happier than any of my own has been able to make me as yet, on account of their age. She has a young daughter already, who calls me grandfather. That sounds so droll!

Farmer Townsend then entertained the traveller with the happiness and satisfaction that he enjoyed, in the improvement of the other two orphans.

The youngest girl, says he, is big enough already to assist my wife in the business of the house. As to the boy, there is not his fellow in the county for tending a flock. Ah! if you knew how fond they all are of me, and how much I love them in return!

His heart was softened at this recital of his own, and a tear of benevolence moistened his eye. He wiped it away, however, immediately, and said, with an ironical smile, Ah! Justice Garboil, Justice Garboil, you might have had all this happiness, if your heart could have known a duty beyond the letter of the law. You forced me to give bail; but you little thought it was to ensure to me, for life, a happiness to which you have ever been a stranger.

THE HUMOROUS ENGAGEMENT *.

TOMMY Merton, the son of a gentleman of fortune, and Harry Sandford, the son of an honest farmer, were both under the care and instruction of Mr. Barlow, a country clergyman. Harry, in one of his walks with Mr. Barlow, had saved a young chicken from the claws of a kite. He had taken the greatest care possible of its little wounds, and fed it every day with his own hands. The little animal was now perfectly recovered of the hurt it had received, and shewed so great a degree of affection to its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle in his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand.

* This story is taken from the history of Sandford and Merton, and the following piece from a Dutch novel, in a series of letters.

Tommy

Tommy was extremely surprized and pleased to remark its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had been made so gentle. Harry told him he had taken no particular pains about it, but that, as the poor little creature had been sadly hurt, he had fed it every day till it was well, and that, in consequence of that kindness, it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him. Indeed, said Tommy, that is very surprizing, for I thought all birds had flown away whenever a man came near them, and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them.

Mr. Barlow. And what do you imagine is the reason of that?

Tommy. Because they are wild.

Mr. Barlow. And what is a fowl's being wild?

Tommy. When he will not let you come near him.

Mr. Barlow. Then a fowl is wild because he will not let you come near him; and will not let you come near him because he is wild: this is saying nothing more than, that when a fowl is wild he will not let you approach him. But I want to know what is the reason of his being wild.

Tommy. Indeed, Sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because they are naturally so.

Mr. Barlow. But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry.

Tommy. That is because he is so good to it.

Mr. Barlow. Very likely. Then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a person that is good to him?

Tommy. No, Sir, I believe not.

Mr. Barlow. But when a person is not good to him, or endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him; is it not?

Tommy. Yes.

Mr. Barlow. And then you say that he is wild; do you not?

Tommy. Yes, Sir.

Mr. Barlow. Why, then, it is probable that animals are only wild because they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the fear of danger. I believe you would do the same from a lion or a tyger.

Tommy. Indeed I would, Sir.

Mr.

Mr. Barlow. And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal.

Tommy laughed heartily at this, and said, no. Therefore, said Mr. Barlow, if you want to tame animals, you must be good to them, and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you, and love you. Indeed, said Harry, that is very true: for I knew a little boy that took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden, and when he had his milk for breakfast, he used to sit under a nut tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him, and eat out of his bowl.

Tommy. And did it not bite him?

Harry. No; he sometimes used to give it a pat with his spoon, if it eat too fast; but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation, and being both good natured, and desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly he took a large slice of bread in his hand, and went out to seek some animal, that he might give it to. The first thing that he happened to meet, was a sucking pig that had rambled from its mother, and was basking in the sun: Tommy would not neglect the opportunity of shewing his talents; he therefore called Pig, pig, pig, come hither little pig! But the pig, who did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted, and ran away. You little ungrateful thing, said Tommy, do you treat me in this manner when I want to feed you? If you do not know your friends, I must teach you. Saying this, he sprung at the pig, and caught him by the hind leg, intending to have given him the bread which he had in his hand; but the pig, who was not used to be treated in that manner, began struggling and squeaking to that degree, that the sow, who was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter at her heels. As Tommy did not know whether she would be pleased with his civilities to her young one or not, he thought it most prudent to let it go; and the pig, endeavouring to escape as speedily as possible, unfortunately ran between his legs, and threw him down. The place where the accident happened was extremely wet; therefore Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot, and the sow, who came up at that instant,

inſtant, paſſed over him as he attempted to riſe, and rolled him back again into the mire. Tommy, who was not the coolest in his temper, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended kindneſs; and loſing all patience, he ſeized the ſow by the hind leg, and began pommelling her with all his might, as ſhe attempted to eſcape. The ſow, as may be imagined, did not reliſh ſuch treatment, but endeavoured with all her force to eſcape; but Tommy keeping his hold, and continuing his diſcipline, ſhe ſtruggled with ſuch violence, as to drag him ſeveral yards, ſqueaking in the moſt lamentable manner, in which ſhe was joined by the whole litter of pigs. During the heat of the conteſt a large flock of geeſe happened to be croſſing the road, into the midſt of which the affrighted ſow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goſlings retreated with the greateſt precipitation, joining their mournful cackling to the general noiſe; but a gander of more than common ſize and courage, reſenting the unprovoked attack which had been made upon his family, flew at Tommy's hinder parts, and gave him ſeveral ſevere ſtrokes with his bill. Tommy, whoſe courage had hitherto been unconquerable, being thus unexpectedly attacked by a new enemy, was obliged to yield to fortune; and not knowing the preciſe extent of his danger, he not only ſuffered the ſow to eſcape, but joined his vociferations to the general ſcream. This alarmed Mr. Barlow, who coming up to the place, found his pupil in the moſt woful plight, daubed from head to foot, with his face and hands as black as thoſe of any chimney-ſweeper. He enquired what was the matter, and Tommy, as ſoon as he had recovered breath enough to ſpeak, anſwered in this manner; Sir, this is all owing to what you told me about taming animals. I wanted to make them tame and gentle, and to love me, and you ſee the conſequences. Indeed, ſaid Mr. Barlow, I ſee you have been very ill treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it is owing to any thing I have ſaid, I ſhall feel the more concern. No, ſaid Tommy, I cannot ſay that I am much hurt. Why then, ſaid Mr. Barlow, you had better go and waſh yourſelf; and when you are clean, we will talk over the affair. When Tommy had returned, Mr. Barlow aſked him how the

accident

accident had happened, and when he had heard the ſtory, he ſaid I am very ſorry for your misfortune, but I do not perceive that I was the cauſe of it, for I do not remember that I ever adviſed you to catch pigs by the hinder legs.

Tommy. No, Sir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me, and ſo I wanted to feed the pig.

Mr. Barlow. But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore when you ſeized him in ſo violent a manner, he naturally attempted to eſcape, and his mother hearing his cries, very naturally came to his aſſiſtance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience; before you meddle with any animal, you ſhould make yourſelf perfectly acquainted with its nature and diſpoſition. Had you obſerved this rule, you would never have attempted to catch the pig by the hinder leg, in order to tame it; and it is very lucky that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal.

LITTLE GRANDISON.

A Letter from WILLIAM D—— to his MOTHER.

O Dear mama! every body here is in the greateſt conſternation. Charles went out early this morning on horſeback, attended by a ſervant, in order to pay a viſit to a friend five or ſix miles off; and only think, he is not returned yet. His father had deſired him to be home before five o'clock, and it is now paſt nine. Never before did he diſobey the commands of his parents. Something muſt have happened to him. It is a very dark night, and a dreadful thick fog. Mr. Grandiſon has juſt ſent off a ſervant to make enquiry about his ſon. How impatiently do I expect his return.

Eleven o'clock.

What diſtreſs! The ſervant is returned from the houſe where Charles went to ſpend the day. Charles had left

it with his servant before four o'clock. What can have become of him? Can he have gone astray in the forest, or fallen from his horse? Who can tell? Or have some villains robbed and murdered him? Good heaven! Mrs. Grandison will die with apprehension. Emily does nothing but weep. Edward is like one distracted; he runs every moment up stairs, and into the yard. Mr. Grandison endeavours to comfort his wife; but it is easy to see that himself is in the deepest affliction. He has just sent out men on horseback, different ways, to endeavour to find poor Charles. If it were not for leaving his wife in her present distress, he would, before this time, have hurried out in search of his son. Oh! that I had gone with my friend! I should, at least, have shared all his dangers: but Mrs. Grandison insisted that I should stay at home, on account of a slight cold. Perhaps, if I had entreated her pressingly, she would have suffered me to go with him. I am quite unhappy. I know not how I support my affliction. I can no longer hold the pen. I do not see what I write.

One o'clock in the morning.

No Charles yet. Not a soul has gone to bed. Indeed, who could rest? The servants wring their hands: Edward and Emily cry incessantly, O, brother! brother! and this encreases my unhappiness. I wish it were morning.

Half after six in the morning.

God be praised, mama, we have news of Charles. The servant, who was with him, is just returned. No accident has happened to my friend. It is not his fault that he caused us so much uneasiness: he staid out neither through carelessness nor for pleasure. Far from deserving to be blamed, he is worthy of the highest praise. Oh! when you shall hear his adventure! But Mr. Grandison absolutely insists that we all go and lie down for a few hours to recover ourselves, after the fatigues and anxiety of the night; and we must obey. Farewell, mama, until I awake. My first care shall be to write to you. I will rite two hours the sooner on purpose.

Nine o'clock.

I will now tell you the whole story, mama, from the account given us by the servant. His young master and himself

himself had set out before four o'clock, as I mentioned, in order to be at home by the time that Mr. Grandison had fixed for their return. They had scarcely come the fourth part of the way when it began, all at once, to grow dark. There came on so thick a fog, that one could not distinguish an object at the distance of two yards. Charles, who is naturally courageous, did not make himself the least uneasy. They held on their way at a full trot, when suddenly they perceived, straight before them, a man, stretched at his full length, on the road. What is here? cried Charles, stopping his horse. I suppose, replied the servant, somebody that has taken a glass too much. Let us go on, master.

No, said Charles, if it be a man in liquor we must remove him, at least out of the coach way, for fear some carriage passing by should go over him in the dark. He had not said these words before he was on the ground: but what was his surprize, when approaching the unfortunate stranger, he perceived him to be an old officer in regimentals. He had a large wound in his head, from which the blood flowed in abundance. Charles spoke to him, but he returned no answer.

It is a dead man, cried the servant, who had also alighted.

No, no; he is still alive, said Charles. He is only in a swoon. Heavens! what shall we do?

What can we do? replied the servant; we must go on; then we can call at the first village, and send somebody to his assistance.

How unfeeling you are, John, cried Charles, with vivacity; before the persons that we might be able to send should arrive here, this poor gentleman would be dead. See what a quantity of blood he has lost. Fasten our horses to these trees. We must ourselves give him whatever assistance we can.

How, Sir? said John; sure you are not serious. It will be dark night presently; and we shall never be able to find our way home in this fog.

Charles. Well, then, we will stay here.

John. And what will master and mistress say? You may guess how uneasy they will be.

Charles. Oh! that is very true. I never thought of that.

Charles

Charles was going to mount his horse again, but turning his eyes, which were filled with tears, towards the officer, he felt himself held to the spot by a secret power. No, unfortunate soldier, cried he, I will not leave you in this deplorable situation. My parents cannot be angry with me for it. I will not suffer a fellow creature to perish, without doing every thing in my power to relieve him.

As he said these words, he took off his cloaths in haste, and tore his waistcoat in two pieces.

John. What are you doing there, master?

Charles. I must bind up his forehead to stop the wounds.

John. But, Sir——

Charles. Do not say a word more, but come and assist me.

He then doubled his handkerchief in four folds, and bound the gentleman's head with it, which was still bleeding plentifully, and taking one side of his waistcoat, folded in length, he applied it to keep the bandage on fast with pins. Afterwards, assisted by John, he lifted the unfortunate stranger out of the high road, and carried him on the grass.

What shall we do now, Sir? said John.

Charles. You must gallop to the first village, and bring some people to convey this poor gentleman to a farm house. I will pay them for their trouble, and, in the mean time, I shall wait here for you.

John. Heaven forbid that I should do as you say. No, Master Charles, I will do no such thing. What, leave you all alone in this solitary place? Your father would never forgive me for it.

Charles. I take the whole upon myself, and I insist that you obey me.

John. Well, Sir, since you order me so positively, I have nothing more to say. But remember at least—

Charles. I will remember every thing.

John set off, therefore, as fast as his horse could gallop. A little farther on the road, he found a cottage in which were two men at work, making wicker baskets, with several women and children. He opened the door, and addressing himself to the head of the family, he requested him to come, with his eldest son, to the assistance

of

of an old officer, who had fallen on the road, and was weltering in his blood. They shewed, at first, some unwillingness to go out, on such a dark night, at the desire of a perfect stranger. But at length persuaded by the entreaties of John, and by the sincerity that appeared in his protestations, they went to fetch a sort of bier, and then accompanied him.

During all this time, Charles had not quitted the old gentleman's side a moment, and, by dint of care, had brought him to his senses again.

Shall I take the liberty, Sir, to ask your name, said he, as soon as he saw him open his eyes, and by what accident you came to be in this condition?

My name is Arthur, replied the old man, in a weak, tremulous voice. I am major in the ——— regiment. I had come from my own house, intending to take a ride. My horse stumbled on the road, hereabouts, and, in his fall, threw me over his neck. My head struck against a stone. I endeavoured to get up, but what with pain, loss of blood, and the weakness of old age, I fainted away, and cannot tell what happened to me from that moment. But you, amiable child, who so feelingly compassionate my misfortune, is it you that have dressed my wound, and saved my life!

Charles. Yes, Sir, and I am happy to have had it in my power to serve you. I had a servant with me: him I have sent to the next village to procure you lodging and assistance more effectual than mine.

The major. What, have you had the courage to stay by my side, in this lonely place, notwithstanding the darkness of the night! Young as you are, you have paid the most humane attention to me. What thanks do I owe you!

Charles. None, Sir. I have but done my duty, and shall count myself happy if I can be still farther useful to you.

This discourse was interrupted by the arrival of John with the two men. They placed the major on the bier, on which they had, previously, laid a good mattrass: but, in spite of the pains that they took to convey him gently, the shaking of the bier, as they walked along, revived the pain of his wound, so that he fell again into a fainting fit.

Charles having given his horſe to John to lead, walked in ſilence by the ſide of the bier, and ſhewed every ſort of attention poſſible to the wounded perſon, in order to make him recover his ſpirits. When they came to the door of the cottage, he made one of the countrymen mount his horſe, and diſpatched him, with all ſpeed, for a ſurgeon.

Nevertheleſs, John uſed the moſt earneſt perſuaſions to induce his young maſter to return home, and repreſented to him the terrors which his parents muſt feel, on account of his ſtay.

What, ſaid Charles, ſhould I leave this old man to die in the hands of ſtrangers! You ſee, he is ſtill inſenſible. I ſhould have done nothing for him, were I to leave him now. No, no, I will ſpend the night by his ſide.

John. How, Maſter Charles! You do not ſay ſo?

Charles. My reſolution is fixed. Do you haſten home to my father and mother; tell them every thing that has happened, that they may not be uneaſy on my account. Tell them that I will wait their orders, here, to-morrow.

John. Really, Sir, it is what I cannot think of doing. My maſter would receive me finely, if I were to return without you.

It muſt be ſo for all that, replied Charles, in a firm tone of voice. Do not loſe time. It is night already.

It was in vain that John proteſted againſt what he called the imprudence of his young maſter: he was obliged to go.

Charles was eaſier then, ſuppoſing that his parents would ſoon hear of him: but there was another unlucky accident ſtill deſtined to befal them; the fog grew thicker and thicker, the night grew darker, and John, loſing his way in a wood through which he was to paſs, and not knowing by what courſe he was to get out of it, was obliged, after many ineffectual ſcampers, to ſeat himſelf at the foot of a tree, and there to wait for daylight, leaving us, all the while, in the moſt terrible alarm. The poor man was quite exhauſted with cold and wearineſs when he came home this morning. Notwithſtanding his hurry to come, he was afraid to ſhew himſelf, leſt he ſhould be turned away. I cannot deſcribe

scribe to you his surprize, when, after finishing his story, he heard Mr. Grandison cry out, How much ought I to bless heaven for having given me such a son! And you, John, have done very well to obey his orders in every respect. Here are two guineas to make you amends for your bad night. Go, refresh yourself, and take a little sleep, that you may be able to go back to my son. I am not the least angry with him for all the uneasiness that he has caused us. He did every thing in his power to relieve us from it.

But how will my friend be grieved, when he learns from John what we ourselves have suffered. John is set off already. I saw Mr. Grandison give him a purse of money for his son, that he may have wherewithal to provide every thing necessary. I am impatient now to know whether the poor major be alive or dead. I hope soon to be able to give you some account of him. Farewell, dear mama, continue to love me, and love also my friend Charles for his courage, presence of mind, and humanity.

Eleven o'clock.

At last, mama, Charles is returned. With what transport did I embrace him. He appeared an angel in my eyes. Thanks to his care, the major is much better. His hurt will soon be cured.

Charles arrived much sooner than we expected. Emily was the first who saw him! She screamed out with joy and surprize, Charles! Charles! and ran precipitately to meet him: they came in, kissing each other. Charles quitted her at the door to fly to his father. He threw himself at his feet, and did not rise from thence till he perceived his mother hold out her arms to embrace him. I will relate to you, word for word, the discourse that passed between them. I shall never forget it as long as I live.

Charles. Can you pardon me, my dear parents, for having caused you so much uneasiness?

Mr. Grandison. Pardon you, my son? nay, rather let me embrace you a thousand and a thousand times. You have performed your duty to a fellow creature, without forgetting, at the same time, your duty to us. I thought it impossible for me to love you more than I did. But how was I mistaken!

Charles. Your goodneſs overwhelms me, papa.

Mr. Grandiſon. Let us ſay no more on the ſubject, my dear. How goes on your patient?

Charles. He is much better at preſent, though a little weak ſtill; but the ſurgeon aſſured me that his hurt was not the leaſt dangerous.

Mrs. Grandiſon. Is he ſtill in the cottage with thoſe poor people? Will they take good care of him?

Charles. Oh, mama, do not be uneaſy, his ſon is with him. As ſoon as he told me where he lived, I ſent thither, expreſs, to inform the family of his misfortune. The eldeſt of his ſons came immediately. What was my ſatisfaction, when I ſaw the wounded father in the arms of him whom he held moſt dear.

Mr. Grandiſon. And will the major be able to procure himſelf every thing that is neceſſary.

Charles. Oh, yes, papa, he is very rich; and here is your purſe as you ſent it me. I had no occaſion to make uſe of it.

Mr. Grandiſon. No matter; it is yours, my dear.

Charles. Mine, papa?

Mr. Grandiſon. Yes, Charles, I give it to you as a token of my ſatisfaction: I am ſure you will not open it, unleſs for a good purpoſe. Continue to be, all your lifetime, ſuch as you have ſhewn yourſelf to-day, and never let your heart be hardened againſt the misfortunes of your fellow-creatures.

Charles. Oh! papa, what can I ſay? I feared your reproaches, and you overwhelm me with kindneſs.

Mrs. Grandiſon. But how did you like being in that diſmal cabin?

Charles. I confeſs, mama, I did not much mind the place. I had nothing before my eyes but the poor old man, whom I was afraid of ſeeing die every moment.

Mrs. Grandiſon. Then you have not ſlept the whole night?

Charles. I made them lay ſome ſtraw by the major's bedſide; but my thoughts of the uneaſineſs that you, my brother, my ſiſter, and my friend, muſt ſuffer, and my continual fears for the poor wounded gentleman, all together contributed to baniſh ſleep from my eyelids. Oh! if I could have thought that you would have been a whole night, without knowing what was become of

me, how would my mind have been tortured. I ſhould have come home had I been obliged to grope my ſteps all the way in the dark.

Mrs. Grandiſon. Kiſs me, my dear boy, and again and again: but I will not indulge myſelf in the pleaſure of hearing you any longer. It is full time for you to go and take a little reſt.

We were obliged, therefore, to ſeparate, and I accompanied him to his chamber. How happy am I, ſaid he, ſqueezing my hand, that my parents are pleaſed with my conduct. Notwithſtanding the ſatisfaction that I felt in ſerving the poor major, I ſhould never have enjoyed comfort, had I made them angry.

Dear, amiable friend, cried I, embracing him. It was all that I could ſay, mama; my eyes were bathed in tears, my breaſt heaved with ſobs, I could not tear myſelf from his arms. Oh! how ſweet are the pleaſures of ſenſibility! and what happineſs it is to have a virtuous and affectionate friend!

CHARLES II.

A Drama in Five Acts.

From the German of Mr. Stephanie, but with conſiderable Deviations from the original in the two laſt Acts.

Characters.

Charles II.	Cromwell, *general*	of the Parliament Army.
Earl of Derby.	Luke, *captain.*	
Lord Wyndham.	Pembel, *ſoldiers*	
Lady Mary, *his mother.*	Talgol, *ſoldiers*	
Lady Wyndham, *his wife.*	Pope,	*Servants to Lord Wyndham.*
Henry, *his ſon.*	Thomas,	
Elizabeth, *his daughter.*	James,	

PREFACE.

THE part which James I. king of England, took, in the diſpute between the biſhops and the Preſbyterians, had ſo violently enraged the latter, that after his death

death they took the advantage of ſome arbitrary meaſures in the government of his ſon and ſucceſſor Charles I. to excite the whole nation to open revolt. The intent of the Preſbyterians was to annihilate epiſcopacy, and to leſſen the royal prerogative: but the Independents, a new ſect which had ſprung up from the former, aimed at the total abolition of royalty, and the eſtabliſhment of a commonwealth in its ſtead. Cromwell, who had made both parties equally ſubſervient to his ambitious views, declared, at laſt, in favour of the independents. After having filled the parliament and the army with perſons devoted to his fortune, or the dupes of his hypocriſy, he procured a formal ſentence of death to be paſſed againſt his ſovereign. The Preſbyterians, though they ſaw themſelves plainly outwitted by his cunning, did not dare to riſe up againſt the power which he had uſurped. Thoſe of Scotland had more courage; they called over the eldeſt ſon of Charles I. from France, whither he had fled for refuge, and they received him as their king, though under the moſt ſevere reſtrictions. Cromwell, however, ſoon marched into Scotland, and defeated them in the famous battle of Dunbar, September 3, 1650.

Hoſtilities, which were ſuſpended during the winter, began afreſh the year following. Charles II. whom the Scots had proclaimed king, was, notwithſtanding, ſo diſguſted at the ſtate of ſubjection and reſtraint to which they would have reduced him, that he took the reſolution of quitting Scotland, whither Cromwell was come to purſue him, and of entering England with an army of fourteen thouſand men, in hopes of ſeeing it augmented by the Engliſh Preſbyterians, and the ſecret friends of the royal cauſe. But Cromwell did not give him time to receive theſe additions of ſtrength: he followed him by forced marches, overtook him with a ſuperior army, and entirely routed the Scottiſh troops. After having fought bravely to the very laſt, Charles, with difficulty, eſcaped off the field of battle, accompanied by fifty men. The diſtreſſes to which he was reduced after his defeat, obliged him to conceal himſelf under the meaneſt diſguiſes, in order to eſcape from the ſoldiers, whom Cromwell had ſent out, every where, in ſearch of him; the inſtances of fidelity that he received from the Earl

of Derby, the companion of his flight, from Colonel Wyndham * and his ſervants, who kept him concealed, notwithſtanding the ſevere penalties denounced by the parliament; the fanaticiſm of the parties which then diſtracted England, and the deplorable ſtate of the nation in general, during this ſeaſon of tumult, preſent a multitude of intereſting ſituations and inſtructive ſcenes, to which the author has endeavoured to give connexion in the following drama, at the ſame time, that he has ſtudied to preſerve hiſtorical truth in the leading actions of the piece.

CHARLES II.

A DRAMA.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Foreſt before Day-light.*

Charles dreſſed as a peaſant, is hid amongſt the boughs of an oak. Lord Derby, diſguiſed in the ſame manner, comes out from the middle of a thicket, and advances towards the king.

Lord Derby. It is too ſoon to quit your retreat as yet. The parliament ſoldiers continue to ſcour all quarters of the foreſt. We are liable, at every ſtep, to fall into their hands.

Charles. Derby, I find myſelf endowed with ſufficient courage to ſtruggle with the chagrin that preys upon my mind, but my body is totally broken down with pain and fatigue. I have already paſſed twenty hours in this deplorable ſituation. I cannot poſſibly ſupport it any longer.

Derby. Sire, I conjure you, put up with theſe inconveniencies which cannot be of long duration, rather than fall into the hands of your enemies. They would be implacable. Our misfortune, by intoxicating them with ſucceſs, has only whetted their barbarity. The weight of it would fall on you. But I hope we ſhall ſoon find a retreat more commodious and leſs dangerous than this.

Charles. It cannot be long before the ſun will appear. If you thought darkneſs ſo little favourable to our ſafety, ſurely the light of the day will be much more againſt us. How ſhall I be able to hold out till night

* In the Drama he is called Lord Wyndham.

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in my present situation? The mind arms herself in vain with all her force, if the body has lost what should sustain her.

Derby. I feel, with double weight, the pains that you suffer, and would lay down my life to exempt you from them; but fate controuls our wishes. Its laws are immutable, and true courage is to obey them. I would sacrifice myself for your preservation: nevertheless, shall I confess to your majesty? It would give me less regret to lose you here before my eyes, than to see you fall into the hands of rebels, and adorn their insolent triumph. I hear soldiers coming. Hide yourself from their sight. When they are past, I will return and keep you company again. (*He goes into the thicket.*)

Charles. Well, faithful Derby, I will follow thy advice. I will bear up my load of pain and hardship, though I were at last to fall dead at the foot of this tree. (*He hides himself amongst the branches.*)

SCENE II.

Talgol, Pembel.

Talgol. Should not we do better to rest ourselves here till day-light.

Pembel. Why here? We shall be much more at our ease, before a table at some inn.

Talgol. You may try the experiment if you will. Every body is fast asleep yet. Instead of going to lose my time in knocking at doors, I will stretch myself down here. (*He lies down under the oak in which the king is concealed.*)

Pembel. From the top of this tree you may see the day ready to break between yon hills. Do not you hear the cocks crow to summon the husbandman to his early toil. We shall find all the houses just opening. Come, rise; let us go.

Talgol. What I have once resolved, I am sure to perform.

Pembel. I might say as much, and then we must separate. I change my resolves no more than you: my beard shews it. Until Charles Stuart shall fall into my hands, I have sworn that the razor shall never touch it. You see how long it is grown already.

Talgol. It is eaſier to bear the inconvenience of a beard than of wearineſs and fatigue.

Pembel. Are you not aſhamed to be weary in a purſuit that may make your fortune.

Talgol. I would not deſire a fortune at this price.

Pembel. The thing is, thou art not ſufficiently enlightened. But I can prove to thee, that it were impious for ſaints to faint in the execution of heaven's commands, for the ſake of a little wearineſs.

Talgol. Heaven has not commanded me. I have not ſworn by my beard to take Charles Stuart. And if I may aſk, what right have you over him?

Pembel. A right, founded on the good old cauſe; Shall the ungodly have dominion over ſaints? We were ſtrayed from the paths of righteouſneſs, and heaven, in its wrath, ſent us a tyrant, armed with a rod of iron. Now that we are ſanctified, power is given us to break the rod with which we have been ſo long chaſtiſed.

Talgol. Still I ſay, it is wicked to reject the kings who were allotted to us from above.

Pembel. The Lord will have no king but himſelf to govern his people. No ſight is more pleaſing to him than that of the army at prayers. That is what has carried the good old cauſe ſo far.

Talgol. Much too far. Had we ſtopped at the aboliſhing of popery and epiſcopacy, it had been well. I took up arms myſelf to attain theſe ends; and with this view alſo we called you to our aſſiſtance; but you have managed ſo as to get the power all into your own hands, and now you exerciſe it according to your errors. You have put your king to death. That will coſt you dear.

Pembel. If you were only to hear Cromwell, he would teach you what to think on the ſubject. Theſe are his words: "When I would have ſpoken for the reeſtabliſhment of the king, I felt my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth. A plain indication that heaven had hardened his heart, and rejected him." But anſwer me yourſelf; Was this king worthy to govern us? Did he not attack us firſt?

Talgol. Yes, certainly, he would have enthralled our conſciences to his own imaginations.

Pembel. Who was the firſt that roſe up to oppoſe his deſigns? Was it not you?

Talgol.

Talgol. Our arms were not aimed at him, but at his wicked counſellors.

Pembel. They were the ſame as himſelf, and he as they. To let them do the evil, was it not the ſame as if he did it himſelf?

Talgol. True, he was blameable for it.

Pembel. And what was your object?

Talgol. Liberty of conſcience.

Pembel. Did he grant it to you?

Talgol. No.

Pembel. Would you ever have obtained it if the parliament had not ſupported you?

Talgol. Never, I allow.

Pembel. And is not the parliament the voice of the nation?

Talgol. Certainly, inaſmuch as it repreſents the nation.

Pembel. It is the parliament therefore, that is the nation, that we muſt obey, eſpecially when we are ſo well payed for it.

Talgol. Your arguments begin to appear ſomething weightier than before.

Pembel. See how thou wert blinded. The Lord was deſirous to puniſh a tyrant, and choſe you firſt to begin his vengeance. Other inſtruments were wanting for the conſummation thereof, and we came to put the laſt hand to this great work. Do we not act then in concert with you? and is not the good old cauſe ours as well as yours? Ought we then to bear with one of the ungodly that would have bruiſed us to pieces, us who are the children of the Lord?

Talgol. I begin to ſee clearly.

Pembel. Have patience, the light will come down upon thee ſtill more. When delivered from our firſt tyrant, why did we go with ſwords in our hands to Worceſter? Was it not to hinder his ſon from overturning the foundation that we had laid for the ſecurity of our conſciences and our liberties? Has not heaven approved our actions, by the glorious victory that we have gained? Stuart came againſt us with a numerous army. Did we not make him flee like the chaff before the wind? When the Lord ſpeaks are we to reſiſt his voice?

Talgol. Thou art right. He hath clearly manifeſted his will.

Pembel. He requires that our conſciences be pure: Stuart would defile them with his errors; and ſhall we ceaſe to purſue him with vengeance?

Talgol. Heaven forbid. The ſon is not yet ſufficiently waſhed from the impieties of his father to rule over us the elect. We ſhould ſeize him wherever we can find him, leſt otherwiſe we ourſelves diſobey the Lord.

Pembel. Perhaps we ſhould have had, before this time, the good fortune to take him, if your heart, by its doubts and waverings, had not offended heaven. Others leſs ſcrupulous may have ſeized this happineſs before us. Yes, we ſhall certainly find Stuart in the cuſtody of Cromwell.

Talgol. How! I ſhould never pardon myſelf were I to ſee him taken by any other hands than ours. The cock crows again. It is a good omen. Let us go and ſearch every quarter of the country for our victim. I no longer feel myſelf fatigued.

Pembel, (*in a canting tone.*) If heaven had not given me patience and inward light, your underſtanding would have ſtill been in darkneſs. (*They go out.*)

SCENE III.

Charles.

Perfidious Cromwell, this is your manner of acting! It is not ſufficient to arm againſt me ambition by the allurements of power, audacious violence by the charms of wild licentiouſneſs, and avarice by the incitements of rapine; your baſe emiſſaries would arm againſt me ignorance and ſuperſtition, by the workings of enthuſiaſm. Your impious hypocriſy would make heaven itſelf inſtrumental in ſtifling the laſt remainder of virtue in mens conſciences. I complained of my own ſufferings and diſtreſſes; I ſhould lament over the fate of my people. They do not ſee the chains which your murderous hand is forging for them. I loſe but my crown, and perhaps my life, whereas they loſe liberty, peace, virtue and honour.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

(*The sun is on the point of rising.*)

Charles, Pope.

Pope, (*dressed in livery; he stops under the oak, and looks at the rising sun.*) A new day begins. Gracious Lord, hear me. May our sovereign escape this day also from his persecutors. Vouchsafe to take him under thy protection, and to watch over his life. There are faithful subjects enough who wish for his restoration, but few who dare to take up arms in his favour. Thou alone remainest, O Lord, of all who could assist him. Shew forth thy power; restore to our sovereign his crown, and to us peace and lawful government.

Charles. I can reckon at least one faithful subject. I will see him and speak to him. (*He puts the leaves and branches aside, and shews himself.*)

Pope, (*turning his head every way to listen.*) I think I hear a voice. (*Going.*)

Charles, (*coming down from the tree.*) Stop a moment, my friend, I beseech you.

Pope, (*with a look of suspicion.*) What do you make there?

Charles, (*going towards him.*) You seem to me to be an honest man——

Pope. So I am; what then?

Charles. I have a favour to request of you.

Pope. In the first place, who are you?

Charles. I am one who escaped after the battle of Worcester. I have passed the night on this tree, to escape from the parliament soldiers, because I am of the opposite party. I perceive, by your fervent prayer just now, that you are of the same party, and therefore it is that I have taken the liberty to address you.

Pope. If what you say be true, you have nothing to fear from me. But what would you have me do for you?

Charles. I see, you wear a livery. Who is your master?

Pope. Lord Wyndham, who lives in this neighbourhood.

Charles. I have heard people speak of him.

Pope Well, I hope. It is true, what I call *well* would make him criminal in the eyes of many. But ſtill I muſt do him juſtice.

Charles. I recollect, this nobleman lived retired from all party.

Pope. True, but do you know for what reaſon? He ſerved with his family in the army of the deceaſed king. At the battle of Naſeby he loſt his eldeſt ſon, the hopes of his family. After the overthrow of the royal army, and the taking of the king, he came down here to the country, to mourn in ſilence for the cruel fate of his maſter. He ſwore never to return to London before the people ſhould ſubmit to the ſon of their lawful ſovereign. And he adheres ſtrictly to his word; ſince that unfortunate battle he has never quit his houſe.

Charles, (*aſide.*) Heaven be praiſed. I find an aſylum at length.

Pope. Now tell me what is your intention.

Charles. Let me requeſt you to conduct me to my lord. He will compaſſionate my diſtreſſes; and certainly he will not refuſe me ſhelter for a few days in his houſe.

Pope. I am going thither immediately. I have walked all night with diſpatches from him, on buſineſs of importance. I would chearfully take you with me, if I were ſure that you were of the right ſide; for otherwiſe it would be of no uſe for you to appear before him. You are aſtoniſhed, perhaps, that I dare ſpeak my mind to you with ſo much freedom; but in ſpite of all the tyranny of the parliament, we are not afraid to give our thoughts vent. It is true, we are too weak to ſtem the torrent of rebellion. Power may oblige us to be quiet, but not to betray, or even to diſguiſe our ſentiments.

Charles. I am delighted to ſee you in this way of thinking. For theſe four and twenty hours paſt I have concealed myſelf in this tree, in order to eſcape the purſuit of Cromwell's ſoldiers. I have ſhed tears of blood for our loſs of the battle of Worceſter. My heart is the king's; and whatever may be my fate I will never be ſeen to change.

Pope. Nor I, nor my maſter neither. Ah! that unfortunate battle has plunged us all in grief. What can have

have become of our young king! Oh heaven! may he ſtill be alive, and eſcape from his enemies!

Charles. Have you heard any thing of him?

Pope. Nothing, unleſs that he wanders through the country with a ſmall number of friends. Who knows whether he has not fallen this laſt night into the hands of the parliament party? But no, I hope that my prayers may have preſerved him.

Charles. My brave friend, he would be happy to teſtify his gratitude to you for ſo faithful an attachment.

Pope. Alas! perhaps he is not able to provide for his own immediate neceſſities. He is, no doubt, much more diſtreſſed than I am. It ſhould be my part to aſſiſt him with the little that I poſſeſs.

Charles, (*ſighing.*) Ah! ſuch generoſity cannot fail, ſooner or later, to meet with the reward that it deſerves.

Pope. What do you talk of reward? Let England only receive her king, and I am paid to the fulleſt of my wiſhes. But if you will come with me, it is time to ſet off. I ſhould be at home now.

Charles, (*holding him by the hand.*) My friend! ſtop but a moment. (*He makes a ſignal.*)

Pope, (*ſurprized.*) What are you doing? I fear you are a traitor. Well, I will not deny what I have ſaid. I have neither wife nor children; and my ſingle perſon is not of ſuch conſequence that I ſhould make myſelf uneaſy about it: beſides, it is but too great an honour for me to periſh by the ſame axe which has beheaded the king, and ſo many great noblemen. Let your crew come on. I have no reaſon to bluſh, for I have only ſpoken the truth.

Charles. No, my friend; you judge wrong of me: I am calling one of the companions of my flight, who lies hid in yonder thicket. We lay the moſt implicit confidence in you. I could only wiſh to ſee every Engliſhman have ſo noble a way of thinking as yours is.

SCENE V.

Charles, Derby, Pope.

Derby, (*ſtartled.*) What do I ſee?

Charles. There is no danger. I am going to follow this worthy man. He ſerves Lord Wyndham, whoſe dwelling is hard by.

Derby. Lord Wyndham? Are we ſo near to his ſeat?

Pope. It is but an hour's walk from hence.

Charles. Do you ſee any danger in aſking him for ſhelter?

Derby. None at all. My lord is a faithful friend to the royal cauſe.

Pope. Yes by my faith is he, and whoever is of a different way of thinking, ought not to come into his houſe. We pray every day for the ſafety of the prince. I do not know if my lord prays with more earneſtneſs for his only ſon. Nay, when I attended him at the battle of Naſeby, and the corpſe of his eldeſt ſon, all covered with blood, was brought before him, his tears, I believe, were ſhed as much for the king's defeat as for his own loſs.

Charles, (*aſide to Derby.*) Shall we go to his houſe then?

Derby, (*aſide to Charles.*) Yes, if I might adviſe your majeſty.

Pope, (*overhearing.*) Majeſty?—Heavens! I believe it is the king himſelf. Yes, my heart aſſures me that it is. (*Falls at his feet.*) Your majeſty will pardon me for having ſpoken ſo rudely. But how ſhould I imagine that a king of England was concealed in this dreſs? I ſhall be pardoned, however, by your majeſty, ſince, without making yourſelf known, you diſcovered my inmoſt thoughts. What can I ſay more? I have not power to ſpeak, I am ſo tranſported with joy. What a happineſs for ſo poor a man as I am, that the ſovereign of three kingdoms ſhould command my ſervices!

Charles. What are you doing, my friend? Your ardour tranſports you. I am not what you ſay.

Pope. Oh! yes you are, in the ſight of heaven and earth. Why ſhould you diſguiſe yourſelf? Your countenance diſcovers you.—And I, that dared to call you a traitor!

traitor! I am as much in the right now as I was deceived before. Only let your majesty lay your hand upon my heart. Would it beat with so much violence if I was not in the presence of my king?

Charles. Rise, my friend, your mistake may cause our ruin.

Derby. Would the king be without a retinue?

Pope. He should not. But, alas! the villain Cromwell has left him none. However, he needs no retinue to be still my king. I beseech you, tell me that you are so. You do not deign to answer me. I see, you both fear to trust me: and yet I dare to appeal to your majesty, after what you have heard from my own mouth, can you refuse me your confidence? If there is, in all my veins, a drop of disloyal blood, let it overflow my heart, and choak the springs of life.

Charles. I am persuaded you are an honest man, and therefore I do not wish to deceive you.

Pope. Well, my liege, it is enough. Men do not follow a guide whom they distrust. This road leads to my Lord Wyndham's. Go thither without me: but first, here are my pistols; take them, and shoot me through the head. I dare not answer for myself, since you have suspicions of my honesty. (*Charles makes signs to Lord Derby for his advice, who signifies his approbation.*)

Charles, (*to Pope.*) You deserve to know me. I am the unfortunate king of Scotland.

Pope, (*vehemently.*) And of England too, and Ireland; I'll maintain it. Your majesty has as much right to one as the other.

Charles. You see our danger; make haste to bring us to a place of safety. Conduct us to Lord Wyndham's; but I conjure you, tell nobody who I am, not even your master.

Pope. Sire, I am but a poor peasant, yet I know that the request of a king is a sacred injunction to a faithful subject; and I would not lose that name, especially to-day, for the whole world.

Charles. You possess the most important secret of the state, but, I believe, you are capable of treasuring it up faithfully in your breast.

Pope. Ah! Sire, I would face the most dreadful torments to deserve your praise.

Charles.

Charles. Derby, my legs have not ſtrength enough to carry me as far as our horſes.

Pope, (*eagerly.*) Where are they? Where are they?

Derby. Down among thoſe thickets. I will go for them.

Pope. No, no; we are too near the road here; we may be ſurprized. Let me carry your majeſty to them. Then we ſhall have the foreſt all the way home.

Charles. I would not give you this trouble if I could ſtand.

Pope, (*taking him in his arms.*) Come, my Liege, (*as he goes along.*) Shew me a man of more importance than myſelf. The greateſt ſecret of the ſtate in my breaſt, and the fate of the three kingdoms upon my ſhoulders. (*They go out.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I

A Room in Lord Wyndham's Caſtle.

(*Wyndham ſitting at a table, thoughtful and melancholy. Henry his ſon, enters and ſalutes him. Wyndham does not obſerve him, but continues ſtill buried in profound meditation.*)

Henry. Father, I conjure you, baniſh this melancholy that oppreſſes you.

Wyndham, (*looking at him with an air of dejection.*) My ſon, the battle is loſt; that battle on which our laſt hopes were reſted. Nor is it known what is become of the king. I tremble to think that he may have ſunk under his misfortunes. Then who could ſtop the fury of the rebels, or oppoſe their deſigns. And do you bid me not to mourn for the fate of my country?

Henry. Your grief is juſt, but it endangers your life. What would become of your wife and your children, if they were ſo unfortunate as to loſe you in theſe turbulent times.

Wyndham.

Wyndham. Death would, perhaps, be the moſt deſirable thing for us all. You ſee what is our ſituation. All the valuable remains that time had ſpared of an ancient nobility, have periſhed under tortures, or languiſh in proſcription and exile. Adventurers, more deſpicable for their vices than their obſcurity, occupy the ſeats of our peers in parliament. Inſtead of our brave generals, we ſee ignorant tradeſmen fill the firſt poſts of the army. Fanaticiſm of the moſt abominable nature reigns in the place of religion. Frantic preachers, of a thouſand ſects, drown the voice of the regular miniſters of the goſpel. Hypocriſy, under the appearance of piety, gives a looſe to the moſt ſcandalous exceſſes; ſhe juſtifies her crimes by the moſt atrocious blaſphemies, which ſhe aſcribes to the ſupreme Being. The true friends of this country are perſecuted; and infamy is ſeated on the throne of juſtice. Can life be of any value while it is confined to view ſuch horrid ſights as theſe?

Henry. No, father, it would be intolerable were theſe evils to continue for ever. But why ſhould we ſuffer our courage to be caſt down? Who knows?——

Wyndham. On what foundation can we build a hope? The royal army is diſperſed. If the prince were even living, where would he find forces to retrieve his fortune? His friends, diſheartened by a long ſeries of overthrows, far from daring to reſiſt the torrent of rebellion, are, perhaps, deſtined by their ruin to augment the general devaſtation. Our laſt reſource is only in the ſwelling of this tyranny to its height. That period approaches; and the people of this nation, finding themſelves oppreſſed by a heavier yoke than they ever yet experienced, will arm themſelves with all their native reſolution to ſhake it off. But how many troubles and diſorders will bring about that happy revolution! I ſhall not live long enough to be a witneſs to it: but, my ſon, if thou ſhalt ſurvive me, remain for ever ſteady in the principles which I have taught thee. Never eſpouſe the cauſe of a deſpotic parliament: it will become the moſt dreadful ſcourge that ever oppreſſed this nation. Remain rather inactive (it will be the moſt prudent conduct) until the people, recovered from their fatal errors, be conſtrained to

to wiſh for the government, which they have juſt now aboliſhed.

Henry. I ſwear under your hand, that theſe ſacred inſtructions ſhall never depart from my heart and memory.

SCENE II.

Wyndham, Henry, Pope.

Pope. My lord, her ladyſhip your ſiſter is much better, but ſhe earneſtly deſires to ſee her mother to-day. Colonel Lane preſents his reſpects. He is going to embark.

Wyndham. For what country?

Pope. For France, my lord. I ſaw them ſend his baggage aboard; for the ſhip is to ſail to-morrow by break of day.

Wyndham, (*ſighing*) One brave citizen more baniſhed from his country! The commonwealth will ſoon behold its ſoundeſt members ſcattered far, far away. Have you learned nothing of the king's deſtiny?

Pope. He is ſtill alive, my lord. He wanders about this part of the country, accompanied by a faithful friend.

Wyndham. Reduced to hide himſelf in his own dominions! What a lamentable ſituation! But heaven be praiſed that he ſtill lives. Run immediately, and carry this news to my mother.

Pope. I have brought hither two perſons, who eſcaped from the battle of Worceſter, and requeſt ſhelter in your houſe for a few days.

Wyndham. Let them come in. (*Pope goes out.*)

SCENE III.

Wyndham, Henry.

Henry. What, father, will you receive theſe ſtrangers without knowing them? Suppoſe they were enemies in diſguiſe.

Wyndham. And what then, my dear child? What harm can they do to us? Bear witneſs that we are faithful to our king? All England knows it. I have never denied my principles, which are dearer to me than my life.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Henry, Pope.

Wyndham. Good-morrow, friends. I understand that you desire to take shelter in my house.

Charles. Yes, my lord, we are come with confidence to throw ourselves under your lordship's protection.

Wyndham. I am ready to receive you when I know who you are.

Charles. Some of king's most zealous friends. Your lordship knows, I suppose, that the royal army was defeated, three days ago: we were separated from his company. The dread of falling into the hands of rebels, forced us to put on this disguise. We beg your lordship to allow us a safeguard until the roads are more clear, that we may return.

Pope, (*aside to Wyndham, after he has placed arm chairs for them.*) My lord, they are fatigued.

Wyndham. Sit down and rest yourselves. I am willing to believe your bare word. Indeed, what view could you have in calling yourselves of another party? The parliament has conquered the king, but not the hearts of his faithful subjects: I profess myself one of that number. If you are only come to be spies on me, or to sound my principles, you see, I avow them, your commission is fulfilled. If you were to stay longer you would learn no more. However, I give you the protection that you demand, and if you are what you say, I give it with pleasure.

Charles. My lord, receive our thanks, and believe us to be incapable of imposing on you. We belonged to the Scottish army.

Wyndham. In that case I rejoice that I can be of service to persons of worth. Command my house: but first (*in a pathetic voice*) make haste to inform me whatever you know of the king.

Charles. After the unfortunate battle, he left Worcester about six o'clock in the evening, accompanied by a body of fifty men. He galloped twenty-six miles without halting; after which, he thought it most advisable to separate from his escort, and with the Earl of Derby alone in his company, he threw himself into the

the adjacent foreſt. Since then, nothing particular has happened to him.

Wyndham. Let heaven's protection attend all his ſteps. My heart is relieved from a heavy anxiety. He has at leaſt eſcaped the firſt danger. We were ignorant whether he had eſcaped alive from the field of battle, (*wiping his eyes.*) Happy Derby! Heaven has truſted to your hands the pledge of England's happineſs; preſerve this ſacred depoſit for us, even at the hazard of your life. You have ever been ſteady to your duty; let your conduct ſtill be worthy of your former virtue.

Derby, (*with vehemence.*) It will, my lord, it will. I know him ſufficiently to ſwear for him.

Wyndham, (*looking earneſtly at Derby.*) My friend, your features are not quite unknown to me.

Derby. I muſt be greatly altered, Wyndham, if you do not know me again.

Wyndham. What, can it be Lord Derby himſelf?

Derby. The ſame.

Wyndham, (*embracing him.*) Brave Derby! (*perceiving Derby to look anxiouſly at the king, he turns his eyes towards him, and cries with an emotion of ſurprize,*) Shall I believe my eyes?

Derby. They are as true as your heart is. Here you ſee my ſacred depoſit. I conſign it to your charge.

Wyndham, (*ſeizing the king's hand, and kiſſing it with tranſport.*) Ah! Sire! how happy am I! Receive, in theſe tears, the firſt teſtimony of my principles. I ſee heaven declares itſelf in your favour, ſince it has made choice of me to receive you.

Charles. My lord, I know your loyalty well; I therefore reſign myſelf to you without ſcruple.

Wyndham. Then I will not go about to offer your majeſty unneceſſary aſſurances. This is my only ſon. I have brought him up in my own principles. He burns already with impatience to ſhed his blood in his ſovereign's cauſe.

Harry. Yes, Sire, I have often, in my own mind, vowed to do ſo. With joy I now renew that vow upon your majeſty's hand.

Charles. I accept your ſervices againſt a happier time.

Wyndham

Wyndham. Will your majeſty permit me to preſent to you the reſt of a family, who are entirely devoted to your intereſt?

Charles. You excite a ſtrong deſire in me of knowing your lordſhip's family; I was going to aſk you the favour of being introduced to them.

Wyndham, (*to Pope.*) Make haſte; call my mother, my wife and my daughter; let them come hither immediately: but I forbid you to mention to them what you have juſt now heard.

Pope. My lord, I knew every thing, and yet I kept it ſecret even from your lordſhip. Judge if I can do the ſame with others.

SCENE V.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Henry.

Wyndham. We have not let a ſingle day paſs without addreſſing to heaven the moſt ardent prayers for your majeſty's ſafety. They have, no doubt, been heard. You deign to truſt yourſelf to my faith; by ſo doing, you honour my zeal with the moſt flattering recompenſe.

Charles. And I, on the other hand, look on this generous avowal as a mitigation of my misfortunes. Had it not been for you, I was not even ſure of finding a ſhelter.

Wyndham. Why has not fate placed the ſame force in our hands that we feel invigorate our ſouls? Your deſtiny would ſoon be decided. But, alas! I have nothing to offer you but ineffectual vows, and a weak, unarmed family. While our wiſhes would be to replace your majeſty on the throne of your fathers, at the coſt of our blood, our power goes no farther than to offer you an obſcure retreat.

Charles. And that is all that we have to deſire at preſent. We have been borne away by a torrent of ill ſucceſs. It is violent and impetuous, but in time it ſpends its force. The blood of my ſubjects is too dear to permit me to oppoſe the invincible ſway of fortune with an ineffectual reſiſtance. Let us, at the ſame time, avoid the dictates of a blind deſpair, and reſt armed in our

our courage alone. The time will come, when we shall be able to make use of it with more prudence and dignity.

SCENE VI.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Henry, Lady Mary, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth, Pope.

Lady Mary. Son, what was the so pressing occasion of your sending for us?

Wyndham, (*presenting his family to the king.*) This is my mother; this is my wife; this young person is my daughter: they have all the same sentiments with myself. I have the honour to present to your majesty some of your most faithful subjects.

Lady Mary. What do I hear? His Majesty?

Lady Wyndham and Elizabeth. O heaven!

Wyndham, (*with tears in his eyes.*) Yes, your king.

Lady Mary, (*falling at his feet.*) Ah! Sire, do you still live?—My children, it is still our sovereign, though in this dress. Follow my example. Receive him as a king. Fall at his feet, and swear fealty, respect, and allegiance to him.

Wyndham. Your majesty will pardon me: the excess of my joy had made me forget my first duty. (*He falls at his feet, as do Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth and Henry.*)

Charles. Rise, my friends. These marks of honour are very little suitable to my situation. I am very far from my throne. (*He raises Lady Mary: the others rise.*) Lord Wyndham, is this all your family?

Wyndham. Yes, Sire: I could wish it more numerous, that I might offer you a greater number of devoted servants.

Charles, (*placing himself between Lady Mary and Lady Wyndham, and taking each of them by the hand.*) My lord and his son have promised me their services; but I will be under your particular protection. The joy which appears in your eyes, persuades me that I shall not have much trouble to obtain it.

Lady Mary. We should be happy were it in our power to shew our attachment to your majesty's crown in circumstances less discouraging. I have lost, in the defence

fence of your cauſe, three ſons and a grandſon; but their death never made me bluſh, as they received it in the performance of their duty. You ſee here all that remains of our family, except a daughter that I have ſtill living. There is none of us to whom life is more dear than your honour. We all burn with zealous emulation to ſerve you. Your misfortunes, and thoſe of your father, embittered my old age. It ſeems as if heaven would relax of its ſeverity, by placing before my eyes the object of my moſt tender anxiety, and by giving me the means of preſerving his life. Ah! Sire, what a happy compenſation!

Charles, (*preſſing her hand between his.*) I am not ſurprized to behold ſo noble virtues in a family which does honour to you; but I admire that you yourſelf ſhould have ſtill preſerved ſuch conſtancy and reſolution, and that my ill ſucceſs, which has made my very beſt friends fall off, has not abated the firmneſs of your courage.

Wyndham. Sire, we inherit theſe principles from our anceſtors. A few days before his death, my father ſent for me, and in a voice, which even from its weakneſs was heard the more attentively, he ſpoke to us thus: "My children, England has ſeen, during the laſt three reigns, a ſucceſſion of peaceful and happy years; but I ſee now riſing, on every ſide, clouds that forebode the moſt violent ſtorms. Prepare to encounter them. They will ſhake the whole realm to its center. But ſtand ye firm in the midſt of the tempeſt. Continue to love your country; be faithful to your ſovereign, and never forſake the crown though you ſee it hang on a buſh." Theſe words made ſo powerful an impreſſion upon our minds, that all the tumultuous revolutions which have ſince taken place in the commonwealth, have not been able to efface them.

Charles. Lord Wyndham, you are worthy of the virtuous inheritance which your father has left you.

Lady Wyndham. My huſband would have loſt my eſteem if he had not cultivated that inheritance for his children.

Henry. And I will count it my glory to tranſmit it to mine.

Elizabeth. Sire, I am as yet nothing on the theatre of this world; but after the example of my parents, I feel myſelf capable of undertaking every thing for your ſervice.

Charles. Reſpectable family! what tranſporting happineſs do I experience in the midſt of you! After having ſuffered ſo much from ingratitude and perfidy, my heart breathes here at liberty, while I receive theſe affectionate proofs of your attachment.

Derby. At preſent, my friends, it is time to conſult the ſecurity of the king. Prudence forbids us to prolong our ſtay here. The whole country is full of parliament ſoldiers. I know not whether there be ſo much as a ſingle corner in the three kingdoms that can afford us a ſecure retreat, in the preſent general ferment of people's minds. The buſineſs is, therefore, to conſult means for quitting England by the leaſt dangerous way.

Charles. My deſign is to embark for France in the firſt veſſel that I can find. Lord Wyndham, you know the country, and can eaſily favour this deſign.

Wyndham. Chance ſeems to have diſpoſed every thing for its ſucceeding. A ſervant whom I had ſent to my ſiſter at Shoreham, informed me that a veſſel is to ſet ſail from thence to-morrow, at day-break, for Normandy. Colonel Lane, a zealous friend to your majeſty's cauſe, takes advantage of this opportunity to eſcape from the purſuit of Cromwell's people.

Derby. And the opportunity ſeems pretty favourable.

Charles. I am ready to embrace it, provided we can go to the harbour without any danger.

Wyndham. That ſhall be my care. I have truſty perſons to accompany you.

Derby. Our horſes have had ſevere duty. We ſhall have occaſion for them to-night. Will your lordſhip order care to be taken of them?

Wyndham. Pope, go and look after them. Provide every thing for them that is neceſſary.

Pope. My lord, I obey you.

SCENE VII.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Lady Mary, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth, Henry.

Wyndham. We muſt uſe the moſt delicate precautions, in order to remove the ſlighteſt cauſe of ſuſpicion. Your majeſty knows, I preſume, that our infamous parliament

liament has promiſed a reward to thoſe who ſhould apprehend your perſon; and have threatened, with the moſt ſevere puniſhment, all ſuch as ſhall harbour or conceal you. I will anſwer for my domeſtics; they are equally above fear and corruption; but we are ſurrounded by a fanatical populace, againſt whom we muſt be upon our guard.

Lady Mary. You need only keep yourſelf concealed during the day, and ſet off in the duſk of the evening, in order to be at the harbour before day break.

Charles. This plan agrees perfectly with my preſent occaſions. It will be a real kindneſs to me as well as Lord Derby, to be permitted to refreſh ourſelves, after our fatigues, with a pretty long ſleep: and thus too we ſhall be able to elude all inquiſitive eyes.

Lady Wyndham. Would not your majeſty rather chuſe firſt to recruit your ſtrength with ſome nouriſhment?

Charles. I confeſs to your ladyſhip, that drowſineſs gets the better of hunger: reſt is the moſt immediately neceſſary to us at preſent.

Lady Wyndham. I will give orders, that your majeſty may retire when you pleaſe. Elizabeth, come with me.

SCENE VIII.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Lady Mary, Henry.

Wyndham. A thought ſtrikes me. My ſiſter has invited my mother to go and ſee her this evening.

Lady Mary. Son, let me have the honour of ſettling our plan for the king's ſafety as I ſhall that of putting it in execution. I will ſet out at nightfall; and our ſacred gueſts may, under favour of the darkneſs, accompany us in ſome diſguiſe without the leaſt danger.

Charles. My ſafety will be ſtill more dear to me, ſince I ſhall owe it to you.

Wyndham. In the mean time I will ſend a meſſage to my ſiſter, and deſire her to engage a paſſage with the captain of the ſhip for two other gentlemen, and to requeſt him not to ſet ſail until they arrive.

Derby. A good thought, my lord, and beg of Colonel Lane to take the charge of ſeeing proper accommodations prepared for us, but without mentioning our names.

Wyndham.

Wyndham. Henry, tell James to get himself ready to set off immediately for my sister's.

Henry. Yes, father, I will let him know your orders.

Lady Mary. Your majesty will permit me also to go and make the necessary preparations for our departure.

SCENE IX.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham.

Wyndham. I hope that with these precautions your majesty will escape the first fury of the tempest.

Charles. I must own, I draw a favourable presage from the appearance of our plan. But, my friends, now we are alone, sit down each beside me. Let us devote a few minutes to the examination of my circumstances: suppose me arrived in France without accident, what resources remain to me for the future? The cold reception that I met with at Paris two years ago, do not allow me to expect mighty succours from that kingdom.

Derby. France is scarcely recovered from the confusion of her own civil wars. Policy forbids her to arm in your cause: but the descendants of the brave Henry IV. cannot fail of being generous. The laws of hospitality at least will be sacred in favour of your person; and that is the only object of our concern at present.

Wyndham. The wounds of this distracted country can only be closed by the hands of well-affected and judicious citizens. Time alone will finally heal them. Leave to us the charge of preparing the way for this event, and of forwarding its accomplishment.

Charles. I resign myself to your zeal; but I shudder to think of the insults and persecutions that you will perhaps be obliged to undergo. When I landed last year in Scotland, the first object that struck my view was the bleeding head of gallant Montrose, whose only crime was his inviolable fidelity. This appalling sight pursues me even in my dreams: it afflicts me more than my own dangers. How much precious blood may the reestablishment of my fortune still cost me! Even yourselves, whose loyalty I can never sufficiently reward, who knows whether even you may not fall melancholy victims

victims to the undertaking? There wanted but this cutting thought to make my calamities complete.

Derby. Such sentiments as these on your majesty's part would be sufficient to repay us for the sacrifice of our lives. The duty of the nobility is to support the rights of your crown, and their chiefest honour to defy all the dangers to which this great undertaking may expose them.

Wyndham. Yes, Sire, there is nothing but I dare expect from our endeavours, if your fortitude only seconds them. The present violent crisis of affairs cannot last long. The soundest part of the nation sigh for that tranquillity which they enjoyed under your father and grandfather. The people, loaded with taxes imposed on them for the maintenance of a murderous soldiery, will soon rise against exactions that become every day more tyrannical. Discord is ready to break out between the parliament and the army. Cromwell, who underhand foments it, will, some time or other, throw off the mask all at once, and by discovering his ambitious schemes will exasperate even his own party. Become the object of general execration, he will endeavour to suppress it by violence and terror; but a people still shaken from the impulse of a long and vehement concussion do not submit in silence to the yoke. The tyrant's life will be passed in continual alarms. Impaired by the excesses of his youth, tormented by his crimes, and harrassed by remorse, he will soon finish his days without establishing his usurped power; and for the completion of his views, will leave none behind him but two sons who must soon bend under the weight of their adventitious fortune, because not endowed with their father's daring genius. Then it will be that the nobility, free at length to exert their voice, and to support it with their arms, will make the nation acknowledge you as their sovereign, a sovereign worthy of ruling them, after having matured his virtues in the school of adversity.

Charles. Sage Wyndham, I accept your prophecy with joy.

Wyndham. As a faithful subject to your majesty, I thought it my duty to lay before you the prospect of these hopes, in order both to testify our zeal, and to

support your courage. But I should also, on the other hand, think myself a betrayer of the constitution, if I did not lay before your majesty what the people have a right to expect from you. While I detest the atrocious crime committed on the person of your father, I must presume, with the laudable freedom of an Englishman, to say, that he frequently violated our privileges, in order to give the greater stretch to his prerogative, and that a prince ought to be the first to respect the laws of his country.

Charles. The misfortunes and the faults of his reign, will afford me a striking lesson all my life time. But, Wyndham, you know whether they should be attributed to him: his temper breathed indulgence and humanity: his last sentiments testify his courage and greatness of soul. Heaven grant that I may resemble him in these virtues. I know no reproach with which his memory can be loaded, save that of having placed his confidence in persons unworthy of it, and who abused it both to his people's prejudice and his own. The choice of true friends is difficult even in private life. Is it easier for a prince to distinguish wise ministers in the midst of so many courtiers who are interested to impose on him by assumed good qualities? The more he loves his people the less can he suspect those who are round him of being strangers to the same sentiments. The misfortune of my father, and which many kings have suffered in common with him, was to have lived long in prosperity. I shall have the advantage of him in the salutary experience of misfortune. Perhaps at no other price will heaven give me the instruction that can enable me to govern wisely. I shall not think that I have paid for it too dear, if I can render it conducive to the happiness of the nation; and if I can make England forget, under a reign of justice and of peace, the troubles which have so long distracted her. I will take for my pattern that Henry, whose name will be for ever dear to the French, and whom we ourselves are forced to revere. I go into his country to collect the remembrance of all his virtues. Firm like him in adversity, I will imitate his clemency when I mount the throne. These are my engagements with my people; and do you, whom I look upon at this moment as representing my people, receive the

the oath which I make to reſpect and defend its rights until my dying day.

Wyndham. Yes, Sire, with pleaſure we receive this ſacred vow. Your own happineſs depends on it as much as that of the nation.

Derby. And mine ſhall be to conſecrate every hour of my life to the purpoſe of enabling you to accompliſh it.

SCENE X.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Lady Wyndham.

Lady Wyndham. Sire, every thing is prepared for your retiring to reſt.

Charles. Your ladyſhip could not, at this moment, bring more agreeable news. My body is ſo weighed down with laſſitude and ſleepineſs, that I feel it ſink under its own weight. My dear Lord Derby, I would aſk your aſſiſtance; I have ſcarcely ſtrength to ſtand. (*Lady Wyndham and Derby ſupport him.*) My lord, I hope when I riſe that you will find my ſpirits firmer, and my ſenſes leſs heavy than at preſent.

Wyndham. Our hearts will watch round your majeſty.

Charles. I go then to repoſe with as much ſecurity as if I had a numerous guard at my gate. (*Lady Wyndham and Derby conduct him out. Wyndham following them, ſtops on ſeeing James and Pope enter.*)

SCENE XI.

Wyndham, James, Pope.

James. My lord, I am ready to ſet off.

Wyndham. Hark ye, James, I am going to charge you with a very important commiſſion. I would not truſt you with it did I not know you to be a man of probity and honour. In your whole life you never will be able to acquire ſo much glory as on this occaſion. It is the moſt ſignal proof that you can give of your prudence and loyalty.

James. My lord, with reſpect to loyalty I will yield to no man in England; as to prudence—I hope that your lordſhip ſhall have no reaſon to repent making choice of me.

Wyndham. Well, take my own horſe, and ride in all haſte to my ſiſter's. You will tell her that my mother will go to her houſe this evening. At the inſtant of your arrival ſhe muſt engage two places in the veſſel which ſets ſail to-morrow for Normandy. They are for two perſons whom all our family moſt highly regard. You will find Colonel Lane at my ſiſter's; conjure him from me to take this trouble upon himſelf, and not to ſuffer the captain to weigh anchor until my two paſſengers are aboard. It is a favour that I requeſt of him by our former friendſhip. I would give you a letter for him if I were not afraid of your being ſtopped by the parliament ſoldiers, in which caſe the letter would diſcover our project.

James. My lord, I will ſpeak to as good effect as any writing.

Wyndham. If any one aſk you whence you come, or whither you are going, take care not to appear confuſed, but have your anſwer beforehand.

James. It is ready. Your ſiſter is ſick. I am ſent by you to learn how ſhe is. I will even tell her to feign herſelf worſe than ſhe is to her own people, and I will do the ſame here in the village, that her mother may have a ſufficient pretext for ſetting off at night to ſee her.

Wyndham. But that you may be there in time, ſtop no where on the road.

James. Your lordſhip ſhall be ſatisfied with my conduct in every reſpect.

Wyndham. That you may underſtand why I ſpeak to you in ſo earneſt a manner, know that the king's ſafety is the object of your commiſſion.

James, (*kiſſing the ſkirt of his coat.*) I will thank your lordſhip to my dying day for thinking me worthy to perform it.

Wyndham. None but ſouls that are alive to honour can know the value of confidence. Haſten to execute your charge, and may heaven watch over your expedition.

SCENE

SCENE XII.

James, Pope.

(*James going out is ſtopped by Pope.*)

Pope. James, it's the king?

James, (*overjoyed.*) Do you think I did not hear?

Pope, (*gravely.*) I tell you it's the king.

James. Well?

Pope. I have brought him ſafe into the houſe; do you take care that he may come out as ſafely.

James. Have I ever been behind you upon any occaſion?

Pope. On this I hope you may ſurpaſs me.

James. It will not be the fault of my zeal.

Pope. Think of the glory that awaits us, when it will be ſaid over the whole world, Pope and James, in the ſervice of Lord Wyndham, had it in their power to diſpoſe of the king's life, and they ſaved him. Though but poor ſervants, they thought and acted as nobly as their maſter.

James. Comrade, my name, I'll warrant, ſhall not be blackened in hiſtory.

Pope, (*ſhaking him by the hand.*) We will both be written in letters of gold.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Pope, Thomas.

Thomas. I have juſt been liſtening at the king's chamber door. He is found aſleep. I aſſure you, comrade, ſince I know him to be in ſafety my heart is at eaſe, juſt as if I were come out from a long impriſonment. Our prayers muſt have riſen up to heaven.

Pope. I do believe that thoſe of honeſt men will be heard before thoſe of hypocrites.

Thomas. And yet I ſhall tremble until the king be fairly landed on French ground. If theſe curſed rebels were to ſeize his perſon, they would ſhew him no more mercy than they did his father.

Pope. My hair ſtands on end at the thought. Heaven preſerve us from ſo great a misfortune!

Thomas. I think heaven muſt declare on our ſide. We merely wiſh right to take place, and religion to be maintained; whereas theſe new ſects outrage the Almighty by their pride. Laſt year, before the battle of Dunbar, did not the Scottiſh army look upon itſelf as an army of ſaints? Were not their miniſters heard ſaying aloud to the ſupreme Being, that if he did not ſave them from their enemies, they would no longer own him for their Lord? Infatuated men! as if it had been in their power to make to themſelves another.

Pope. By that pride they were undone. I am not ſorry for it. They did not ſerve the prince's cauſe ſincerely. He had thrown himſelf into their arms, and they treated him as a priſoner. They removed him from the army becauſe they ſaw that he gained the affections of the ſoldiery by his valour. They alſo ſent home five thouſand brave fellows, whom they thought too ſtrongly attached to his intereſt. They wiſhed to have the glory of ſubduing Cromwell all to themſelves. They had reduced him to extremity. It was all over with him if they had continued upon the heights, as their general would have had them: but their headſtrong miniſters ſaid that they had wreſtled with the Lord in their prayers, that they had forced him to grant them the victory, and to deliver the enemy into their hands. They came down, therefore, like madmen into the plain, and were beaten. They deſerved it for their blindneſs. They talked of diſcourſing with the Lord in the ſame manner as of a familiar converſation with a friend. If they had been victorious, perhaps, they would not have treated the king any better than Cromwell himſelf would have done.

Thomas. I like much better to ſee his majeſty in our houſe than in their camp.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Wyndham, Pope, Thomas.

Wyndham. Thomas, mount your horſe; croſs the foreſt, and go poſt yourſelf upon the hill. Take care that you ſuffer none of the parliament ſoldiers to approach us without informing me. As ſoon as you ſee any of them come this way, gallop down hither as faſt as poſſible to acquaint me.

Thomas. It is enough, my Lord. I thank you for being ſo good as to employ me.

SCENE III.

Wyndham, Pope.

Wyndham. Thomas is an honeſt lad. One can ſee on his countenance the joy that he feels for the king's ſafety.

Pope. My countenance muſt be very deceitful too, my lord, if you do not read the ſame ſentiments in it.

Wyndham. Oh! I am not uneaſy on your account. You are the firſt that gave proof of your loyalty. But what is the matter? you ſeem thoughtful.

Pope. My lord, I recollect this moment that the blackſmith to whom I gave the king's horſe to ſhoe, looked at it with great attention. If he ſhould ſuſpect any thing, and ſpread an alarm?

Wyndham. Why need we create to ourſelves imaginary terrors. One cannot gueſs at the ſight of a horſe who his maſter is. However, we muſt neglect nothing: go and keep watch before the gate, and have an eye upon every thing that may happen without there.

Pope. Should I deny that we have ſtrangers?

Wyndham. No, certainly, ſince they were ſeen to alight here. To deny them would raiſe ſuſpicion. We muſt only all agree to ſay that they come from Dorcheſter.

Pope. It is hard to have occaſion for a lie, in order to avoid harm and to fulfil one's duty. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE IV.

Wyndham.

With ſo true hearts about us I think we may defy the moſt vigilant inquiry. How happy am I, in the preſent circumſtance, that I always found means to have honeſt people about me! Had I been leſs particular in the choice of my ſervants, I ſhould have loſt the glory of ſaving my ſovereign's life. The bare thought of having contributed to his preſervation lifts me above myſelf. Audacious rebels! overturn our ancient conſtitution, trample upon law and honour, glut yourſelves with the blood of your fellow citizens; this vain ſhadow of liberty that you purſue, draws you on, by licentiouſneſs, to ſlavery. You will ſoon be obliged to invite him to the throne with all your vows, whom you now ſo furiouſly proſcribe. The whole nation will bleſs thoſe who defended him from your blind phrenzy. That benediction will reach me and my remoteſt poſterity. The precious blood that you have ſhed will diſturb your conſcience, while I, in the decline of my life, ſhall behold futurity with a tranquil and contented eye. I ſhall have fulfilled my ſeveral duties to my God, my king, my country and my family.

SCENE V.

Wyndham, Lady Wyndham.

Wyndham. Well, my dear, is not this a ſignal mark of heaven's favour, that we are entruſted with the deſtiny of the king?

Lady Wyndham. Ah, my lord, if we could conduct him in triumph to London.

Wyndham. This wiſh, worthy of the greatneſs of your ſoul, is beyond our feeble power. It is ſufficient for us if we can ſend Charles over in ſafety to France, until the rage of a frantic people be appeaſed. This people muſt firſt feel the oppreſſive yoke that they have impoſed upon themſelves. The performance of no ſteady purpoſe can be expected from their principles, until they have undergone this proof.

Lady

Lady Wyndham. If it be ſo, our hopes are very far removed. In the preſent univerſal anarchy, pride makes the evils of it to be ſupported, becauſe every one hopes to partake in the government.

Wyndham. True; but we ſoon ſee pride baſely yield to intereſt. The Engliſh complained under their laſt king of the oppreſſion of ſhip money and the ſtar chamber. Taxes are infinitely heavier at preſent under the arbitrary adminiſtration of parliament: immenſe ſums have been conſumed for the levy of troops whoſe pay is extravagant. It will be neceſſary to keep theſe armies up for a long time, in order to become formidable to honeſt citizens as well as to foreign enemies. It is the nation that ſupports theſe additional expences, at the ſame time that its manufactures languiſh, and its commerce is interrupted. Diſcontents will break out every where at once. Thoſe whom fortune has left in their original obſcurity, inflamed with envy on ſeeing people of their own claſs raiſed above them, will rather wiſh the ſovereign power replaced in the hands of thoſe whoſe rank and birth more naturally qualify them for it. We ſhall ſoon ſee that Cromwell and the parliament have overturned royal authority, in order firſt to divide it between them, and afterwards to quarrel for it. Open violence and ſecret perſecution will be exerted to repreſs the murmurs of diſcontent: then the people at large will be ſenſible that tyranny never roſe to more ſhocking exceſſes of oppreſſion and audacity than when they were amuſed with the vain hope of liberty.

SCENE VI.

Wyndham, Lady Mary, Lady Wyndham.

Lady Mary. Dear ſon, I tremble with anxiety and perturbation. A croud of country people and ſtrangers are gathered before the houſe. I am afraid they have diſcovered the king's retreat.

Wyndham. Do not be uneaſy, madam. You know, in theſe troubleſome times, the people quit their work, and aſſemble in the high roads to talk of the news. The moſt uncertain rumour is ſufficient to put them in motion. Has any one heard any thing of their diſcourſe?

Lady Mary. Nothing troublesome as yet; they content themselves with gazing stupidly at the walls; but they shake their heads with a mysterious look as if they suspected something extraordinary to be going on here.

Wyndham. Had they the least suspicion they would have forced an entrance before this. The blind populace indulges every sort of caprice. They chuse to assemble here today rather than any where else.

Lady Wyndham. But, my dear, may not somebody have betrayed us?

Wyndham. The treason could have come but from our own people, and to them suspicion would be injurious. They are all as much devoted to their sovereign as we are ourselves.

Lady Mary. Oh! my son, if we should be so unfortunate as to render this retreat more fatal to the king than even the dangers of his flight: it would be the last wound that grief would give my old age.

Wyndham. No, my dear mother, spare yourself these groundless fears. A few hours more and the king is safe. At the close of the evening you must set out with him. It is known that for some days past my sister's health has been out of order. I have reported today that she desired earnestly to see you. Your visit is natural enough to avoid all suspicion; and I hope that, under the care of Providence, you will arrive safe at Shoreham.

SCENE VII.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Lady Mary, Lady Wyndham, Henry, Elizabeth.

Charles. My lord, I have recovered my strength. Thanks to your care, I never tasted the sweets of repose more to my satisfaction. On my waking I found your son centinel at my door; I thank him for his attention. (*Henry kisses his hand.*) We are nearly of the same age. I shall never forget my kind guard as long as I live; and will recompense in your son, my Lord Wyndham, the hospitality that you have shewn me, if I should not be so happy as to find you alive at my return.

Wyndham. My son has only performed his duty to your majesty.

Charles,

Charles. A duty rendered to me in my preſent circumſtances, has all the merit of an actual kindneſs, and in this light I view it.

Henry. Sire, I am happy to have begun, near your ſacred perſon, the apprenticeſhip of my future profeſſion in life.

Lady Wyndham, (*ſeeing Pope approach with a napkin upon his ſhoulder.*) Our eagerneſs to expreſs our ſentiments of attachment to your majeſty, makes us forget that you have a preſſing call to ſatisfy. Would your majeſty chuſe that we ſhould order up what is prepared?

Charles. Your ladyſhip always anticipates my wiſhes.

Pope. Every thing is ready. (*He lays a table with two covers. Henry is going to ſet the things in order.*)

Pope, (*taking hold of his arm.*) I beg your pardon, young maſter, but every one to his ſervice. I would not yield you nine today for all your fortune.

Elizabeth, (*running to take a bottle of wine and a tumbler.*) Sire, my brother had the honour to be your captain of the guard, give me leave to be your cupbearer.

Charles, (*ſmiling.*) You will treat me then like Jupiter on Mount Olympus?

Wyndham. All our wiſhes at preſent would be to form a court leſs unworthy of your majeſty.

Charles. Fortune, in the height of her favour, can never afford me any on which my eyes will dwell with ſo lively a ſatisfaction as now on this company. Amidſt the pomp of a throne, the homage that I receive is the offering of ambition or intereſt; here, poor and forſaken, I owe it to ſentiments of perſonal regard. (*He looks at them by turns, with his eyes bathed in tears, yet endeavouring to conceal them.*) Come, my Lord Derby, let us taſte the only peaceful refreſhment that we have enjoyed theſe three days. (*As they are going to ſit down, Thomas enters haſtily with wildneſs in his looks.*)

SCENE VIII.

Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Lady Mary, Lady Wyndham, Henry, Elizabeth, Pope, Thomas.

Thomas. Ware! Ware! Captain Luke is coming ſtraight towards the houſe with two ſoldiers. I have barely been able to get before them. They are at my heels.

Lady Mary and Lady Wyndham. Oh! Heavens!

Elizabeth. We are undone. Mercy on us!

Henry. There are but three: we can ſtand our ground againſt them.

Derby, (*vehemently.*) Lord Wyndham, ſave the king; firſt of all let him retire. We will receive their attack here in order to favour his retreat.

Wyndham. No, Lord Derby, do not quit his majeſty a moment. Henry, conduct them by the ſecret door.

Henry. Yes, Sire, truſt yourſelf with me; while I have a drop of blood remaining they ſhall not take you out of my hands.

Wyndham. Elizabeth, do you follow them alſo with your mother.

SCENE IX.

Wyndham, Lady Mary, Pope, Thomas.

Wyndham. Mother, I conjure you, beware of betraying yourſelf by any marks of trouble or agitation. Perhaps chance alone brings them here. Let us ſit down to table, to anticipate their curioſity as to the meaning of theſe two covers. I hear them in the court yard. Thomas, run to meet them, and conduct them hither directly to me.

Thomas. Enough, my lord.

SCENE X.

Wyndham, Lady Mary, Pope.

Wyndham. And, Pope, you will take care that nobody goes out, ſo that we may be able to aſſemble all our forces upon occaſion. Take care to have two horſes ready at the little door of the park.

Pope.

Pope. I fly to perform your orders.

Wyndham. No, ſtop; remain here a moment: I will give you a ſign when it will be time.

SCENE XI.

Wyndham, Lady Mary, Pope, Thomas, Captain Luke, Pembel, Talgol.

Captain Luke. Heaven enlighten you, profane ones! Night hath overtaken us on our road. We come to take up our lodging here for the night, I and theſe two brave ſoldiers who ſupport the good old cauſe.

Wyndham. All the apartments of the houſe are taken up by my own family. I have not room to receive you.

Luke. I tell you, nevertheleſs, in the parliament's name, that you muſt lodge us.

Wyndham. You are men of war, and hardened to fatigue. If you can put up with narrow quarters, I can lodge you.

Luke. We are men of war, and our ſwords will open us a ſuitable place. For whom is this table prepared?

Lady Mary. For my ſon and me. We were abſent at dinner time.

Luke. And ſo were we, i'faith; juſt the ſame luck; ſo bring us three covers more: we will dine together.

Wyndham. Take this table to yourſelves; for fear of incommoding you we will go and eat ſomewhere elſe.

Luke. With all my heart: we are the maſters here: we do not ſtand upon ceremony with ſtrangers. (*To Thomas.*) One cover more, and then bring up the dinner.

Lady Mary, (*to Thomas who ſeems at a loſs.*) Do as you are ordered.

Wyndham, (*to Pope.*) Stay and wait upon them; then come to me. (*He goes out with Lady Mary.*)

SCENE XII.

Luke, Pembel, Talgol, Pope.

Luke. Come, children of grace, let us ſit down to table.

Pembel.

Pembel. Let us do honour to the good old cauſe. (*Thomas brings a third cover.*)

Talgol, (*taking it.*) Give me this: I will be of the party. (*They ſit down to table, and begin to eat with extraordinary voraciouſneſs.*)

Luke, (*ſpeaking to Pope with his mouth full.*) Well, my lad, what news?

Pope. You ought to know the news better than I. There are ſo many reports, who the deuce can come at the truth? Is it fact that the king is taken? (*looking at him earneſtly.*)

Luke. He is not, ſince I have not been able to take him. For three days paſt I have beat about all the country. He would not have eſcaped me. He muſt have been left dead upon the field of battle.

Pope. How ſay you?

Luke. How ſay I? Some wine here. (*To Thomas, handing him an empty diſh.*) Go and bring us ſomething elſe.

Pope, (*aſide, as he brings ſome bottles.*) Heaven be praiſed! they do not know that he is here.

Pembel. This news confounds you, rogue.

Luke. Go, ring his knell: but I adviſe you to do it ſo gently that the parliament may not hear it, or elſe I will ring yours.

Pembel. What ſhould comfort you is, that your king is not alone in the other world. He will find the half of his army there. We have diſpatched his moſt faithful ſervants to wait upon him.

Luke. Blockheads! ſome of them took it into their heads to aſk me quarter: but, with my ſword, I cut the word in two in their throats.

Thomas, (*bringing another diſh.*) Here is all that is ready in the houſe.

Luke. It will do: only bring us wine. D'ye hear?

Pembel, (*to Pope.*) What are you about there, ſhaking your head? It ſeems as if you do not wiſh us well.

Luke. Lay us ſix bottles here upon the table, and go about your buſineſs until we call you. (*The wine is brought up.*)

Pope, (*aſide as he goes out.*) Theſe fellows do honour to the parliament.

SCENE XIII.

Luke, Pembel, Talgol.

Pembel, (*to Talgol.*) What fayeſt thou, comrade? How doſt thou find thyſelf now thou art illuminated.

Luke. See if any thing be wanting to the children of the Lord. All that is found in the land belongeth of right to us.

Talgol. I did not think that the elect had been permitted to eat meat in the dwellings of the profane.

Luke. That is becauſe you do not yet underſtand our principles. They command us to take poſſeſſion of every good thing poſſible, at the expence of the children of darkneſs. Now certainly nothing can better fulfil this object than to intercept their meat, as it were, before it reaches their mouths, and to eat in their ſtead.

Talgol. Very well explained.

Luke. When will you know the infinite advantages which the elect enjoy? Whatever engagements we enter into with the ungodly, though even confirmed with an oath, are and of right ought to be null, the moment they turn to our prejudice. In conformity to this principle, you ſee what our conduct was before Pendennis caſtle. Did we not receive the expreſs order of the Lord to ſlay the beſieged with the edge of the ſword, notwithſtanding the articles of capitulation?

Pembel. The buſineſs is only to underſtand well the fundamental points of our doctrine. We are the friends of heaven, and every thing ought to be in our favour againſt its enemies. It would be inſulting heaven to refuſe the gifts that it vouchſafes us; and all our actions are lawful and ſanctified, becauſe we act only from the ſuccour of its grace. Was it not heaven that inſpired even our women with a zeal quite divine for the good old cauſe? Have we not ſeen thoſe of the higheſt diſtinction ſtrip themſelves, with alacrity, of their moſt precious jewels: and the very ſervants bring us the amount of their wages, in order to raiſe troops for the glory of heaven, and to force all England to walk in the ways of ſalvation? Do we not, every day, hear the Lord declare to us his ſacred will in his revelations?

Talgol.

Talgol. And yet the Scots said the same at Dunbar; and prophesied, that if they came down from their hills they would beat Cromwell.

Pembel. True; but Cromwell had also his revelations which told him, that he should beat the Scots if they came down from the hills. The prayers of the two parties were an appeal to the judgment of the Lord, who declared by the victory that party which he judged most worthy to prosper, as he hath lately testified again by new blessings.

Luke. Come, enough of this: let us drink, my friends. (*They drink.*)

Pembel. Captain, shall we go now and see if they have taken proper care of our horses?

Luke. Yes, my lad, and then we will go and examine every corner of this house to see whether it contains any thing that may suit the favourites of the Lord.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Pope and Thomas (*entering together, and clearing the table in a hurry.*)

Thomas. It seems as if these knaves came on purpose to eat up the king's dinner.

Pope. Do not be uneasy; the king has had his part. I reserved the best for him.

Thomas. Yes, but while they were here feasting at their ease, he was obliged to snatch a hasty repast in the midst of terror and apprehension.

Pope. I that exulted so much in the thought of waiting upon his majesty, to see myself, on the contrary, obliged to wait upon his greatest enemies!

Thomas. I was in the mind twenty times to knock my bottle at their heads, when the asked for drink.

Pope. And I followed them while they rummaged the house all over. I assure you, if they had come to the private

private chamber where the king was, I had my piſtols ready, and ſhould have blown their brains out.

Thomas. It is happy for us that they are ſo certain of his death: but with what an exulting tone did they ſpeak of it! I never ſaw inſolence equal to theirs.

Pope. And the captain too had a better ſtock of it than the others.

Thomas. That is becauſe he remembers his former honourable ſtation. Would you believe that I have ſeen him a butcher's boy in Briſtol?

Pope. Then I do not wonder that he carries ſuch a cutting flaſhing look with him.

Thomas. And his friend there, Mr. Pembel, the taylor's apprentice, who was firſt the ſpiritual guide of his wandering neighbours, and then one of Cromwell's preaching ſoldiers. I would lay a wager that he has perverted more by his curſed tongue than ever he has killed with his ſword.

Pope. Do you know the third?

Thomas. No; but by his ſmokedried appearance I ſhould take him to be one of thoſe miſerable kettle-menders, that travel the country under the name of tinkers. The party muſt have picked him up on the high roads.

Pope. Yes, they ſhot him flying, that's plain; and a noble acquiſition he is to them, no doubt.

SCENE II.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Pope, Thomas.

Wyndham. Well, Pope, where are the ſoldiers?

Pope. I believe, my lord, they are all faſt aſleep by this time. I carried four bottles of wine into their chamber, which they emptied as they were going to bed. I'll warrant, my lady will be at Shoreham before they awake.

Wyndham. We muſt take the advantage then of this precious moment. Let every thing be prepared, in the greateſt ſilence, for my mother's departure.

Lady Mary. Thomas, go and give a look to my equipage, and haſten the getting of them ready. Henry is

now

now making the king put on the disguise necessary for his attending me. When all things are prepared you will come and let us know.

Thomas. Madam, I obey.

SCENE III.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Pope.

Pope. My lord, shall I accompany the king?

Wyndham. No; I will have my son to be one of the party, and the fewer they are the less suspicions they will create.

Pope. But if, by any untoward accident, there should be a necessity for defending him, can you arm too many for his safeguard? I think now, I might go a little way before on the road to reconnoitre, without seeming to belong to my lady's carriage.

Wyndham. That charge I will give to Thomas.

Pope, (*sorrowfully.*) To Thomas, my lord? Do you doubt my courage or fidelity?

Wyndham. No, Pope, I believe them both to be proof; but I have occasion for your prudent management here, both to deceive the soldiers who are in the house, and the country people in the village, in case of any unforeseen accident.

Lady Mary. Be assured, if any important business required dexterity or address, you should be the first person chosen to conduct it. I give you my word you should.

Pope. This assurance comforts me a little; yet I must say, I would rather attend the king, and save his life, or die with him.

Wyndham. It is sufficient: I know your principles: but time presses. Go and see if his majesty be ready, and tell my son he may bring him here with safety.

Pope, (*going out.*) Yes, my lord.

SCENE IV.

Lady Mary, Wyndham.

Lady Mary. I am charmed with Henry's behaviour to the king. His respect is fervent, without having any thing

thing of ſervility. His words are tempered with affection, deference, and generoſity. He comforts the prince; he animates him; he ſwears to ſerve him at the expence of his life. We may diſcover already in his youth the good ſenſe and firmneſs of more advanced experience.

Wyndham. My ſon will be indebted to you for his virtues. By preſenting us conſtantly with the example of my father's great qualities, you impreſs your children with the deſire of emulating them.

Lady Mary. Theſe are tempeſtuous times and will afford frequent opportunities of putting them in practice. I would fain believe that in a ſeaſon of trial your ſon will prove himſelf not unworthy of his name.

Wyndham. O, Madam! how proud you make me by that hope! That I owe you my life is nothing, I owe to you the honour of all thoſe in whom I live and exiſt.

SCENE V.

Charles, Derby, Lady Mary, Wyndham, Henry.

Charles. Lord Wyndham, do you know theſe cloaths? (*He draws aſide the cloak in which he is wrapped up, and ſhews the ſuit of livery under it.*)

Wyndham. Oh! how afflicting to ſee my prince reduced to this dreadful neceſſity!

Lady Mary, (*looking down.*) I dare not direct my looks to your majeſty, leſt I ſhould give you offence.

Charles, (*with dignity.*) No, Madam, be under no uneaſineſs, you will not ſee me bluſh: this is not the firſt time that Chance has condemned me to ſtrange metamorphoſes. Forced as I was a few days ago to ply the axe as a woodcutter in the foreſt, why ſhould I be aſtoniſhed at this new diſguiſe? It is but another inſtance of the inconſtancy of Fortune. The more ſhe loads me with inſults, the more pride I take in deſpiſing them. I wiſh even to riſe above her, above myſelf, from the low eſtate to which ſhe reduces me. A king in this dreſs receives an important leſſon from Providence to tranſmit to other ſovereigns.

Derby, (*turning aſide, and lifting up his eyes to heaven.*) O, Sir!

Charles.

Charles. Lord Derby, in these garments you see nothing but what is abject; I can look upon it as the apparel of triumph. The diadem upon my forehead could not, perhaps, impress my enemies with respect, whereas, in the livery of servitude, it is my glory that I reign in the faithful hearts of my subjects. (*Derby and the rest throw themselves at the king's feet.*)

Wyndham. You see us ready to sacrifice ourselves for your majesty.

Charles. (*with transport.*) This is homage that raises me far higher than the thrones of the earth: but rise, my friends; your place is not at my feet, but by my side. My lord, I have seen virtues in your house which do not always accompany a crown, and which eclipse its splendor. If my love for my people and the laws of honour did not make it my duty to support my crown, this peaceful retreat, and the enjoyment of your friendship, would be the utmost bound of my ambition.

Lady Mary. For pity's sake, Sire, do not express such sentiments; they will make our sorrows too bitter.

Wyndham. Alas! such is our situation: though the sight of your majesty fills me with the liveliest joy, yet I am reduced to the necessity of wishing you soon to be at a distance from my view.

Charles. My presence, my lord, has occasioned disorder and confusion in your house; but I swear that I will never forget the danger to which I expose you, nor the generous firmness with which you brave it.

Wyndham. Ah, Sir! animated as we are with a deep concern for the interests of our country, whatever personally regards us alone is but a very feeble consideration. It is neither my own safety nor that of my family that disturbs me; yours occupies my whole thoughts. Fortune has put it out of our power to be useful to our country; but your majesty may still make her happy.

Charles. While I labour to obtain that great object, I shall ever recollect that you have furnished me with the means. If I arrive at the accomplishment of it, you shall not ask the commonwealth for your reward; I will charge myself with acquitting the national gratitude.

Wyndham. Let me see my country happy and I shall be sufficiently rewarded: but, alas! my strength, exhausted

hauſted by long ſervices, hardly allows me that hope: I leave it, however, as a bequeſt to my ſon, together with the inheritance of my principles. Permit me, Sire, to recommend this my only remaining ſon to your notice. I aſk nothing for him but that your majeſty would employ him uſefully in the ſervice of his country. I dare anſwer for him that he will neither diſgrace your choice nor impair the honour of his anceſtors.

Charles. My lord, I give you my word as a pledge of my regard for him; and if ever I ſhould be unfortunate enough to forget it, (*he takes Henry by the hand,*) brave ſon of my benefactor, come boldly before my throne, and ſay, "I am Wyndham;" my heart will quickly tell me what my duty is.

SCENE VI.

Charles, Derby, Lady Mary, Wyndham, Elizabeth, Henry, Pope, Thomas.

Pope and Thomas, (*as they enter.*) My lord, all is ready for his majeſty's departure.

Derby. There is not a moment to be loſt.

Lady Mary, (*lifting up her hands toward heaven.*) O God, the defender of kings, deign to take us under thy protection. (*Wyndham appears buried in thought.*)

Charles, (*approaching him.*) Lord Wyndham, you have not a word for me.

Wyndham. Sire, I would I could conceal from you the perturbation which my heart feels at this moment.

Charles. And I would I could expreſs to you the workings of mine. I came into your houſe a fugitive; you have treated me as a king; now I depart your friend. (*Wyndham going to throw himſelf at his feet is reſtrained by Charles who opens his arms to him.*) What are you doing? I will receive no homage from a friend. Let him embrace me. (*He embraces him with tranſport.*) Fate, my lord, will not be ſo cruel as to deprive me of the happineſs of ſeeing you again. (*Wyndham, unable to anſwer him, takes his hand, kiſſes it and bathes it with his tears. Charles looks at him affectionately. Pope, in the mean time, approaches to kiſs the ſkirt of the king's cloak, who perceiving him gives him his hand to kiſs, and ſays,*)

I owe to you the preservation of my life. Honour alone can repay such services, and I offer you no other reward: but watch carefully over the safety of your excellent masters; that will be a kindness to me, and such a one as I shall repay, if ever I come again to this country, with a handsome fortune. (*Approaching Lady Mary, and offering her his hand.*) Madam, I am your ladyship's most obedient. (*Henry embraces his father.*)

Wyndham, (*with fervor.*) My son, I confide to you the sacred person of your king. You are answerable to me for his safety. Dare, if it be necessary, to die in his defence.

Henry, (*with vivacity.*) I pledge my life to that end, in the presence of heaven and you.

SCENE VII.

Lady Mary, Lady Wyndham, Charles, Derby, Wyndham, Elizabeth, Henry, Pope, Thomas.

Lady Wyndham, (*entering in a fright, and followed by Elizabeth.*) Ah, stop, Sire! Mother, you conduct his majesty to destruction.

Lady Mary. My dear child, what is the cause of this consternation?

Lady Wyndham. All is lost.

Charles. How! I beseech your ladyship to explain.

Lady Wyndham. How shall I find strength to tell you.

Wyndham. Endeavour to collect yourself, my dear. For heaven's sake relieve us from the anxiety that you have occasioned us.

Lady Wyndham, (*out of breath.*) The smith—who shod the king's horse—stole in hither privately—He went up to the room where the soldiers lay—and awaked them—he told them that the king was in the house—I saw him go out in order to raise the country people—while the soldiers are dressing themselves to come here and seize his majesty.

Charles, (*with firmness.*) I must yield to fate; but not without losing every drop of my blood first.

Derby. Ah! if I can save your life at the expence of mine! What have we to fear while our swords are still left us?

Wyndham.

Wyndham. No, brave veteran, resistance would be ineffectual. The whole village is, perhaps, already up in arms. Let not your majesty yield to the dictates of a blind despair. I beseech you, my dear Lord Derby, conduct the king again into his secret apartment, and do not leave his person a moment. If we must come to open force, I will go and join you with my son, and we will all fight together till our last breath. (*He leads them towards a private staircase.*) Thomas, run and pull up the drawbridge to hinder the populace from entering. (*Thomas goes out.*) And you, my son, I fear the heat and vivacity of your youth; retire with Pope into the next room. I forbid you to come out without my orders.

Henry, (*with warmth.*) What, Father——

Wyndham. I hear the soldiers coming. (*Henry springs forward to meet them. Wyndham holds him back, casts a severe look at him, and says, with an authoritative voice,*) Obey. (*Henry goes with Pope into the next chamber.*)

Wyndham, (*to Lady Mary.*) O, Mother, it is now that I have occasion to be supported by your courage! (*He turns towards Lady Wyndham and Elizabeth.*) My love, you will pardon me, and you, my dear child, if I expose you to the view of an insolent soldiery: but in such a danger I cannot think of suffering you out of my sight.

SCENE VIII.

Lady Mary, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth, Wyndham, Luke, Pembel, Talgol.

(*The soldiers rush into the room.*)

Luke, (*with a voice like thunder.*) Where are they? Where are they?

Wyndham, (*calmly.*) Whom do you seek?

Luke. Stuart, and the companion of his flight.

Wyndham. Stuart? I know none of that name but the king of England, and it is always pronounced before me with respect.

Luke. We have no king. I ask for Charles Stuart.

Pembel. He is here in your house: do not think to conceal him, or it will cost you your life.

Wyndham.

Wyndham. I ſhould deſpiſe my life if I thought it were at your mercy.

Luke. Fewer words, and anſwer me. Where are the two men who came here this morning?

Pembel. The ſmith who ſhod their horſes obſerved their ſhoes to have been made in the north. Other circumſtances prove that one of them is king of Scotland.

Lady Mary. Have you ever ſeen him? Would you know him?

Luke. No, but what does that ſignify? Cromwell will ſoon know him.

Wyndham, (*aſide to Lady Mary.*) Do you hear him, mother? Oh, if ——

Lady Mary, (*aſide to Wyndham.*) Son, I underſtand your generous wiſhes.

Luke, (*interrupting them.*) Come; an end of your diſcourſes: let thoſe two ſtrangers be given up to us this moment. (*He draws his ſword, and holds it over Wyndham's head.*) Let them be given up to us, or you are a dead man.

Lady Wyndham, (*throwing herſelf between the captain and Wyndham.*) What would you do, Barbarian?

Lady Mary. Stop, Stop, I will bring them to you.

Luke, (*lowering his ſword.*) Make haſte, my lady, if you tremble for his life.

SCENE IX.

Wyndham, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth, Luke, Pembel, Talgol.

Lady Wyndham, (*terrified—aſide to Elizabeth.*) What can be my mother's deſign?

Elizabeth. I dare not even conjecture. (*They throw themſelves into each other's arms.*)

Luke. My lord, are you ignorant of the penalties denounced by parliament againſt ſuch as ſhould preſume to ſhelter Charles Stuart from their power?

Wyndham. Are you ignorant of the infamy that redounds to ſuch as violate the rights of hoſpitality?

Luke. You are a rebel to the law of the land.

Wyndham. I know no law that ſuperſedes that of honour.

Luke.

Luke. How can honour bind you to protect an outlaw, a declared enemy of his country?

Wyndham. The enemy of his country, in my eſtimation, is he who overturns the government, and takes from the people their lawful ſovereign. Even if the blindneſs of my underſtanding had drawn me into thoſe abominable principles which you profeſs, had Charles come to ſeek ſhelter in my houſe from his enemies, I ſhould have thought it my duty to reſpect his misfortunes. Judge if I was capable of betraying him while I look upon him as my ſovereign, and his perſon as ſacred. Violence may tear him from my arms, but even the ſight of a ſcaffold prepared for my execution could not make me betray him baſely.

Luke. You acknowledge then that Charles Stuart is one of the two men who are going to be brought to us?

Wyndham. When they are in your preſence you will know it from their own mouths, if they chuſe to tell you.

Luke. They muſt confeſs, or this ſteel ſhall do me right if they refuſe.

Wyndham. Do you dare to ſay ſo? Imagine not that I will ſuffer you to exerciſe your rage with impunity. This caſtle, for three hundred years, has been the reſidence of honour. You ſhall not defile it by an execrable murder. Dread the conſequence of driving me to deſpair. You ſee a ſoldier who is leſs weakened by age than by the fatigue of war, and who, to puniſh you, could find the vigour of his youth again upon occaſion.

SCENE X.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth, Luke, Pembel, Talgol.

Luke, (*to Lady Mary who enters.*) Where are my priſoners?

Lady Mary. They follow. Before I deliver them into your hands, I think it neceſſary to declare to you how much I deteſt the action which you force me to commit: I am ſenſible that it is an outrage to humanity; but my firſt duty is to preſerve the life which is moſt valuable. If I had been free to ranſom it with mine,

I should not have hesitated upon the choice of the victim. The eye of heaven sees my inmost heart, and will call you to an account for the blood which I expose to your fury. (*Holding her hands to them supplicantly.*) But if you are still sensible to the voice of nature, reject not my earnest entreaties in behalf of these unfortunate men. I have promised that you will respect their distress.

Luke. We are too long listening to empty lamentations. Where are they?

SCENE XI.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth, Luke, Talgol, Pembel, Henry, Pope.

Henry, (*advancing boldly, wrapped up, as is Pope, in a large cloak.*) I will not wait for your coming to seek me.

Lady Wyndham, (*knowing Henry's voice.*) Heaven! what do I hear? My son? (*she falls in a swoon into Elizabeth's arms, who takes her to a seat.*)

Wyndham, (*eagerly endeavouring to assist her—aside to Elizabeth.*) Take care not to betray us. (*Luke, Pembel, and Talgol, look at Henry for a while with a mixture of surprize and irresolution.*)

Luke, (*going up to him.*) Who are you?

Henry, (*boldly.*) Have you the insolence to think that I would deign to answer you?

Luke, (*peremptorily.*) I ask you who are you?

Henry. By what right do you dare to question me?

Luke. In the name of the parliament whose orders I bear.

Henry. What? shall I acknowledge a parliament that is governed by a rebel?

Luke. General Cromwell will find means to oblige you. He is only ten miles off. You must speak in his presence.

Henry. Then you will have but one word from my lips. Lead me to him.

Pembel. Let us make haste before the country people assemble and come, perhaps, to dispute our prize with us.

Luke.

Luke. Come along. (*He makes a motion as if to lay hold on Henry.*)

Henry, (*with an air of authority, makes signs to him to desist.*) One moment. (*To Wyndham.*) My lord, I hoped to have been one day useful to my country. If my death can save to her the blood of one more valuable, I devote myself without reluctance, nay with joy: meantime let me pay to your lordship as well as to this lady, the tribute of my gratitude for your sentiments in my behalf, and particularly for the high opinion that you have expressed of my courage. (*Wyndham and Lady Mary endeavour to stifle their grief. Henry looks round for his mother, and sees her in a swoon. He takes her hand and kisses it.*) To what a situation does the excessive tenderness of her feelings reduce her! Must I be forced to abandon her while she is thus? My Lord—Madam—and you, Elizabeth, I conjure you, in the name of all that is sacred, apply your tendered cares to recover and console her. Speak to her often of me: describe to her the violence that I do myself in parting from her at this moment. I could not answer for my resolution if I only saw her tears or heard her sighs for a moment. (*He rises, presses tenderly the hand of Elizabeth, utters a heavy sigh while he casts his eyes for the last time on his mother, then all at once drawing his hat down over his eyes, and muffling up his face in his cloak, for fear of being known by the enemy people in passing through the village, he walks off very fast, making signs to the soldiers to follow him.*)

Luke, (*accompanying him with his sword drawn.*) Come along, my lads.

Perdick, (*to Pope, who also muffles himself up in his cloak.*) March. Our general will soon know who you are.

Pope. I am not afraid to tell it aloud to yourselves: a faithful servant of the king's, and one who would glory to die for him.

SCENE XII.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth.

Wyndham. At length I have full liberty to indulge my grief. O, mother, what a sacrifice!

Lady Mary. To me it is the moſt grievous, whom Fortune obliged to prepare and conduct the victims.

Wyndham, (*bending over Lady Mary.*) Look up, my deareſt life. Alas, what do I ſay! Should I wiſh to ſee you out of this peaceful ſwoon? Ah! that it would change to a long and deep ſleep! Wounded as my heart is with my own griefs, how ſhall I be able to bear your diſtraction?

Lady Wyndham, (*recovering herſelf by degrees—with a feeble voice.*) My ſon!

Wyndham. In vain you call the beloved youth. Hard fate! that we ſhould be condemned to loſe him at the very moment when he ſhews himſelf moſt worthy of our love.

Lady Wyndham, (*collecting her ſpirits—with more ſtrength of voice.*) My ſon! (*looking all round.*) Where is he? (*riſing haſtily,*) What have you made of my ſon? (*Wyndham is quite dejected and not able to anſwer.*)

Lady Mary, (*making a violent effort to conſtrain her feelings.*) A hero, the honour of our name; the ſaviour of our king; the pledge of his country's ſafety.

Lady Wyndham, (*in a frantic voice.*) Barbarians! have you ſacrificed him then?

Wyndham. Would you ſee me diſhonoured by a baſe act of treaſon, and give up the ſacred head of majeſty to an executioner? Were you reduced to chuſe between a huſband who ſhould owe his life to his infamy, and a ſon who ſhould die for glory, ſpeak what would be your choice?

Lady Wyndham. How can I anſwer you? But, my ſon!

Wyndham. He was mine alſo. Eſcaped alone from the ruins of a numerous family, I flattered myſelf that he would raiſe it to its former luſtre. Indeed, from his earlieſt youth, he afforded the moſt auſpicious hopes; and in one moment he has now gone far beyond them. With ſo many claims to my affection, can you think that he is indifferent to me, or that his loſs would create in me leſs poignant grief than in you? Pity my ſorrows, therefore, in your turn. You think me inſenſible, becauſe I would comfort you. Ah! why cannot I lay bare my heart before you? You would ſee it harrowed up with tortures inexpreſſible. What ſhall I ſay to you? Such a ſoul as yours is not to be deluded by unreal conſolations;

folations; but ſome ſources of comfort are yet open. See your ſon, already full of virtues, acquire immortal glory in the flower of his age, by ſaving his prince and his country. Let your affection dwell a moment upon theſe noble thoughts. If we are to loſe our ſon, there is this well-founded hope left, which Cromwell's ferocious cruelty will not render vain, that we ſhall all be included in the ſame proſcription with him.

Lady Wyndham. I accept with pleaſure this dreadful hope. What ſhould I do with life were I to ſurvive my ſon? (*with more vivacity.*) But where is he? I will ſee him. Bring him back to me that I may at leaſt receive his laſt embrace.

Wyndham. With difficulty he tore himſelf from your arms, fearing the exceſs of your tenderneſs.

Lady Wyndham. He knew it not, if he only ſaw me in a ſtate of inſenſibility. That might be cauſed by a woman's terror at the ſight of boiſterous ſoldiers. He ſhould have been witneſs to a mother's deſpair. Has he ſeen the burning tears flow from my eyes? Claſped to his mother's breaſt, hath he felt the throbbings of her heart? Muſt he die without knowing how dear he is to me? No, cruel as ye are, ſuffer me to follow him. I will go: I will ruſh into the croud of his guards and executioners. I will embrace him a thouſand times. I will expire on his breaſt. (*She ruſhes forward diſtracted—Wyndham holds her while ſtretching forth her arms and claſping her hands together, ſhe cries with an impaſſioned voice,*) My ſon! My ſon! (*At this moment Charles enters with Derby. He ſtops ſhort in ſilent ſurprize. Wyndham perceiving him, approaches. Lady Wyndham endeavours to contain the tranſports of her grief in the king's preſence; and to avoid his ſight, ſhe leans upon Elizabeth's breaſt.*)

SCENE XIII.

Charles, Derby, Lady Mary, Wyndham, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth.

Charles. Lord Wyndham, what has been the matter? I hear tumultuous voices repeat on every ſide, with reiterated clamour, "The king is taken." The ſoldiers are dragging off two men. I followed them with my eyes

a long way into the country, and saw them followed by a shouting populace, and attended with a thousand lights. I come down, I find you all in the deepest consternation, I see your lady drowned in tears and avoiding my looks. What is this mystery? I dread to unravel it.

Wyndham. Have you not heard the cries of this disconsolate mother?

Charles. How! Is your son ——

Wyndham. He had sworn to save your life at the expence of his own. He now fulfils his vow.

Charles. And you believe that I will suffer him to die in my stead? No, no; I should think myself unworthy of so noble fidelity were I to permit this sacrifice. Dry up your tears, madam, I will soon restore to you a son so worthy of your sorrows.

Wyndham. The attempt would be vain. Will bloodthirsty Cromwell be terrified at the number of his victims? It is past with my son, and you would perish without saving him.

Charles. Then at least I will die with him.

Wyndham. No, Sire; you shall not die. Your life is no longer at your own disposal; it belongs to me, who have purchased it at the price of my blood. I presume to assert my claims upon it, conjointly with those of the nation.

Charles. What can you exact of me?

Wyndham. The accomplishment of our great design. Its execution is now become favourable. The false report which has already filled the village, and will soon be spread through the whole country, ensures you a free retreat. Make haste to depart. The delay of an instant may be fatal to you. The tyger, disappointed in his first prey, will come hither, by the traces of my Henry's blood, to seek for a second. Be you out of his reach before his fury awakes.

Derby. Then, Lord Wyndham, withdraw along with us from Cromwell's vengeance. Bring your mother, your wife, and your daughter, together with the most valuable of your effects, and follow our destiny.

Wyndham. I thought, Lord Derby, that you had known me better. Shall I give up my own son to the sword of the executioner, and withdraw my own head from it?

Charles. Save at leaſt what remains to you of an unfortunate family. Make haſte to lodge them in a place of ſafety.

Lady Mary. How, Sire! I abandon my ſon?

Lady Wyndham. Mine they have torn from me, but they ſhall not tear me from my huſband.

Wyndham. You ſee, death has no terrors for us: half of my family has periſhed in your father's defence, the remainder will not heſitate to periſh for your ſafety.

Charles. No, I do not accept this ſanguinary offering. What a lot purſues me! Heaven gives kings to make nations happy, whereas I am ſent to bring deſtruction on my people. My life is a ground of diſcord to my ſubjects. I ſee ſome proſtitute their conſcience and their honour to the purpoſe of procuring my death, others in my defence ſacrifice their too generous blood. It is my blood, it is my blood that the furies demand. Deliver me from this deteſted life; I hate it, I abhor it.

Wyndham. For that very reaſon it is the higheſt courage to ſupport it. Heaven, while it ſeconds my deſign, hath pointed out to us our ſeveral duties; yours to live, ours to die. Suffer us to fulfil this glorious deſtiny. If on the ſcaffold I learn that you are ſafe, I ſhall die happy.

Charles. And ſhall I live happy even upon a throne, to which the ſacrifice of your life muſt ſmooth my way?

Wyndham. What is your happineſs or mine? it is the happineſs of a whole people that ſhould occupy your thoughts. Led aſtray by the violence of their paſſions, but ever ready, from an innate love of rectitude, to return to the ways of juſtice and honour, they muſt be indebted to you alone for ſuch a reformation: they will ſoon come and ſupplicate your return. Whenever that happens, grant their deſire; return not as a conqueror, but as a father: my blood then will not cry out to you for vengeance, but for mercy, liberty, and love.

Charles. This ungrateful people, who proſcribe me! are they all worth, in my eſtimation, a ſingle citizen like you? Under a doubtful hope of returning, ſhould I ſuffer ſuch noble victims to periſh? No, Wyndham, I have ſaid it; I will not accept an offering of devoted blood while I can ranſom it with my own. By what right would you force me to receive it?

Wyndham. By what right, Sire? you make me forget the duty of a ſubject, and aſſume the authority over you which my age gives me, and if I muſt add, my ſervices. When I gave you an aſylum here, at the riſk of my fortune and life, the honour of ſaving you was a ſufficient recompence; but when I ſacrifice my ſon for your preſervation, with what price can you repay me? And you would ſnatch from me even the fruits of this ſacrifice, and oblige me to grieve that I ever conſented to it? No, Sire, you are a king, I was a father. For your ſake I am no longer one: reſtore to me, therefore, in your perſon, the ſon whom I had brought up to fulfil the hopes of his country. You aſk me by what right? You have given me a right, which I will exact in all its rigour. Depart.

Charles. Generous but cruel Wyndham—.

Wyndham. I hear no more. Depart, and by ſaving yourſelf, ſave the nation. Follow us, mother; and you, my Lord Derby, help me to force the king away. (*He turns towards Lady Wyndham.*) My deareſt, excuſe me, I go to taſte the laſt joy remaining to me on earth, that of ſaving my country, and I will return to your arms to indulge our grief to its juſt exceſs. (*With Derby's help he forces off the king. Lady Mary follows them. Elizabeth leads Lady Wyndham to her apartment.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Wyndham.

What a dreadful night have I paſſed! Alas! I ſhall have none but ſuch for the ſhort time that I am ſtill to drag the burden of life! Trembling for my king, my country, and my ſon, what remains to fill up the meaſure of my calamities? Were I even permitted to bear them ſingly! O, beloved wife, your deſpair afflicts me more

more than my own forrows. Now clafping me in your arms, now puſhing me from you with horror, ſpent with weeping, convulſed with ſobs, paſſing by turns from the frenzy of grief to a calm ſtill more dreadful, and from a mournful ſilence to ſhrieks of anguiſh, how often, in this long night, has my heart been torn with the ſight of your ſufferings! Sleep at length ſteals upon her eyelids, and gives me a moment of freedom to indulge my griefs alone. O my ſon! my ſon! never did a vice in you draw tears from your parents eyes; were you then deſtined to ſhew forth ſo much virtue only to make us completely wretched! (*He ſheds a flood of tears, hiding his face at the ſame time with his hands.*)

SCENE II.

Wyndham, James.

James, (*looking at him with affectionate compaſſion, and not daring to interrupt him.*) Could I expect to find him thus plunged in grief? Is this the reward of his virtues? (*He approaches, and calls him with a trembling voice.*) My lord!

Wyndham, (*ſtarts ſuddenly from his muſing, ſees who it is, and ſpeaks with eagerneſs.*) Ha! well, what news do you bring me? Have they a ſhip ready for the king?

James. Yes, my lord; when I came away, Colonel Lane had one ready to ſet ſail the moment of the king's arrival.

Wyndham, (*his countenance brightening up through his tears.*) Thank heaven, I feel at leaſt one part of my anxiety lightened.

James. I do not know whether your lordſhip has any grounds for rejoicing.

Wyndham. Sayeſt thou?

James. As I returned, I did not meet my lady's carriage until I was three miles from the harbour.

Wyndham. Well?

James. But when I came farther on the road, I ſaw ſoldiers ſcouring the country on every ſide with freſh orders from Cromwell.

Wyndham. Then he is undeceived already as to his victim? Heavens! if they were to ſeize the king!

James. I apprehend, they directed their purſuit towards the ſea ſide, perhaps towards Shoreham.

Wyndham. Then I am plunged again into the moſt cruel alarms!

James. Her ladyſhip charged me to inform you that ſhe would diſpatch Thomas to you, or elſe come herſelf as ſoon as the king was aboard the veſſel.

Wyndham. Let them haſte then to relieve me from this dreadful ſtate of uncertainty. Go, leave me, I pray you, if you have nothing more to communicate to me.

James. Your lordſhip will pardon me, but I cannot thus leave you to yourſelf: I am only grieved that I was obliged to be away. I ſhould not have let you ſacrifice my young maſter. I would have taken his place —happy in preſerving to you a ſon worthy of ſo much love and eſteem. How happy did I return in having fully performed my meſſage! The hope of finding your lordſhip pleaſed with the good news that I brought back did ſo rejoice me. Ah! my lord, how was I ſhocked on learning what had paſſed in my abſence! and now, when I ſee you in grief, you, my lord, who are ſo mild and gentle a maſter, I know not how I ſhall ſupport it.

Wyndham. For pity's ſake, my good friend, do not aggravate the evils that I endure.

James, (*kiſſing his hand.*) My maſter! my excellent maſter!

Wyndham. I thank you for your affection, but this proof of it only afflicts me more. Why do you ſpeak to me of myſelf? I would be entirely taken up with my ſon and nothing elſe. (*James goes out, lifting up his hands towards heaven, and looking ſorrowfully at Wyndham.*)

SCENE III.

Wyndham.

Juſt at this time every morning, my ſon, my dear ſon, came to aſk my bleſſing. With what joy did I preſs him to my heart! Inſtead of receiving theſe embraces from the tendereſt of fathers, perhaps he lies now under the menaces of the ſavage Cromwell, ſurrounded by excee-

executioners, and the axe lifted over his head. Perhaps this moment he expires beneath the ſtroke. O, heaven! that I ſhould loſe all, my country, my ſon, my whole family, and yet cannot die.

SCENE IV.

Wyndham, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth.

Lady Wyndham, (*enters with diſhevelled hair and tottering ſteps, ſupported by Elizabeth. She cries with a voice ſo feeble as to be ſcarce heard.*) Wyndham!

Wyndham, (*turning, perceives her.*) Heavens! what perturbation in her ſenſes! What wildneſs in her eyes!

Lady Wyndham, (*with haggard looks.*) Where am I? Is it yet day? I have not ſeen Henry. He did not come to ſalute me this morning. My dear ſon! and yet he knows that his affection makes the happineſs of my life. (*She looks ſtedfaſtly at Wyndham.*) Ah! I ſee him, (*ſmiling*) he is in his father's arms—Let him come hither alſo, and embrace me. (*She holds out her arms.*) He does not come! He loves me not! (*She turns, and fixing her eyes upon Wyndham*) Barbarian! a poniard in your hand! What has he done that you ſhould ſtab him? Ah! I will defend him againſt you. (*Endeavours to break away —Elizabeth holds her.*) They load me with chains to deprive you of my aſſiſtance. (*She ſtarts and ſhudders.*) Whence comes this blood that I ſee flow in ſtreams? Is it mine or my ſon's? (*She falls back into Elizabeth's arms.*)

Wyndham. This laſt ſtroke only was wanting to compleat my miſery. (*To Elizabeth.*) I had juſt left her ſo compoſed!

Elizabeth. This was her condition immediately upon her awaking.

Wyndham. What ſhall I ſay to her? I have not even a hope remaining to beguile her ſorrows. (*Leaning over her, and taking her hand.*) Sophy, my deareſt Sophy!

Lady Wyndham, (*in a languiſhing voice.*) Sophy is no more. She was the mother of Henry, but ſhe has loſt him. (*Wyndham appears ſtupified with grief. A moment of ſilence, during which nothing is heard but the ſobs of Elizabeth.*)

SCENE V.

Lady Wyndham, Wyndham, Elizabeth, James.

James, (*running in, with wildneſs in his countenance.*) My lord, the whole court yard is full of ſoldiers, and Cromwell himſelf is coming.

Lady Wyndham, (*exerting herſelf.*) Cromwell? Who is this Cromwell? Another of my ſon's murderers. (*She faints.*)

Wyndham, (*having given her ſome aſſiſtance.*) Elizabeth, take your mother away. (*Elizabeth leads Lady Wyndham out.*) Let not the barbarian feaſt his eyes with this ſight. Heaven! give me ſtrength to overcome my grief that I may confound and ſtrike him dumb. (*He reſumes his ſpirits, and waits Cromwell's entering.*)

SCENE VI.

Cromwell, Wyndham.

Cromwell. My lord, you ſee me here filled with a holy indignation. That you ſhould ſeek to deceive *me*, by delivering your ſon up to me inſtead of Charles Stuart, is not what gives me offence, but your betraying the commonwealth, and attempting to laugh the commands of heaven to ſcorn, ſuch an exceſs of audacious impiety I know not how to pardon.

Wyndham. Is it none in thee, Cromwell, to ſet thyſelf up for the avenger of heaven and the commonwealth?

Cromwell. I know that man is nothing in the eyes of the ſupreme Being; but know that he may ſerve as an inſtrument to ſignalize his Maker's power.

Wyndham. It was, no doubt, to ſignalize that power, that heaven choſe you from the midſt of riot and debauchery, loaded with debts and infamy, and ſtained with more crimes than ever took root in the heart of the moſt abandoned villain.

Cromwell. Heaven beheld my weakneſſes, but the love that I bore my country overbalanced them.

Wyndham. Country? that name in your mouth is like the name of virtue pronounced in hell.

Cromwell. The nation treats me with more juſtice; the people are ſenſible that I have reſtored them to their former greatneſs.

Wyndham. What, by degrading their minds to the level of hypocriſy and fanaticiſm? by expoſing them to their neighbours on account of the furious inveteracy with which they purſue their own deſtruction; and to the execration of the whole world on account of the deteſtable murder of their king? You have reſtored them to their greatneſs, while you make them the tool of your ambition? Had you only forced them to ſuffer baſely the indignities with which they have been loaded by you, would it not have been debaſing them ſufficiently? How long ſhall they be the dupe of your impoſture? Why can they not ſee you in your true colours, not as I ſee you, for the infinite depth of your villainy hides half your crimes from the eyes of your neighbours, but ſuch as you would ſee yourſelf, could the affrighting gleam of remorſe penetrate to the bottom of your black heart.

Cromwell. Slavery always dared thus to calumniate the noble efforts of courage. Muſt I, to pleaſe you, have left a generous people groaning under the yoke of tyranny?

Wyndham. To deſcribe the horror with which that tyranny inſpires me, it is ſufficient that I cannot expreſs how much I abhor you. Yes, monſter, do you think that I have not marked your ambition ſtealing, with perfidious ſilence, to a throne? I am not the ſlave o kings: I ever deteſted their attempts upon our liberty. What curſes then do I not owe your parliament and you, the two moſt cruel oppreſſors of the people? Under what ſceptred tyrant have they ſhed more tears or more blood? Ferocious manners, frantic errors, vindictive proſcriptions, licentiouſneſs, maſſacres and depredations, theſe bleſſings your republican knaves have given to an infatuated populace by way of liberty, while they cruſh them under a load of taxes, and puniſh their leaſt murmur as rebellion. This monſtrous chaos is the work of your gloomy policy: I have ſeen you lurk among the independents; unable to lead the ſect by the force of your eloquence, you have agitated them by the ravings of a diſtempered imagination: you

wrapped

wrapped yourself in the veil of religion to amuse the ambition of your rivals: you urged on all parties to the usurpation of arbitrary power, that you might reach it by treading in their steps, and then dispossess them of it with the audacious violence natural to your disposition. Left supreme, and without a rival, confounding beneath your feet both arms and laws, you now plague the nation with storms of anarchy, that it may fall exhausted before your despotic power. Now tell me of greatness and liberty.

Cromwell. Carnal man! it belongs to thee truly to judge the kingdom of the saints, and to fathom the inscrutable decrees of Providence!

Wyndham. Go, carry these canting declamations to your inspired soldiers. Go fall into trances and see visions, and shed hypocritical tears before your parliament: they are well worthy to be condemned to the disgrace of applauding them.

Cromwell. I weep for the blindness of thy heart, it is incurable, and cannot receive light from me. Nothing but heaven can illuminate thee if ever thou shalt deserve that grace. Deliver me now up Charles Stuart; the same heaven demands him from thee by my lips.

Wyndham. Since thou art made the instrument through which heaven's will is declared, it is, no doubt, revealed to thee where thou shalt find thy victim.

Cromwell. It is revealed to me that I should seek for him in thy cattle and all through the country.

Wyndham. Well, why dost thou hesitate to follow inspirations that are so clear?

Cromwell. My soldiers are doing so at this moment, while thou thinkest me busy in answering thy vain discourses.

Wyndham. Wait then in silence for the event of their search.

Cromwell. Consider that your life is at stake.

Wyndham. I have put that of my son in your hands, do you think I tremble for my own?

Cromwell. You shall perish with your son, and you shall see your whole family perish with you. They have all been guilty of rebellion through you, and through you they shall all suffer the punishment due to it.

Wyndham.

Wyndham. We are all impatient to meet it and to defy your vengeance. I have satisfied mine upon you, by forcing you to esteem me as much as I despise you. See, Cromwell, the difference between guilt and honour. By dint of violence and intrigues, you may find a parliament base enough to bestow the sovereignty on you: but cloathed with a power to which nothing invites you, except the charms of the guilt that it must cost you, it will soon become burthensome when you find no new crimes to commit. There will remain to you but the terrors of a conscience alarmed by premature old age. Your children will curse you, and the guilty throne which you leave them to inherit; whereas I shall die blest by my family which I sacrifice to the cause of virtue.

Cromwell. Your name, as that of a traitor, shall be made infamous.

Wyndham. It cannot, even by passing through your infamous mouth; and if that does not tarnish my name, judge if any thing can: but it will receive its greatest splendor from my punishment: it will load yours with eternal disgrace, while they descend together to the remotest posterity. Nay, I expect from my death a still more glorious effect. Numerous alliances unite me to the first peers of this realm. They will not look on unconcerned, while the same blood which fills their veins is shed under the axe of the executioner. There never can arise, in the three kingdoms, a monster equal to thee; but I honour my country too much to suppose that it has not citizens left who surpass me in virtue. When they see a whole family perish with heroism, in performance of their duty, a generous emulation will seize their noble souls. The striking off of my head will be a signal to them to rally from all quarters. I already see them rushing on you: haste then to complete a murder which may deliver me from the sight of your crimes, and will arm so many avengers of them. Come yourself and prepare my scaffold. I will go before you. (*As he is going out, he perceives Lady Mary who approaches hastily.*)

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Cromwell, Lady Mary, Wyndham.

Wyndham. Is it you, my dear mother? I see joy sparkle in your eyes! What news of the king?

Lady Mary, (*with an exclamation of joy.*) He is saved.

Wyndham, (*transported with delight.*) What do I hear!

Lady Mary. Yes, my son, the ship which carried him disappeared from my view before I left the harbour: a favourable wind blew all the while. It must have conveyed him by this time to the coast of France.

Wyndham, (*lifting up his arms to heaven.*) Just heaven! thou crownest all my wishes at once: thou savest the king through my means: thou rendrest my life and my death equally useful to my country. Well, Cromwell, you are struck with surprize. Where are now all the hopes with which your holy inspirations puffed up the pride of your soldiers? Was Charles to have been your prisoner? Tremble villain. He goes to prepare chains for you. From the opposite coasts of the ocean his name will come to animate all good Englishmen, and to freeze you with terror. What transport will it be to me, in my last moments, to see all your schemes baffled!

Cromwell, (*with a smile of contempt.*) Wyndham, you know me not: you shall see whether I suffer my fortune to depend upon events, or the opinion of men. (*Goes towards the door, and makes a sign to the soldiers to come forward.*)

SCENE VIII.

Cromwell, Lady Mary, Wyndham, Soldiers.

(*At a distance Henry is seen stretching his arms forth to Wyndham, and endeavouring to spring towards him, but held by Lake, Pembel, and Talgol.*)

Cromwell, (*to the soldiers.*) Come in, brave defenders of the good old cause; come and rejoice with me: you see in Wyndham the deliverer of his country.

The Soldiers, (*astonished.*) In Wyndham?

Cromwell.

Cromwell. Yes, my friends: the parliament had promiſed a reward to ſuch as ſhould deliver Charles Stuart into their hands. The generous Wyndham could have earned this reward, but he diſdained it. He had ſeen me before ſend the tyrant's younger brother * over ſea. He has done more, he has driven away the tyrant himſelf, to the end that none of the accurſed family may remain in the land of the ſaints.

Wyndham. How, Cromwell, do you preſume to ſay—

Cromwell, (*interrupting him.*) Nay, fear not that I ſhould diſapprove your wiſe policy: you meant to ſhew Stuart's deareſt friends how unworthy he was of their attachment. Trembling for his own ſafety alone, he abandons them to every danger, and expoſes them to our juſt revenge. Children of light bleſs the Lord. One tyrant executed by the avenging ſword of the laws, and another ſent away from this ſacred iſland, never to return, are pledges to ſecure the empire of the ſaints and the reign of liberty for ever.

Wyndham. What, knave! haſt thou the impudence to interpret my actions thus?

Cromwell. Silence, profane; thou ſeeſt not that heaven governs thy actions in ſpite of thyſelf. It manifeſts both its power and its favouring protection to the good old cauſe, by rendering thee the blind inſtrument of its decrees. Thou haſt done ſervice to the commonwealth. I am juſt, and therefore I reſtore thy ſon to thee as the reward of it. Let him be ſet free. (*Henry is brought forward, and whilſt Wyndham indulges in ſilence the tranſports of his joy, Cromwell ſays to his ſoldiers,*) Come, my friends, let us go and return thanks to the Almighty. The price which the parliament had ſet on the head of Charles Stuart ſhall be diſtributed amongſt you, ſince England is rid of him: I will ſolicit alſo freſh bounties for you. It is proper that the army of ſaints ſhould partake of the joy which the Lord himſelf feels on this day of bleſſings. (*He goes out with an air of triumph, and the ſoldiers follow him.*)

* The Duke of Glouceſter, the youngeſt ſon of Charles I. Cromwell ſent him over to Holland after the beheading of his father.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Henry.

(*While Henry embraces Lady Mary, Wyndham looks about for Cromwell, and not seeing him, he cries,*) The impostor! he escapes me before I have been able to unmask him.

Henry. O, father, let us think of nothing but the joy of seeing ourselves once more together, and the king saved by our means.

Lady Mary. Will you pardon me the danger to which I exposed your life?

Henry, (*with vivacity.*) Pardon you? Ah, rather receive my warmest thanks. To you I owe that I have preserved the honour of our name, fulfilled the most sacred duty, and shewed, perhaps, that I am not unworthy of—But my mother—my sister—let me see them. I cannot contain my impatience.

Wyndham. Alas! your poor mother! she has paid dearly for the honour that you have acquired: a burning fever, brought on by the agitation of her mind, has troubled and discomposed her senses.

Henry. Heavens! what do I hear?

Wyndham. Be not uneasy; I hope your presence will soon restore her to tranquillity, by filling her heart with joy.

Henry. Then let me fly to her.

Wyndham, (*taking his hand.*) No; stop: we must consult her weakness. I will go and prepare her to receive you. But what do I see? Heavens! 'tis she herself.

SCENE X.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Henry, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth.

Lady Wyndham, (*struggling violently to break away from Elizabeth.*) It is in vain that you would hold me. I must see this Cromwell. He must give me back my son.

Henry, (*running to her,*) Here he is! That very son whom you seek is here.

Lady Wyndham, (*stopping him at arm's length, and considering him with a look of astonishment.*) Whoever thou art, who

who repreſenteſt my dear Henry, I conjure thee, remain thus for ever before my eyes.

Henry, (*embracing her.*) No, rather preſs me to your boſom. It is I, your ſon, that you hold in your arms.

Lady Wyndham, (*tenderly.*) Yes, theſe are his features, his looks; and thus my dear ſon embraced me. Yet I dare not believe it; my diſordered brain is ſo full of deluſive phantoms.

Henry. No, you are not deceived. Shall I be a ſtranger then in your eyes? O, mother, my dear mother!

Lady Wyndham, (*ſtarting with an emotion of joy.*) Ah! I know thee by the dear name which thy affection gives me. Why didſt thou not pronounce it before?

Henry. Well then, I will repeat it to you a thouſand and a thouſand times. My mother, my deareſt mother, you ſee me reſtored to your love for ever.

Lady Wyndham. Is this really ſo? A healing balm compoſes and cools my veins. O, my ſon, what have I ſuffered for thee!

Henry. All your ſufferings were in my heart: but let us remember ſo many evils only the better to enjoy our happineſs. (*He runs to Elizabeth and embraces her.*) My dear ſiſter, I have given you much concern and affliction. Ah! how I feared leſt I ſhould never ſee you again!

Elizabeth, (*ſighing.*) I ſhall not be able to expreſs my joy to-day: my heart is too full.

Wyndham. My dear Sophy, I can now meet your ſight without apprehenſion. Henry is covered with glory; and without loſing our child I have ſaved our king.

Lady Wyndham. Since it is ſo, I pardon you. My ſon and you are dearer to me than ever.

SCENE XI.

Lady Mary, Wyndham, Lady Wyndham, Elizabeth, Henry, Pope, James, Thomas.

(*Pope enters, conducted in triumph by James and Thomas: Henry, perceiving him, runs and takes him by the hand and leads him to Wyndham.*)

Henry. Father, I preſent to you the generous companion of my ſacrifice. (*Pope going to throw himſelf at Wyndham's*

Wyndham's feet, Wyndham opens his arms to embrace him.) No, Pope, come to my arms. You were willing to die with my ſon: henceforward you can be nothing elſe than equal in my affection. (*To James and Thomas.*) And you, my friends, who have ſhewn us ſo much zeal and affection, you ſhall live with me for ever: we will form all together a family of brothers and good citizens. Let us live to love each other, and let us join our vows for the liberty of our country, while we await an opportunity of ſhedding every drop of our blood, if neceſſary, for the reeſtabliſhment of it.

The obſervation of dramatic unity in the foregoing piece, having rendered ſome deviation from hiſtorical truth neceſſary in the names of perſons, the ſituation of places, and the order of dates and events, leſt we ſhould lead our young readers into an error with reſpect to the circumſtances of an action ſo memorable, we have judged it expedient to ſubjoin an account of the flight of Charles II. as hiſtory has tranſmitted it to us, together with the genuine particulars which accompanied it.

ADVENTURES OF CHARLES II. IN HIS FLIGHT.

AFTER the battle of Worceſter, the king left the field, accompanied by fifty horſemen. He kept his eſcort together during a flight of ſix and twenty miles, in order to protect himſelf either from the inſults of the country people, or againſt the detachments that Cromwell had ſent out in purſuit of him. He then thought proper to ſeparate from them, and only retained about his perſon the Earl of Derby and Lord Wilmot, with whom he arrived at the old monaſtery of Witlade, the occupier of the lands on which the monaſtery ſtood having formerly given an aſylum to the earl, after the defeat of his little army. This farmer, whoſe name deſerves to be handed down to poſterity, was called Penderel: he had four brothers, men of loyalty

alty like himself, who had another small farm at Boscobel, in the neighbourhood. He sent for them, and into their hands the king resigned his destiny. They cut off his hair, blackened his face, and conducted him in an old tattered disguise to cut wood in the forest. They made him lie in a little chapel, upon a straw bed, with a wretched bolster. A woman, whom they were obliged to admit into the secret, brought him milk, butter, and eggs. The king was surprized at seeing her, and not knowing whether the Penderels had trusted her without reserve, he asked her, in order to assure himself, how she could think of being faithful to one of the king's party. The woman answered, without explaining herself further, that she would be faithful to the king as long as she lived. She uttered these words with such an appearance of feeling, that Charles's apprehensions were perfectly quieted, and he made a hearty meal of the victuals which she had brought him, necessity rendering it, perhaps, the most delicious that ever he made in his life. Charles had scarcely left Witlade before some of Cromwell's soldiers alighted at the monastery, and searched it all through. Luckily a very abundant shower of rain hindered them from leaving it to scour the neighbourhood; and nothing disturbed the little repose, which excessive weariness and violent anxiety suffered the king to enjoy in his dismal lodging.

Informed of this alarm, the next morning, as soon as he awoke, he resolved immediately to go into Wales. He promised himself more security there, until he should be able to make for London, whither he had sent Lord Wilmot to wait his coming. He set out therefore at night with one of the Penderels for his guide. As they passed near a mill, the miller hearing them open a gate at the end of the bridge that crossed his mill race, sallied out hastily from his mill, and demanded, with a threatening tone, where they were going at such an unseasonable hour. They continued endeavouring to open the gate without answering him. The miller ran towards them, crying out to them to stop, at which summons Penderel abandoned the bridge, and rushed into the stream: the king followed him without hesitation, the noise that he made in the water directing his steps, as the darkness prevented him from seeing his guide. Luckily the same darkness,

darkneſs, together with the miller's corpulence, hindered him from overtaking them.

They arrived, quite wet, at the houſe of a countryman, named Wolf, an acquaintance of Penderel's. Wolf, after having concealed the king as well as he could, went himſelf to the edge of the river to prepare a paſſage for him; but he found the whole bank ſo covered with ſoldiers, that he thought it his duty to diſſuade his gueſt from ſo dangerous an enterprize. Charles was obliged to return to Boſcobel, and from thence to the chapel, where he kept himſelf concealed while the Penderels examined the country to diſcover whether there were any of the parliament's troops in the neighbourhood. One of them, as he went his rounds, met a perſon, at the ſight of whom the king was agreeably ſurprized. His name was Careleſs, one of thoſe brave warriors, who, in order to let the king gain a larger diſtance from Worceſter, had ſtemmed every effort of the enemy for a conſiderable time, at the city gates. Careleſs was a native of this part of the country, and knew the Penderels who brought him home to their houſe. The king having hurt his foot, came hither at night to have it dreſſed. Careleſs knew him, and would not quit him afterwards. He reconducted him to the foreſt before break of day, and made him climb into a large tree, where they both remained concealed amongſt the thick branches for near four and twenty hours. They ſaw ſeveral ſoldiers walk by at the foot of the tree, many of whom expreſſed the moſt ardent deſire of ſeizing the king. This tree received the name of the royal oak, and has ever ſince been honoured with the higheſt veneration by the people of the country.

Nevertheleſs, a ſecret report had been ſpread that Charles was ſomewhere thereabout. One of the Penderels going into a neighbouring village, found there a number of ſoldiers very buſily engaged in collecting every account poſſible concerning the king. The officer, who commanded them, put many queſtions to Penderel himſelf, and promiſed him a great reward if he would give information where Charles lay concealed. Penderel did not ſwerve from his loyalty; but his account of this circumſtance induced the king to take the reſolution of ſeeking another retreat.

The guide, whom he had ſent with Lord Wilmot to conduct him to London, returning, informed the king that his lordſhip, deſpairing to reach town through the crouds of ſoldiers, who filled all the roads, had ſtopped ſhort at the houſe of a gentleman of the royal party, named Witgrave, where he was in ſafety. Charles conceived the deſign of going to him, and had the good fortune to ſucceed, in ſpite of every danger that he was to encounter.

Charles, while he indulged the ſatisfaction that he felt on ſeeing Lord Wilmot, had not time to deliberate with him on the courſe or meaſures which would be moſt proper for them to take, when a party of ſoldiers appeared before Mr. Witgrave's houſe, with an intention of ſearching it. Reſiſtance would have been unſeaſonable. Witgrave concealed his gueſts, and, at the ſame time, opened his door with ſo much alacrity and unconcern, that his viſitors were induced to make but a very ſlight ſearch. It was ſoon afterwards underſtood that a freſh inſpection had been made of Witlade monaſtery; and that the officer of the party by whom it was ſearched, had ſeveral times held his piſtol to Farmer Penderel's breaſt, to oblige him to confeſs where the king was concealed.

The danger encreaſing every day, Charles dropped all thoughts of ſtaying any longer in England, and reſolved to get as near the ſea as he could, in order to embark with more ſpeed and convenience the firſt opportunity. Colonel Lane, a zealous loyaliſt, who lived at Bentley, a place but a few miles diſtant, promiſed to cooperate in effecting this purpoſe. The king had made his feet ſo ſore by walking in heavy boots, or great ſhoes which had not been made for him, that he was obliged to ride. He reached Bentley, in company with Lord Wilmot and the four Penderels who had always been ſo faithful to him. Colonel Lane propoſed to convey the king to Briſtol, where they might hope to find ſome veſſel that would take him on board. This officer had a relation, called Mrs. Norton, who lived about three miles from Briſtol, and was then very far advanced in her pregnancy. He obtained a paſſport (without which it was impoſſible to travel in thoſe troubleſome times) for his ſiſter and a ſervant, under pretence of viſiting

his

his relation in the neighbourhood of Briſtol. The king therefore ſet off on horſeback, and rode behind Miſs Lane's chaiſe, paſſing for her ſervant. Lord Wilmot leading a brace of ſpaniels coupled together, and carrying a hawk upon his wriſt, paſſed for a ſporting country gentleman of their acquaintance, who had met them on the road.

During this journey, which laſted but three days, the king met with ſeveral adventures, moſt of them ſufficient to inſpire him with wellgrounded terrors. He had only travelled ſix miles, when his horſe having dropped a ſhoe, he went himſelf to the neareſt blackſmith to have him ſhod, as he choſe to go through with the character that he had aſſumed. While he ſtood by at the operation, the ſmith aſked him what news were going, and if the king was taken. Charles anſwered, without changing countenance, that he had not heard any thing of it, and that, in all likelihood, his majeſty was gone back to Scotland. 'I do not think ſo, replied the ſmith; I ſhould rather ſuppoſe him to be concealed in England. Wherever he is, I ſhould wiſh to know his place of concealment. The parliament has publiſhed a proclamation, offering a reward of 1000l. ſterling to whoever will diſcover him.'

This diſagreeable converſation being over, the party ſet forward again, and continued their route to near Eveſham, where, as they were about to paſs a ford, they perceived, all at once, a number of horſes ſtanding ſaddled at the other ſide of it. Charles was for going right on, but his company, leſs reſolute, prevailed upon him at length to turn off. They found themſelves ſtill in the view of the ſoldiers, whom they had thought to avoid: but the prince ſhewed ſo good a countenance, and the whole cavalcade appeared ſo much in nature, as a country family paying a viſit in the neighbourhood, that the ſoldiers, who were at that moment buſied in ſeeking him, and him only, conceived not the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of him.

When they came to Mrs. Norton's, Miſs Lane told her that ſhe had brought with her a young man whom ſhe wiſhed her to take into her ſervice. He was the ſon, ſhe ſaid, of a poor country man in her neighbourhood, and had caught an ague on the road, for which reaſon

reaſon ſhe requeſted that he might have a room to himſelf. Charles retired to it, and did not ſtir out; but a ſervant of the houſe, whoſe name was Pope, knew him, and throwing himſelf at his feet, Is it you, Sire? ſaid he; I have ſeen your majeſty when very young, and therefore was not long recollecting you: if I can ſerve your majeſty, put my zeal to the teſt, and depend upon my fidelity. Charles was ſurprized and embarraſſed at this new adventure. He ſaw an equal riſk in diſcovering himſelf to a ſtranger, and in ſhewing that he diſtruſted a man, who had it in his power to verify his ſuſpicions. In this dilemma, the apparent ſincerity of the man determined the king to conceal nothing. The event proved that he was right. Pope rendered the king great ſervices, and contributed not a little to his ſafety, by pointing out to him, as a ſafe retreat, the houſe of Colonel Wyndham, where, in effect, he ſpent nineteen days, waiting until his friends ſhould find an opportunity for him to embark on board ſome ſhip.

This was not an eaſy matter, on account of the precautions taken againſt receiving ſtrangers. It was even dangerous to propoſe it, the captains of ſhips ſuſpecting every body, whom they did not know, to be the king, and dreading the penalties denounced againſt ſuch as ſhould refuſe to diſcover him. A report of his death had prevailed ſome time, and would have contributed to render his life ſerene had it laſted longer. He learned this from the ringing of bells and the public rejoicings that were made on account of it, in the neighbourhood; but the report fell to the ground too ſoon, and did not in the leaſt diminiſh the difficulties which oppoſed his embarking, notwithſtanding all the pains that Colonel Wyndham took, in order to forward this object.

A merchant of the name of Eſden had juſt conveyed Lord Barclay over ſea, whither he fled from the perſecution of the parliament. Colonel Wyndham, who knew this merchant, went directly to Lyme, where he lived, and entreated him to perform the ſame kindneſs for a gentleman, a friend of his, who would deſire to take no more than one ſervant with him in the whole. Mr. Eſden went with him to the village of Carmouth, where he directed him to a maſter of a ſhip, with whom

he might make his agreement. It was fixed that the captain ſhould come the next day but one, and receive his paſſengers aboard at a ſolitary part of the coaſt. The king was exact to the hour of his appointment, but no ſhip appeared. They learned afterwards that the preceding day there had been a fair in Lyme, at which the parliament's proclamation againſt ſuch as ſhould harbour or conceal the king was read. The captain's wife being informed by her huſband, that he was going to convey to France certain perſons, whom he did not name to her, oppoſed his deſign very ſtrongly; and in order to hinder him completely from effecting it, ſhe locked him up in his room while he was buſy getting ready ſome things neceſſary for the voyage.

Dreading, leſt this incident ſhould become public, Charles was obliged to quit Colonel Wyndham's houſe without well knowing where to face. He proceeded, however, towards Dorcheſter, accompanied ſtill by Wilmot, Colonel Wyndham, with one of his ſervants, being their guides. Wilmot's horſe loſing a ſhoe, the circumſtance was very near occaſioning the king's diſcovery. They had ſent the horſe to be ſhod in a village where they had ſtopped as night came on. The blackſmith aſked the hoſtler where his gueſts came from, who anſwering, that by their own account they came from Exeter: they impoſe upon you, replied the ſmith, with a countenance full of the important diſcovery, theſe ſhoes were made down in the north. The hoſtler, from this obſervation, recollecting that the four horſemen had ordered their horſes to remain ſaddled, and had not beſpoke beds for themſelves, he concluded, at firſt, that they were certainly people of quality belonging to the king's army, which had been defeated near Worceſter; and afterwards, that it might very poſſibly be the king himſelf. Upon the ſtrength of this conjecture, he went to the miniſter of the pariſh, a violent parliamentarian, and communicated his ſuſpicions to him. The miniſter was, at that moment, engaged in prayer, and would not be interrupted. But the noiſe of this adventure gaining ground, as the blackſmith on his ſide had not failed to circulate it, the miniſter took fire, and went to a juſtice of the peace. Immediately the whole town is up in arms, ſearching for the ſtrangers, and a party is ſent off

off after them by the road which they were ſeen to take. The king could not poſſibly have eſcaped them, if, inſtead of keeping the main road, he had not turned ſhort, and made the beſt of his way, by croſs roads, to Saliſbury.

We cannot ſufficiently admire his continuing undiſcovered during the remainder of his wanderings. The whole country was full of troops, marching in every direction; at every ſtep he was ſurrounded by them. He no ſooner ſtopped at an inn but the ſoldiers, officers, whole companies enter the place. Juſt as he was going to ſtep into a ſhip, which had been prepared for him at Southampton, there came up a battalion of ſoldiers, ordered for Jerſey, and took poſſeſſion of it before his face: at length a friend contrived to procure him a ſmall bark at Shoreham, in Suſſex, upon the application of a Mr. Manſell, a rich merchant of that quarter. They met at night in a houſe not far from the harbour, and Charles waited on Sir John Wilmot at table, who had kept Mr. Manſell to ſupper and the captain of the bark, whoſe name was Tatterſhall. Supper being over, they were preparing to go aboard; and the king expected now to have no further riſks to run, except thoſe of the voyage, when the captain taking the opportunity of his being alone with Mr. Manſell, addreſſed him thus: You have deceived me, ſaid he, and your enterprizing ſpirit might have coſt me my life. Mr. Manſell, who appeared ignorant of the matter himſelf, uſed every effort to perſuade him, that the idea was without foundation; and at length Sir John Wilmot overhearing them, came in, and plied him ſo ſtrongly with money and promiſes, that he overcome his reluctance. Captain Tatterſhall ran home immediately, and aſked his wife for linen and proviſions. You are in a great hurry, ſaid ſhe, why not wait till to-morrow; and as he continued preſſing her to make haſte, Well, ſaid ſhe, I ſee it is for the king. God give you ſucceſs and him too. The attempt is hazardous; but provided you ſave him, I am ſatisfied to beg my own and my children's bread all my life. Animated by theſe words, Tatterſhall went to give the neceſſary orders that his bark ſhould be in readineſs to ſail the next morning at five o'clock. It took up the king at the appointed place; and his taking leave

of

of his faithful friends was a very tender ſcene. Mr. Manſell, approaching him the laſt, took him by the hand, and kiſſing it with fervor, I was willing, ſaid he, to have been deceived by your majeſty: I pray God that you may arrive in ſafety at your port, and return very ſoon in peace to theſe your realms. Charles anſwered him, ſmiling, that he would then remember a ſervice which was done him with ſo good a grace. The bark ſoon loſt ſight of the ſhore, and had ſo favourable a courſe the whole day, that they anchored the ſame night at Feſcamp, from whence the king ſet out for Paris, and arrived there October 30, 1651.

END OF VOL. I.

Mr. Hugo Grant